Oct. 5, 1946

The double life of a Model Mother

Park Avenue knows Connie Joannes as a star model... West Englewood knows her as a model mother

FEW PEOPLE who see the glamorous Powers model, Connie Joannes Dickman, would ever suspect that this famous Cover Girl is the mother of two robust youngsters.

But she is. A *model* mother, whose devoted care of Bobby and Dickie Dickman is already reflected in their flashing little-boy smiles. For, like every successful model, Connie knows the importance of a sparkling smile. So she's taught her sons to safeguard their future smiles by following her own prized dental routine: *Regular brushing with Ipana, then gentle gum massage.*

As one of America's most highly-paid models, 24-year-old Mrs. Dickman has made it her business to follow the teaching of thousands of dentists and schools—that a radiant smile depends on sparkling teeth. And sparkling teeth call for firm, healthy gums.

Position is everything in life, as Dickie demonstrates to his famous father, Emerson Dickman. Former pitcher for the Boston Red Sox, "Em" has a smile as sparkling as his model wife's. Naturally. *All* the Dickmans get proper care of teeth and gums. For Mother knows that today's soft, creamy foods don't give gums enough exercise—that Ipana Tooth Paste is specially designed, with gentle massage, to help gums to healthier firmness.

Firmer gums—brighter teeth with Ipana and massage

IPANA
TOOTH PASTE

Product of Bristol-Myers

WHY DO TEETH ACHE?

Many children know more than adults about gum massage. For its importance is taught in thousands of classrooms today. Not only that, but 7 in 10 dentists recommend gum massage, national survey shows (and prefer Ipana 2 to 1 *for their own use.*) But let *your* dentist decide whether and how to massage your gums.

"Lights Out" comes early for active Dickie. But even this youngster must first massage his gums gently after brushing his teeth with Ipana. Among adults, sensitive gums, "pink" on your tooth brush, mean *see your dentist.* Follow his advice. Let *him* decide whether yours is simply a case for "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

Orchids for Mommy. 4-year-old Dickie may not be able to tell orchids from weeds, but he *does* know that gums should be massaged gently every time teeth are brushed. For he's watched his "model mother" speed up needed circulation within the gums with a brief workout with Ipana. A Powers Girl must safeguard her smile!

Oct. 5, 1946

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S
LION'S ROAR

Published in this space every month

The greatest star of the screen!

No excuse, no alibi, no reason for not going to see "No Leave, No Love."

★ ★ ★ ★

M-G-M, of course, Makes Greater Musicals!

★ ★ ★ ★

When you see "No Leave, No Love" you'll say a lot of "what-a's".

What a story. What a cast. What a score. What a hit. And what a man...

★ ★ ★ ★

Van Johnson, who is now in the van of all male screen stars, adds to his reputation in this one.

★ ★ ★ ★

And Keenan Wynn wins a new title: F.M.I.P.—Funniest Man In Pictures.

★ ★ ★ ★

There's a newcomer to the screen—curvaceous Pat Kirkwood, with an infectious voice and incandescent lamps.

★ ★ ★ ★

Two orchestras. Count them—two—Xavier Cugat and Guy Lombardo provide the irresistible melody.

★ ★ ★ ★

And in addition the film offers Edward Arnold, Marie Wilson and Leon Ames.

★ ★ ★ ★

"No Leave, No Love" was produced by Joe Pasternak, outstanding musical picture creator. This one has the Pasternak knack.

★ ★ ★ ★

Directed by Charles Martin who, along with Leslie Kardos wrote the screen play, "No Leave, No Love", fulfills all anticipations of good entertainment.

★ ★ ★ ★

Incidentally, you will notice Marina Koshetz, the "countess" from Texas.

★ ★ ★ ★

And hear some tunes that are hummable humdingers, such as "Love on a Greyhound Bus" and "All the Time".

★ ★

"No Leave, No Love"? The answer is very definitely "Yes".

—*Leo*

P.S.: *This is the year of "The Yearling". M-G-M is bringing Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings' wonderful novel to the screen. Great and unforgettable performances by Gregory Peck and Jane Wyman and the new youngster, Claude Jarman, Jr.*

COLLIER'S
October 5, 1946

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THIS WEEK

FICTION

PAGE

TAKE ME WITH YOU By JOHN and WARD HAWKINS 11
Her heart would not obey her head—and that was good.

A LITTLE NEST FOR JUNIOR By JAMES CHARLES LYNCH 14
The expectant father's wants are simple—but no one seemed to think so.

QUICK, THE NEEDLE! By KYLE CRICHTON 16
Something had to be done about the punk who was a genius.

FOUR O'CLOCK TEA By RAMONA STEWART 20
The Short Short Story.

STRANGER THAN TRUTH By VERA CASPARY 47
The Serial Story. The fourth of five parts.

SWEET BEULAH LAND By MERIDEL LE SUEUR 78
Out of the darkness of despair came the promise of a new life.

ARTICLES

MONTGOMERY'S QUARREL WITH EISENHOWER By ALAN MOOREHEAD 12
Britain's famed general believes the war in Europe could have been shortened.

RED SKIES OVER THE WATER FRONT By MATTHEW JOSEPHSON 17
Two labor factions at war in the U.S. maritime industry.

THE LEGION EATS 'EM ALIVE By AMY PORTER 18
The American Legion political machine is well oiled and ready.

SONG OF THE CUCKOO By TED SHANE 21
Page the psychiatrists. The craze for loony songs is upon us.

COWBOYS ARE CRAZY By ULRICH CALVOSA 22
That's just one man's opinion from the grandstand.

JUNGLE FEVER By WELDON JAMES 26
The peasant Hukbalahaps are the center of turmoil in the Philippines.

TIDBITS FROM TURKEY By NANCY BERLINER 40
Exotic dishes from Istanbul to tempt your palate and ease your budget.

•

THE WEEK'S MAIL From OUR READERS 4
KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD By FRELING FOSTER 6
THE WEEK'S WORK By AMY PORTER 8
UNITED NEIGHBORS By FRANK GERVASI 79
IX: Holland's Van Kleffens
WING TALK By JACK N. LUDRICK 93
EDITORIALS: *Just Vote American • Old Weapons, New Students • How Old Are You, Anyway?* 98
COVER By *LEMUEL PALMER*

THE WEEK'S MAIL

DEAR EDITOR: Congratulations to Elizabeth Irwin for her article, Why Teachers Quit School (August 24th issue). We high-school students of today need more teachers to prepare us for college and jobs. Are we going to get them? ANNE MARIE BROWN
Shamokin, Pa

DEAR EDITOR: I'm inclined to feel that the kiddies are better off with Miss Irwin out of the way. Her attacks on school boards are entirely unwarranted. Indeed I take issue with her on every point she covers. G. L. NICHOLS
Schenectady, N. Y.

DEAR EDITOR: Greedy politicians are undermining our educational system.
WILLIAM CAVALIER
Margate, N. J.

DEAR EDITOR: Elizabeth Irwin says the average salary for teachers for 1944-45 was $1,786. Teachers in my state (Washington) put in six hours a day 180 days out of the year. They make $16.54 a day, or approximately $2.75 an hour. I'd like to be making that myself. What's Miss Irwin kicking about?
GUS LINDEMANN
(Longshoreman)
Seattle, Wash.

Nonsense! Miss Irwin's teachers still must eat for 365 days a year.

DEAR EDITOR: Because people like Miss Irwin are being compelled to leave the profession, the boys and girls in our public schools will have to pay a big penalty. ELWOOD L. ORTT
President, Emmaus Branch, Pennsylvania State Education Association
Emmaus, Pa.

DEAR EDITOR: Narrow and bigoted attitudes toward teachers are common, as are low salaries. A TEACHER
Tarrytown, N. Y.

DEAR EDITOR: In a letter in your August 17th issue, W. L. Orr, M.D. (of Mississippi) says that Mississippi had more Congressional Medal of Honor wearers in World War II than any other state. He is wrong. Pennsylvania led the country. JACK S. FALLON

According to government records Pennsylvania leads with twenty-seven medals awarded to heroes born in that state while New York had an equal number awarded to heroes officially listed as residents of that state at the time of presentation.

(Continued on page 92)

Vol. 118, No. 14. Published weekly by The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio, U.S.A., Publishers of Collier's, Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine. Executive and Editorial Offices, 250 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. Joseph P. Knapp, Chairman of the Board; Thomas H. Beck, President; Albert E. Winger, Executive Vice-President and Treasurer; John S. Brehm, T. L. Brantly, Peter J. Dennerlein, J. B. Scarborough, William L. Chenery, Edward Anthony, Vice-Presidents; Denis O'Sullivan, Secretary. Price 10 cents a copy in the United States and Canada; one year $3.00; two years $5.00; three years $7.00 in the United States and Possessions, Canada, Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Labrador, Mexico, Newfoundland, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Spain and Colonies, Uruguay and Venezuela. Other foreign subscriptions including postage: $6.50 a year. Remit by postal or express money order or check in United States funds to The Crowell-Collier Publishing Co., Springfield, Ohio. Changes in address should reach us five weeks in advance of the next issue date. Give both the old and new addresses. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office Springfield, Ohio under Act of March 3, 1879, and at the Post Office, Toronto, Canada. Manuscripts or art submitted to Collier's The National Weekly, should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and return postage. The Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts or art.

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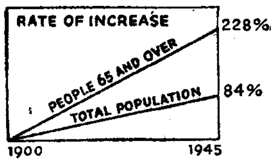
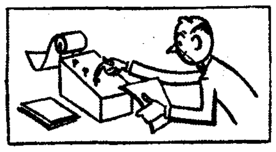
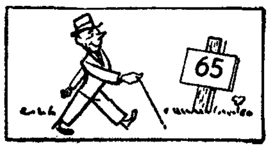
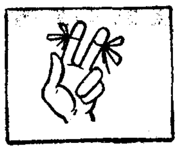
What's your for a

It's good! Since 1900 the number of people 65 and over has *increased by 228%,* 

while our total population has increased only 84%. Estimates  are that by 1960 more than 1 person out of every 11 then living will have passed 65. 

Long before retirement age, and especially after 40, two things  become increasingly important . . . guarding against degenerative diseases which strike in older years, and preparing for the leisure of your old age. Fortunately, there is much to help you do both.

THE FIRST ESSENTIAL OF A HAPPY OLD AGE IS GOOD HEALTH

Periodic medical examinations provide the best means for your doctor to detect, in their early stages, diseases which may cause trouble later in life.

In addition, these checkups permit the doctor to advise you *now* about the simple rules of normal, healthful living. You can do much to prepare for a healthy old age by observing good living habits *today.*

Further hope for a healthy future comes from medical scientists who are giving increased attention to the diseases of old age, such as cancer, high blood pressure, heart disease, and nervous and mental disorders. Real progress is being made by them.

Naturally your pattern of living will change as you grow older. But to keep mentally happy and physically well, start planning early for your retirement years.

Develop a tailor-made plan for living suited to your temperament and interests. This normally should include some constructive activity that calls for both mental and physical effort to get full enjoyment and benefit from your leisure hours.

To help you plan for many happy, healthy years, send for a copy of Metropolitan's free leaflet, "Blueprint for Health."

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Please send me a copy of your booklet 116-C, entitled "Blueprint for Health."

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TO VETERANS—IF YOU HAVE NATIONAL SERVICE LIFE INSURANCE—KEEP IT!

Does she love him?
Yeah, man! He's got something special—P. A.*

P.A.* means **Pipe Appeal**—

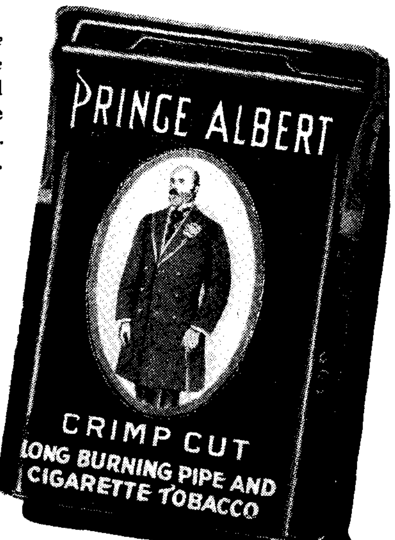
Boy meets girl. Boy lights pipe. And *up* goes boy's chances of girl going for boy. Women prefer to see their men smoke pipes. Like fine leather and good tweeds, there's just something smart and masculine about a pipe. Women love it.

P.A. means **Prince Albert**

Many a man has wanted to smoke a pipe to please his pretty one, but his tongue said "No!" Tongue bite is no fun. Page P. A. if that's ever happened to you. It's the "no bite" treated tobacco . . . gentle to your tongue. Rich, he-man tobacco flavor . . . crimp cut too, for cool, even burning. Get P. A. (Pipe Appeal) with P. A. (Prince Albert).

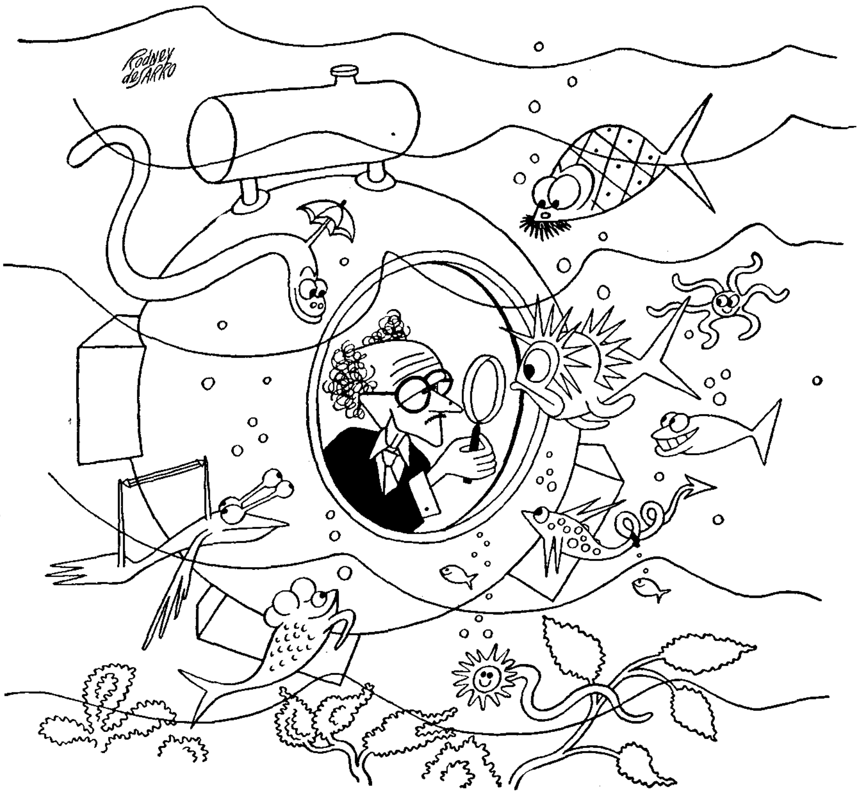
Great for roll-your-owns. Clings to the paper. No mess, no spilling. Twirls up into a firm, smooth cigarette.

MY TONGUE'S MIGHTY GRATEFUL FOR P.A.'S GENTLE MILDNESS. TONGUE-EASY FOR CERTAIN!



R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE



RODNEY DE SARRO

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

BY FRELING FOSTER

In a new type of undersea boat, August Piccard, the Swiss physicist, plans to explore the Atlantic next February at a depth of 13,100 feet, four times as deep as the record 3,028 feet reached by William Beebe in his cable-held Bathysphere in 1934. Weighing 40 tons loaded, Piccard's spherical vessel is free-moving, being capable of both vertical and horizontal travel. The craft is sunk by the weight of iron ballast held against its exterior base by electromagnets and is raised, upon the release of the ballast, by the buoyancy afforded by a tank of oil attached to its top.

One of the most widespread fallacies today is the belief that virtually all cases of obesity are caused by glandular trouble, whereas, in reality, they result from overeating, except in rare cases. In persons whose excessive weight has been reduced under glandular treatment and a restricted diet, it was chiefly the diet and not the treatment itself that accomplished the result.

Although more than 500 golf courses in the United States have been abandoned in the past ten years, the country still has 5,200, or 65 per cent of all the active golf courses in the world.

Among the symbols often hung on the front doors of European homes to announce the birth of a baby are rosettes of lace, crocheted balls and wreaths of laurel, ivy and parsley.

In recent tests to determine the effect of very high speeds on animals, as indicative of the effect on aviators, one unexpected and unexplainable fact brought to light was that females are less affected than males. When rats were fastened to a whirling centrifuge and had been subjected for two minutes to a centrifugal force 25 times that of gravity, 30 of the 36 males and only two of the 24 females died.

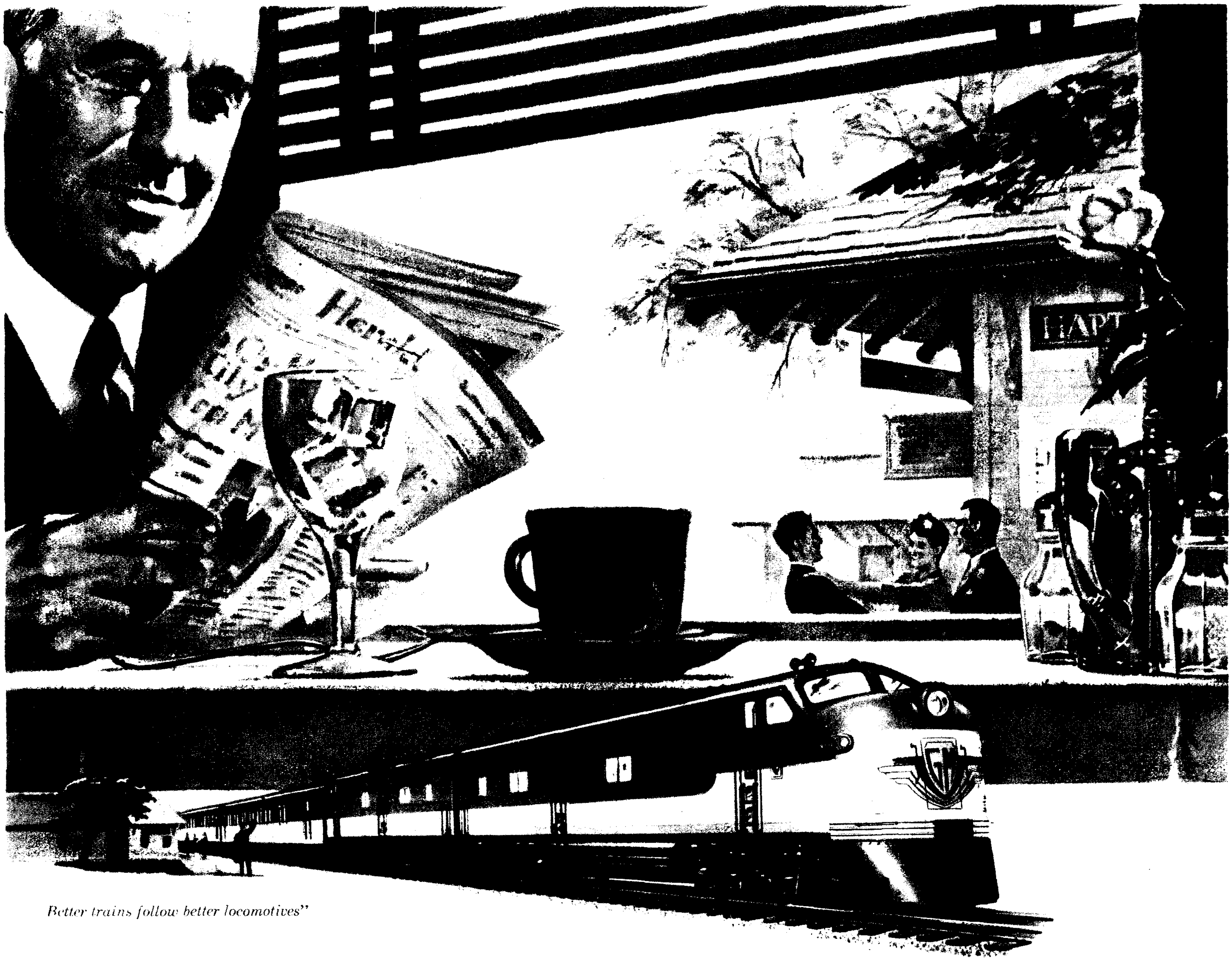
Britain's House of Lords, the upper house of Parliament, has 809 members but, except on special occasions, no more than 20 usually attend its sessions; and only three are required for a quorum to transact business.

When searching for illegal radio transmitters, operatives of the Federal Communications Commission sometimes use a miniature "snifter," a receiver for short-range detection that arouses no suspicion as it can be carried in a vest pocket or held in the palm of the hand and set to register the strength of the signal by a low hum or silently on a dial. Thus it is particularly useful in locating a transmitter concealed in the clothing of a race-track crook who is sending results of races to an outside bookie-accomplice for guidance in handling "last-minute" bets.

Not only is illiteracy unknown in Iceland but its people are as a whole more cultured and highly educated than those of any other country, about 75 per cent of them speaking two languages and 20 per cent speaking three or more. While they comprise only 25,000 families, or the same number as in Albany, New York, they have nearly 100 newspapers and periodicals, 70 bookstores, 20 public libraries, a university and a symphony orchestra.

Despite vodka's reputation as a highly potent drink, domestic brands are no stronger than whisky, their alcoholic content ranging from 40 to 50 per cent. Consisting of unflavored alcohol and water, vodka makes an ideal base for cocktails as it does not alter the flavor of the other ingredients.

Ten dollars will be paid for each fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by their source of information. Address Keep Up With the World, Collier's, 250 Park Ave., New York (17), N. Y. This column is copyrighted and none of its items may be reproduced without written permission



Better trains follow better locomotives"

HIS COFFEE REMAINED CALM

It was almost as though the station itself were quietly gliding away from the train. The cup of coffee before him remained serenely unruffled.

Amazingly smooth, quiet starts and velveted stops are just some of the many new delights and comforts you get when riding behind a General Motors Diesel locomotive.

Fact is, the entire new era of super-smooth travel came in the wake of General Motors Diesels — they ushered in the modern streamlined idea — they inspired the luxurious, inviting new coaches.

They brought even more. Faster schedules became possible — turning transcontinental trips into one of the pleasures of travel — making delightful de luxe coach runs of what had been overnight trips. They began to set almost unbelievable "On-time" records — today meeting schedules 97% of the time.

Also, in the swift movement of heavy freight, as well as in passenger service, these new-day locomotives have established remarkably low operating and maintenance cost records together with a new conception of the movement of tonnage.

From these economies can come the capital for further modernization of the roads, thus broadening the concepts of transportation and returning benefits to those who use, operate or invest in America's railroads.

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GENERAL MOTORS
DIESEL
POWER

ELECTRO-MOTIVE DIVISION
GENERAL MOTORS
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To Match Your Furniture and Woodwork

See how Household SIMONIZ brings out the radiant, satiny luster. A protective beauty for furniture and woodwork that helps cover scratches, lasts so much longer, requires so little care to keep immaculately clean. Just apply Household SIMONIZ in the shade that matches the finish of your furniture and woodwork. Then soiled spots, spilled things, finger prints . . . all disappear with the swish of a damp cloth. Never an oily film or stickiness to attract dust and dirt. Try this new, improved care that matches the beauty of your finest finishes . . . Household SIMONIZ in Colors.

Gives The Same Longer-Lasting Beauty That Makes SIMONIZ So Famous For Cars

Easily Applied With A Cloth. Quickly Rubs Up To Rich Luxuriant Luster.

Accident Protection! Saves Finish From Staining and Scratching!

Household SIMONIZ in Colors

FOUR BEAUTIFUL COLORS TO MATCH ALL FINISHES

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WALNUT... Also for dark mahogany, oak
MAHOGANY... Also for cherry, redwood

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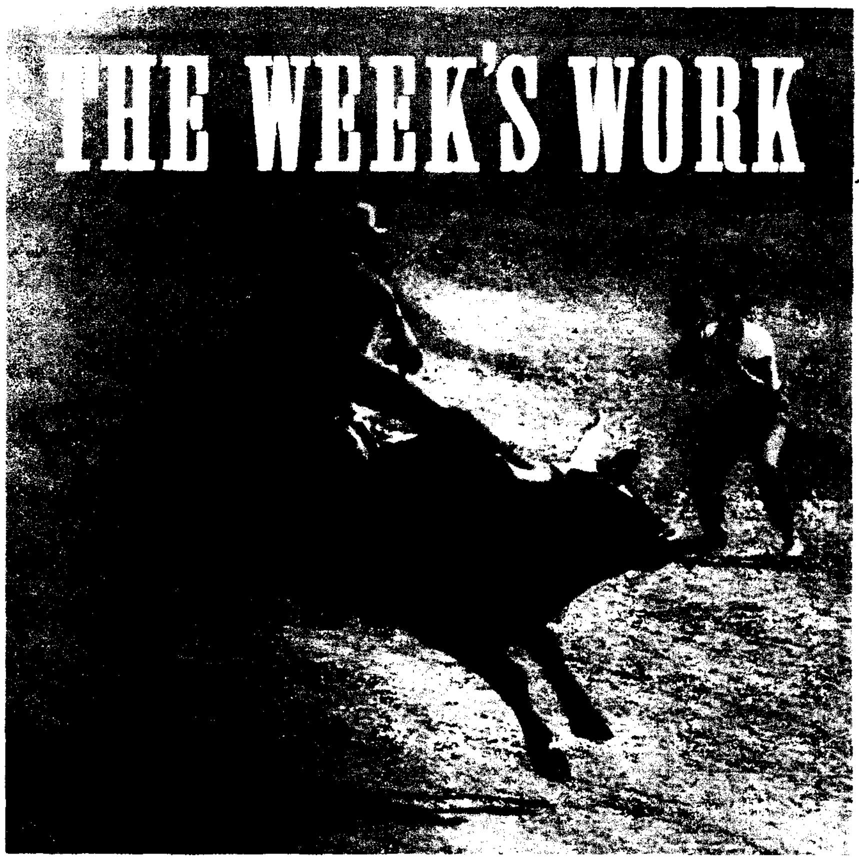
Recognized for over thirty years as authorities on preservation of fine finishes.

SIMONIZ
FOR FURNITURE AND WOODWORK
SIMONIZ

"SIMONIZ" . . . T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. & Foreign Countries

THE WEEK'S WORK



FLOYD H. MCCALL

Peskin displays bullfighter's skill at the Cheyenne rodeo

ARTIST LEMUEL PALMER, who painted this week's Snow Geese cover, is intimately acquainted with the birds he depicts. "In the fall I wait for them to appear on their migration to the South from their Hudson Bay breeding grounds," he says. "Like snowflakes they come sliding down out of the predawn sky. First by twos and threes they come, then by tens and twenties, until the wheat stubble is almost covered with a blanket of white.

"They are all white except for the black flight feathers on each wing. They fly high overhead in long diagonal lines, or in wary V-shaped flocks. Again in early spring they will fly northward, reaching the Dakotas some time in April.

"The birds I have painted, known as the lesser snow geese, are Westerners, found mainly west of the Great Lakes. They are probably the most abundant of all native geese. Their cousins, the greater snow geese, found on the Atlantic Coast in small numbers, are almost identical except that they are somewhat larger."

When the snow geese begin to migrate, Palmer forsakes his drawing board and goes hunting.

Readers may order a copy of the Snow Geese cover, with all printing removed, for 10 cents. See page 90.

COLLIER'S would never *assign* a photographer to take such pictures as those illustrating Ulrich Calvosa's piece entitled Cowboys are Crazy, p. 22.

The editors would scarcely say to a photographer, "You will please expose yourself to possible fractures, contusions and sudden death in order to get good action shots in color."

But that is what Photographer David Peskin did expose himself to, taking pictures of Cheyenne's rodeo. He was out in the arena, day after day, dodging bucking broncs, kicking calves, and the malevolent horns of Brahman steers. But the risks were his own idea, not ours. He insisted he *had* to be out there to get the pictures he wanted: such pictures can't be had through the safe medium of a telephoto lens perched comfortably back in the stands.

Periodically a voice would come through the rodeo loud-speaker system: "Will the Collier's photographer please leave the arena?" But Peskin wouldn't leave, and the officials finally gave up warning him. For dancing in and out among the wild West beasts, Peskin wore slacks with no pockets, and a sweat shirt "so there wouldn't be anything to catch if I bumped into the fence or anything." Once he barely missed collision with a steer, and even the cowboys applauded. Fortunately, Peskin is an old trackman (Boys High, Brooklyn) and quick on his feet, and his four years as combat photographer with the Marines in the Pacific helped, too.

After five days of derring-do, Robert Hanesworth, rodeo secretary, said, "You must have covered three times the mileage of any horse, bull or steer in the whole show."

TO PRODUCE his article on water-front union troubles (p. 17) Matthew Josephson spent days and days prowling New York's docks. "The longies," he says, "are a special breed, close-mouthed, suspicious, surly looking; also very athletic and nimble at their special labor. . . . I met two famous water-front racketeers somewhere along the way. Handsome, energetic, well-dressed young Italian-Americans, who sincerely believe that you and I are 'crooked' and they are playing the game straight, without kidding themselves. I admitted to liking them personally. After all the variety of great persons I've sampled, I found these filled with the spirit of enterprise."

Josephson's "variety of great persons" is no empty phrase; he has written ten books, most of them biographies and political histories, and countless magazine articles. His book Robber Barons was a big best-seller in the late '30s. But he had seldom done the story of a big labor boss and he wanted to, so he chose Joe Ryan.

Among other functions, he attended one of the old-fashioned "firemen's balls" which the longshoremen give Ryan each year. "I drank and danced and met everybody until dawn," he says, "and liked it better than fancy balls I've gone to." . . . A. P.

PHILIP MORRIS PRESENTS

2 ENTIRELY DIFFERENT PIPE TOBACCOS!

BOND STREET
REVELATION
SMOKING MIXTURE

Try them BOTH... See which you like best!

Some smokers blend the two!

Here's something new in smokin' pleasure. Delightful flavor. Superb aroma. A smoothness rarely found in popular price blends. Thanks to a great Philip Morris advance—the flavor's *in*... but the 'bite' is *out!* They're the pipe tobaccos you can actually inhale, if you wish. Try BOND STREET or REVELATION. Each is entirely different. See which you like best. Or... blend the two to suit your own taste.

PROVE IT IN YOUR PIPE! Laboratory measurement of the irritation in the smoke, indicates that the average of six other leading popular pipe tobaccos is over three times as irritating as REVELATION. Cool, clean-smoking BOND STREET also gives you this important Philip Morris advantage.

PIPE TOBACCOS YOU CAN INHALE

the flavor's in... the bite is out!

BOND STREET

Contains a genuine and very different aromatic mixture never before used in popular-price blends. Here is tobacco with wonderful flavor and aroma, even non-smokers approve. Smooth, cool and clean-burning.

REVELATION

One of the world's most perfectly balanced blends. A magnificent "flavor-blend" of five different, superb tobaccos . . . cut five different ways; smokes clean, cool and even—every puff a pleasure.

FINEST QUALITY—AT A POPULAR PRICE!

Back Again in TINS

Pocket Size—8 Ounces—16 Ounces

PHILIP MORRIS & CO.

Dedicated to the Production of Fine Tobacco Products

"Llantas," "Tyres," "Pneus," "Gomas," "膠輪"

ANOTHER REASON FOR GOODYEAR LEADERSHIP

Quite a babel of tongues here, but these picturesque gentlemen are all talking about the same thing. Yes, rubber tires. They're "llantas" in Peru, "tyres" in England and India, "pneus" in France, "gomas" in Cuba, and in China they're "膠輪".

Since as early as 1901, when Goodyear Tires were first distributed in England, the pneumatic tire has exerted an ever-increasing influence on the lives of people everywhere. For Goodyear operations, through the years, have grown until they encompass the globe.

Today, Goodyear products are manufactured in Argentina, Australia, Brazil, Canada, Colombia, Cuba, Eire, England, India, Mexico, Peru, South Africa, Sweden and Venezuela. Goodyear branches, distributors, dealers are found throughout the world.

Goodyear's famous All-Weather Tread has written its signature in the sands and snows of the six continents. And people apparently approve . . . for it's true today — as it has been for 31 straight years—*"More people the world over ride on Goodyear Tires than on any other kind!"*

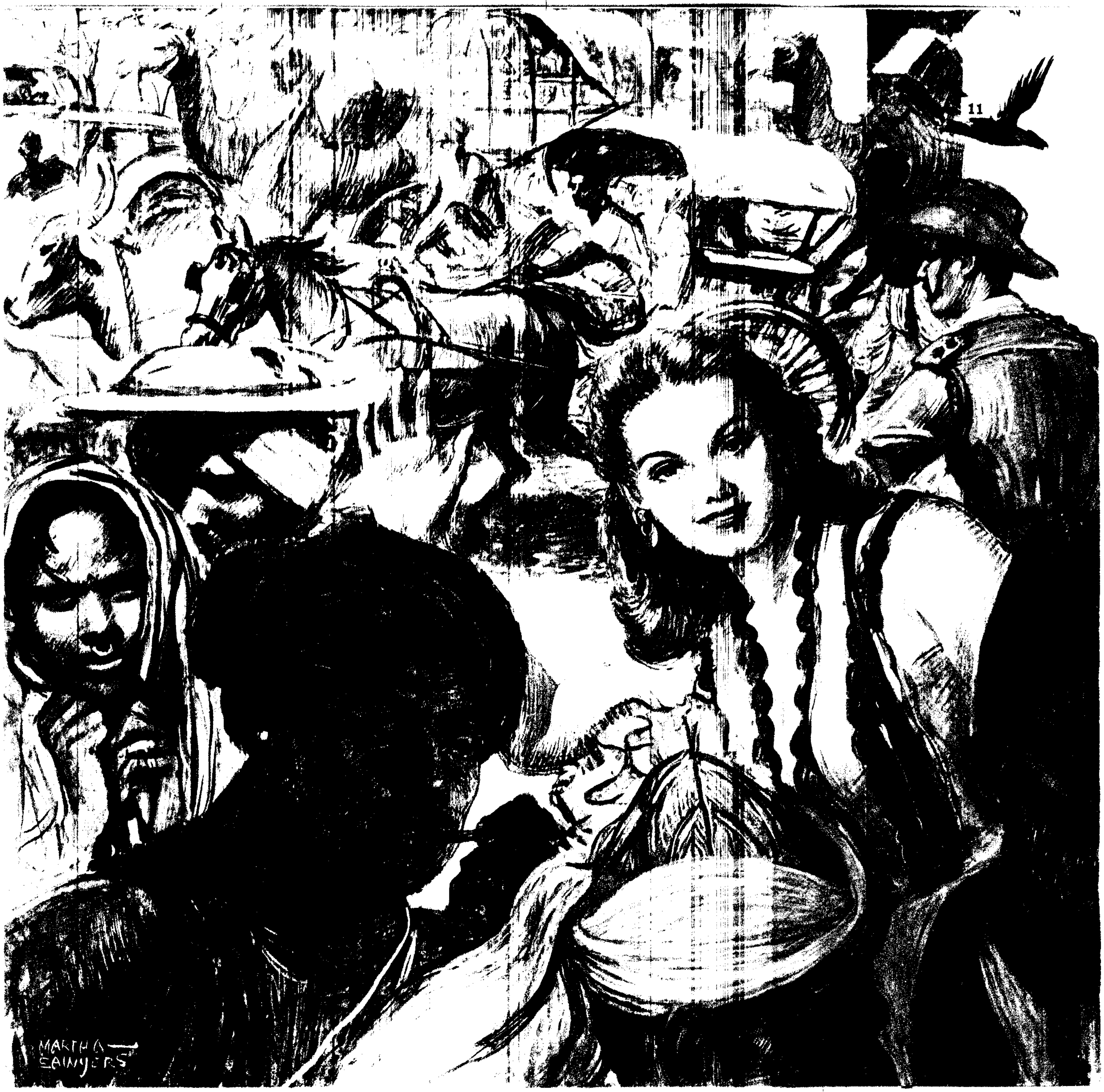
A pioneer in rubber and the world's biggest builder of tires, Goodyear is also an experienced worker in metals, fabrics, chemistry, plastics and other vital fields . . . striving at all times to develop new and better products for you.

GOODYEAR

THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER

TAKE ME WITH YOU

BY JOHN AND WARD HAWKINS



She waited by the gate and when she saw him coming her relief was so great she whispered a prayer of thanks

She could hope and guess what thoughts lay behind Jim's gray eyes. But she could not be sure. You never could be sure of an American. She knew that. But her heart would not obey her head

SHE waited for the American in the shadows beside the India Gate. She was small and slender and her hair was brown. The tip of her nose was sunburned. Her dark eyes and the line of her lips showed a faint worry and an impatience not too firmly held.

British lorries, G.I. trucks, bullock carts, tongas and bicycles flowed through the gate in a heavy stream. She watched them pass, frowning. There weren't as many G.I. trucks as there had been a month ago. The thought made her suddenly more impatient.

Presently, she saw him. He came along the path, a lean man with a spread of shoulder that caught the eye. His cap was set at a jaunty angle and he moved with a soldier's easy stride. She watched him, relief flooding her, and whispered a prayer of thanks.

The same fear haunted each meeting now. So many of them were gone. Almost every day one missed a familiar face, or heard from the lips of a girl the old story—"He—he didn't even say goodby . . . didn't promise to write . . . he just left." One day they were here, the next they were gone—gone back to that fabulous land of theirs.

"They think it's the best way," Jim had explained. "No build-up, no warning, no teary farewells. A quick, clean break. No leftovers and no letters to drag on for months. Just a nice, complete memory for the years—a picture with a beginning and an end."

Businesslike and mechanical, and all very well, perhaps, for the Americans. But a heart was not a machine. Certainly hers was not. "I want to know," she'd said. "I want to know everything, as soon as you know it." Then she'd tried to explain why, without quite knowing why herself. Perhaps she wanted time to prepare, to show others she knew and that the knowledge didn't really matter. Perhaps, if one searched deeper, the reason was that a swift, clean break left no chance for argument, no chance to fight.

"I'll tell you," he'd said. "But I won't drag you through all the rumors. When it's definite, I'll hit you on the chin with it. Until then, we'll have fun and be happy—"

Others had said that, too. One, the serious boy with the red hair and freckles, had promised Ellen he would take her back with him. He'd promised her America. But he'd left without even a "G'by . . ." He'd seemed the kindest of them all, and yet he'd been the cruelest.

The man who came toward her now was not like the boy who'd lied to Ellen. Jim Donahue was sincere. He had courage, too; he wouldn't run from the heartbreak of a parting. Still, he was an American. It was difficult to know what went on behind those gray, bantering eyes of his. You could hope and guess, but there was no way of being sure. And so each day began with the same apprehensions; each meeting brought the same profound relief.

He came to a halt in front of her, clicked his heels and saluted. "Sergeant Donahue reporting, ma'am."

His wide grin was a discordant note, but for the rest he was very trim and military. She pretended a critical glance, then smiled. "For a man who dislikes the Army, you're a pretty fair soldier."

"My Boy Scout training," he said. "It fools the colonel too." He took her hands. "Edie, how are you?"

"Warm," she answered. "And you?"

He held his sweat-soaked shirt away from his body. "Put it on fresh fifteen minutes ago." He grinned.

They moved into the deep shade beside the monument. Jim's sharp, *"Jow!"* sent a coolie scuttling away from a bench and the two sat there. Jim stretched his legs with a small sigh of relief. "I slept fine last night," he

(Continued on page 34)

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTHA SAWYERS

MONTGOMERY'S QUARREL

BY ALAN MOOREHEAD

PRESS ASSOCIATION, INC.

To understand the historic quarrel between Eisenhower and Montgomery it is necessary to know the personalities of the men and the background of events.

The controversy was a serious one. Americans like Captain Butcher (Eisenhower's aide) and Ralph Ingersoll (in his book Top Secret) are critical of Montgomery. Ingersoll argues that Montgomery failed at Caen and jeopardized the entire invasion. He contends that the war would have been ended by Christmas, 1944, if Montgomery had not urged that the bulk of Allied supplies be given him for an attack in the north.

The controversy touched the highest levels. It provoked emotional prejudices. Before it was finished it had brought Eisenhower to the point of ultimatum: Either he or Montgomery would have to go. Let Washington and London decide.

In short, there are two versions of the campaign in France and Germany. This is Montgomery's side of it, as told by Alan Moorehead, Britain's famed war correspondent, in Montgomery: A Biography. His account of the Eisenhower-Montgomery friction was made possible only by access to Montgomery's official correspondence and other military documents.

IN FRANCE, early in 1944, a piece of great good fortune had befallen the Allies. Hitler had decided to pit Rommel as his field general for one last decisive throw against his old desert enemy, Montgomery.

It would be difficult to imagine anything more auspicious for the Allied cause. Rommel never was the match of Montgomery in a set piece battle. Impulsive, erratic and restless by temperament, he allowed his line to be flung off balance whenever a struggle dragged on.

To oppose invasion of Europe, Rommel rushed all his main defenses up to the coast. Everything to Rommel depended on the Atlantic Wall. A complex about the Wall had grown up in the German army. It *must* hold.

In England, Montgomery was ranged on the side of the planners who opposed an early landing in 1944. He refused to budge until all was ready; until all the railways were geared, all the stocks delivered to the ports, the pipe lines and the wharves completed and the latest tanks delivered from America.

Montgomery had revived in England the idea of personal leadership in the military field, just as Churchill had done it some years previously in the political field. Perhaps, as many said, his besetting sin was vanity; certainly he appeared at times to be intransigent and stubborn to the point of bigotry, to oppose others simply for the love of opposing them.

But these vices, if they existed in him, had also distilled a virtue which was regrettably lacking at times among the officers struggling up to a high command: he was nobody's sycophant, he could not be dined and wined into an amenable frame of mind, he could not be impressed by a show of authority nor were his wits clouded by ceremony. Nor was he unduly handicapped by the niceties of tact and diplomacy. He was wholly unbribable—even by the subtlest forms of bribery. And he never intrigued.

By the time the invasion was ready Churchill, most of the British Cabinet and a great part of the Allied command were ardent admirers of Montgomery's skill, his confidence and his toughness of moral character. But Churchill was a warm-blooded man. His was not the surgical approach to war. He chafed at the endless preparations, the logistics, the mountainous tables of tonnages, the graphs, the figures.

He queried the loading program. He thought there were too many vehicles on the boats. Get the soldiers ashore. That was the thing. The paraphernalia could follow afterward. Barely a week before D-Day he decided to go down to Montgomery's headquarters to address the general's staff upon the subject. Montgomery was waiting to receive him but first led the way into a study. There Montgomery put down his cards on the table.

It was unwise, he said, for the Prime Minister to speak to the staff at that moment. Even if he, Montgomery, was wrong it was too late now to alter things. The loaded trains were running to the ports. If the Prime Minister insisted on any alterations at this eleventh hour—then someone else must be found to lead the expedition.

The bombshell fell quietly on the room. Suddenly Churchill gave way. He had had something more than a tolerable or a human burden on his mind in the past few months; and now this was too much. Possibly he saw, and with a sense of overwhelming relief, that events now had reached the point where they were beyond control of any one man.

Churchill got up and went out. The generals, the brigadiers and the colonels were drawn up in a line. One by one Montgomery introduced them. Everyone sensed there had been a crisis. Most of them guessed what had taken place in the study.

Churchill got to the head of the line and surveyed them for a moment without speaking. Then the old lion had his final roar. Some sly imp made him say, and with dignity: "I'm not allowed to talk to you, gentlemen." Then he walked out. The scene was all his.

On the following day, June 6, 1944, the blow was struck and Montgomery followed his shock troops over to Normandy.

At the time of the invasion, Montgomery believed that the Germans could have been thrown out of the war by the following Christmas and the Japanese defeated within six months thereafter. During the campaign and afterward, he stuck to his view that the war might have ended according to his timetable had he remained in control of the armies in the field.

WITH EISENHOWER

To the public the events flowed by in a coherent and connected pattern under the guiding hand of Eisenhower. One great milestone followed another: First the unbelievable success of the landing in June and the capture of Cherbourg. Then, through July and August, the long, anxious battle of the bridgehead ending with the American breakout through St. Lô and the encirclement and destruction of the German army in the Falaise Pocket. Then through the last days of the summer the kaleidoscopic and delirious pursuit, the fall of Paris, Brussels, Holland, the new American army sweeping up from southern France, and the Russian avalanche to the Oder.

From day to day one talked of the ending of the war. Then the failure of Arnhem, the slow release of Antwerp, the abrupt halt all along the line ending with the ominous German counteroffensive at Christmas in the Ardennes. Then the dragging winter attacks up to the Rhine. And finally, in the spring, the breaking of the tidal wave which engulfed Germany from the east and the west.

Each event appeared to follow on, logically and inevitably.

Differences of Opinion

But this was not so. The gravest divisions of opinion developed in the Allied High Command. Personal jealousies flared up. There were many moments of the most serious doubtings and hesitations. Vain and ridiculously emotional national rivalries clouded the issues. And often prejudices took fire through the lack of information and the unavoidable confusion of war.

Montgomery wandered, a prickly and lonely prophet, through these political thickets. To his opponents he seemed to be forever growling vainly out of his lair: "Have done. Away with these arguments. There is only one way to settle the war and that is to let me finish it for you. Just relax and hand over the business to me."

At first Montgomery was away on his own. From June until August, from the landing until the Falaise Pocket, he controlled the Allied armies in the field, and the general direction of the tactical battle was his own. Let us dip into his own account of the engagement:

"Once ashore and firmly established my plan was to threaten to break out on the eastern flank—that is, in the Caen sector; by this threat to draw the main enemy reserves into that sector, to fight them there and keep them there, using the British and Canadian armies for the purpose. Having got the main enemy reserves committed on the *eastern* flank, my plan was to make the breakout on the *western* flank, using for this purpose the American armies under General Bradley, and pivoting on Caen; this attack was to be delivered southward down to the Loire and then to proceed eastward in a wide sweep up to the Seine about Paris.

"This would cut off all the enemy forces south of the Seine, over which river the bridges were to be destroyed by air action. This general plan was given out by me to the general officers of the field armies in London in March, 1944—that is, three months before D-Day.

"The operations developed in June, July and August exactly as I planned. I had given D plus 90 as a target date for being lined up on the Seine; actually the first crossing of the river was made on D plus 75."

After the landing in France, Montgomery's initiative was maintained; but this was not apparent at the time. A "slogging match" developed, a bitter and excruciating series of battles which did not appear to be getting us anywhere. To the public who did not know the plan and the devious phases of its unfolding, and to the soldier who could not see the battle for the bullets, these hideous and changing conflicts of June and July seemed to be without pattern or direction, a chaos in which luck and courage governed all. Even some of those in command who knew the plan began to lose heart, so fierce and continuous was the struggle. And in the absence of detailed and consecutive news from hour to hour their minds began to fill with doubts.

It had been hoped in the planning that Caen would fall to the British in the assault. It did not fall; and immediately all those people who judge campaigns by the capture of towns and place names began to imagine that we had failed. They forgot that it was not Caen we wanted, but to attract the bulk of the German armor and artillery to this end of the bridgehead so that the Americans would be able to make an easier breakout at the other end. And this is precisely what happened. Although Caen did not fall in June, Rommel reacted entirely to Montgomery's plan by directing the bulk of his striking forces against the British on the outskirts of the city.

As these battles grew fiercer through June, people at home began to suggest: "Montgomery has failed. He is getting nowhere. Why does not Caen fall?" At length Eisenhower was forced to take notice of them and his fears were confided to the Prime Minister. Did Monty really know what he was doing?

Strategy According to Plan

Mr. Churchill crossed to Montgomery's headquarters in France and found there the most surprising confidence. Setbacks? What setbacks? The battle was going excellently to plan. Having been beaten in the first assault, Rommel was still hoping to wipe out the bridgehead and he was going about it in precisely the wrong way. He was draining the rest of France of reserves in order to fight the decisive battle then and there in Normandy.

Rommel had been bluffed by the Allied deception plans. He continued to fear a second Allied landing in the Pas-de-Calais area and so he was cautiously bringing down his reserves piecemeal into Normandy. One by one they were being defeated and in

(Continued on page 71)

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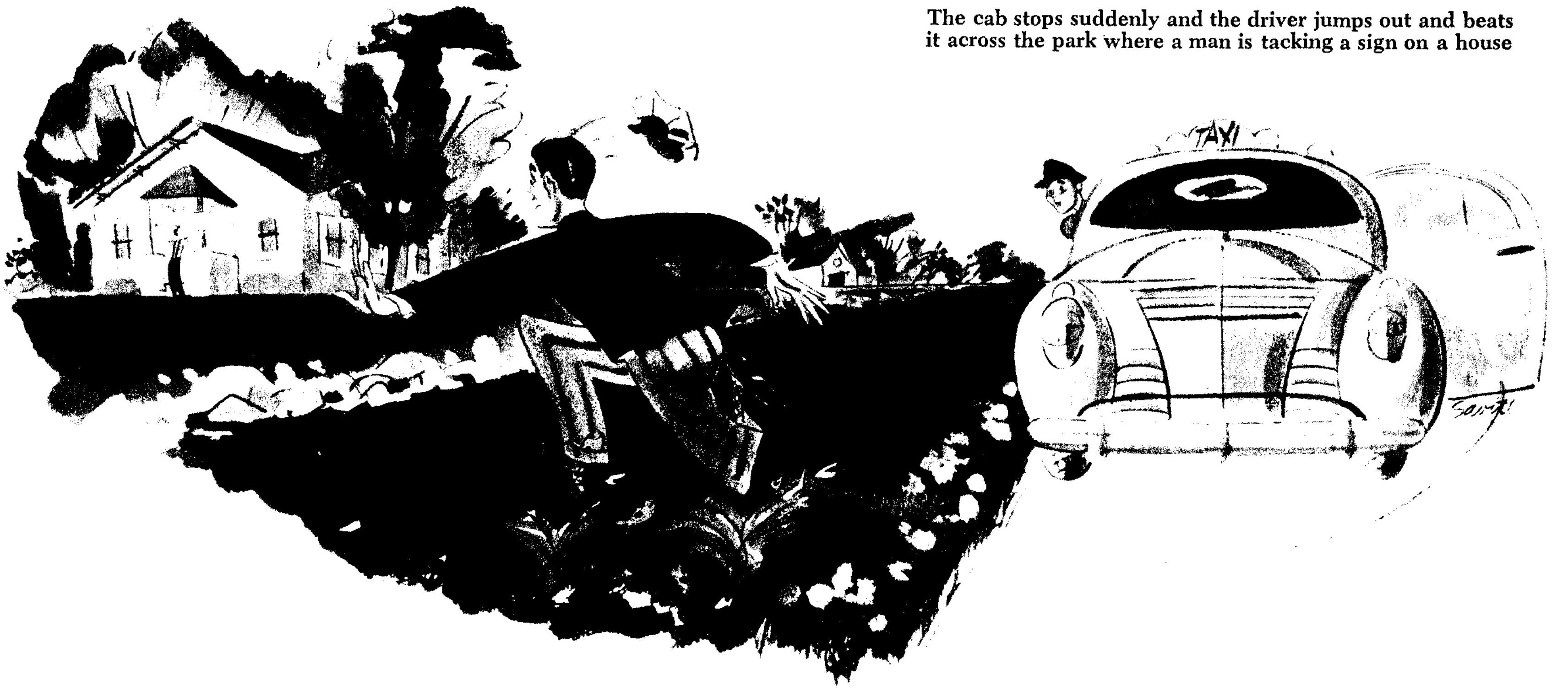

The cab stops suddenly and the driver jumps out and beats it across the park where a man is tacking a sign on a house

A LITTLE NEST FOR JUNIOR

BY JAMES CHARLES LYNCH

ILLUSTRATED BY PAUL SAVITT

An expectant father meets an expectant mother—with unexpected complications

I COULDN'T be sensible and stay in the Army and sleep on a nice barrack's room cot every night. No. I had plans. I wanted a living room, bedroom and kitchen of my own. And I had been dreaming for some time about a certain type of girl I would find fooling around in the kitchen when I came home from work.

Some of the boys tried to tell me, but I wouldn't listen. After all, I wasn't asking for the world with a fence around it. My wants were simple.

Now I find that though my wants are simple they are not as simple as I am. I had not realized how the world had changed. I can't find a place to live. I have tried everything. Now I have exhausted the "Rooms For Rent" and the apartment situation in Hollywood and have hailed a taxi.

"Drive me to downtown Los Angeles," I tell the driver.

"Very well, Mac," he says. "This ride I am going to like."

He drives very slow. I keep looking from side to side, trying to spot a "For Rent" sign. Even the driver enters into the spirit of the thing. We are passing a small park when he stops so fast I almost bump my nose. When I straighten up, the driver is out of the cab and running across the park. On the other side of the park a man is tacking a sign on the porch of an old house. I am faster on my feet than the driver, but I also have manners. I run around the fish pond in the middle of the park. The driver runs through it. What does he care if he has a gold fish in the cuff of his pants. I get there in time to hear him say, "I'll take it."

"All right," the man says. "You want to see it?"

"It has four walls, hasn't it?" asks the driver.

"Certainly," says the man. "And a door and a window."

"Oh, that's wonderful," says the driver. "I'll drive around and leave off my bag. It's in the back of the cab."

On the way back to the cab the driver says, "I'm sorry, Mac. But if I had to sleep in that hack another night I'd be deformed for life. Why don't you put an ad in some paper and get you a mailbox. The ad might do you some good and I will look in the paper and if I hear of anything I will mail you a card to the box number the paper gives you."

"It won't work," I tell him. "The papers are full of such ads. But I'll try it."

I pay him off in front of a big newspaper office and he promises to watch the evening paper for my ad and box number. So I go inside and find the classified-ad counter and stand there.

There she is. The small, dark-haired, gray-eyed girl behind the counter who is waiting on the fat man. She is not the girl I have dreamed about fooling around in my kitchen. No one could dream up anything like her. Imagination has limits.

"H'mmmm!" says a voice under my nose. "Can I help you, sir?"

I look down at a cute redhead. "No, thanks," I tell her. "I am waiting for What's-her-name."

The redhead looks in the direction I am looking and says, "You mean Nancy Miller? She's busy. She's probably going to be busy a long time."

"That's all right," I say. "I'll wait. The view is interesting."

She gives me a look that says, "What's she got that I haven't?" and says out loud, "Nancy, here's another customer for your personalized service. Dearie, how you get results."

Nancy looks up at me and I get a quick little smile. Nothing personal, you understand, just a quick, offhand little smile. It doesn't even go clear through me. It just sticks around inside me somewhere and keeps fluttering around.

She finally finishes with the fat man and comes over to me. "Yes," she says.

She has the nicest "Yes" I have ever heard. I have a quick dream of her saying it to all my questions, then I settle down to the business in hand.

"I wish to place an ad," I tell her. "And I want one of those box numbers so I can receive replies."

She moves a pad in front of her and gets her pencil ready. "All right," she says, "what do you wish to say?"

"Veteran wants three-room apartment," I tell her. "Address Gordon Jones, Box Number So-and-so."

SHE stops writing. "Oh, dear," she says. "That's no good at all. It won't work."

"What do you mean?" I ask her. "Don't people read the papers any more?"

"Oh, yes," she says. "But your ad is dull. There is no personality to it. People will read it and skip right over it. If you want your ad noticed, it should have oomph."

"Facts are facts," I tell her. "I want a three-room apartment. I say so. If I asked you to have dinner with me tonight would it make any difference if I said, 'How about dinner tonight, Nancy?' or if I said, "Most beautiful one, my heart yearns for the privilege of looking across a candlelit table at you. The starlight in your eyes would make the humblest crust better food than a king deserves."

"No," she says, "it wouldn't make any difference how you said it. The first way you put it is out of order and the other way is pure corn. The point I'm trying to make about this ad is this: Suppose I am walking down a dark street and two voices call out of the dark. Which voice do I move toward, Charles Boyer's or King Kong's?"

"I see," I say. "Did you ever write an ad that got an apartment?"

"Yes," she says. "I wrote one for myself. The ad ran one time and I got my apartment. I moved in yesterday."

"H'mmm!" I say. "You are wonderful. What did you say in your ad?"

She blushes. "That's neither here nor there," she says. "It wouldn't fit your case."

"Please," I beg. "I'm desperate. If I don't get a place to live I will climb to the top of the city hall and do a swan dive into the street. When you read about it in the papers you will be sorry."

"Don't be foolish," she says.

"I am not foolish," I say. "I am desperate. Please write the same ad for me as you did for yourself."

She takes a deep breath. "Look," she says. "It won't fit. My ad said, 'Woman expecting baby needs a three-room apartment.' There."

"Oh!" I say. "You're married!"

"No, Mr. Jones," she says. "I am not married. I never have been married."

"Not married. Oh, Miss Miller!"

"Well," she says, "I was as desperate as you are."

"But you didn't have to be that desperate," I tell her. "My gosh!"

"Say," she says, "you don't really think I am going to have a baby, do you?"

"You mean you're not? You mean you just write a big lie in an ad?"

"I did not lie," she says. "I am a woman. Every woman expects babies. Babies are a woman's business. Now, Mr. Jones, you want this ad to go as it is, or have you a better idea?"

"Destroy that copy," I tell her. "I have a better idea. Just say, 'Veteran expects to be father. Needs three-room apartment.' And that's no lie, Miss Miller. Every man expects to be a father. Being a father is a man's business."

"Very well," she says. "I'll give you Box Number 566. That's the box number I used. Maybe it will bring you luck, too. Now the first edition will be out by noon. You might check later this afternoon."

I give her my best smile and say, "Don't worry, Miss Miller. I am going to haunt you until I get a three-room apartment, one way or the other."

She narrows her eyes at me a moment and then gives me another quick smile and says, "I wish you luck, Mr. Jones."

BY PUTTING out a great effort I wait until three o'clock before I go back to the newspaper office. Don't think I am foolish enough to think there is an answer to my ad. That's just an excuse.

Nancy isn't there. I ask the redhead to look in Box Number 566 and see if I have any answers to my ad.

"Anything you say," she says. "I always like to help a stranger."

She goes away and comes back smiling sweetly, and I am dumfounded to see the envelope she has is addressed to me. It has no stamp on it which means it has been put in the box by someone. I pull out a sheet of paper and read:

"Dear Mr. Jones:

"I have just what you are looking for. This three-room apartment is nicely located. It has a living room, kitchen, bedroom and bath. The rent is $50.00 per month, payable in advance. My temporary address is 1895 West Seventh Street. Please advise promptly if you want this place.

"C. HUNTINGTON HARPER,
"Realtor."

I start out to advise him so promptly that the redhead yells, "Hey!" after me. But I don't stop. I get a taxi and beat the driver over the head all the way to 1895 West Seventh Street. When the cab pulls up in front of the place I have heart failure. It is a barbershop.

I go inside and look around. There are five chairs full and a dozen guys waiting.

"Is there a Mr. Harper here?" I ask the barber. "A C. Huntington Harper?"

"Mr. Harper," he yells. "Is Mr. Harper here?"

A big bald-headed man gets up from one of the waiting chairs. He has a brief case under his arm. "Somebody want Mr. Harper?" he asks. He is a very pleasant man.

"Mr. Harper," I tell him, "I am Gordon Jones."

"Ah, yes," he says, shaking hands. "And how is the little wife coming along?"

"Things are progressing nicely for such a short acquaintance," I tell him.

"Ha!" he laughs. "Very well put. Let's step outside, Mr. Jones." He takes my arm and leads me out the door. "I'm in a fine fix for a real-estate man," he says. "I have apartments to rent to veterans, but no office space for myself. I am sitting around in this barbershop until their lease runs out in two weeks. Then I can take over. I own the building."

"It's sure tough," I agree. "Now how about this apartment?"

"My boy," says Mr. Harper, "no one could get this place unless he expects to be a father. The building is just a mile from here. The Crosset Arms Apartments. On Beverly Boulevard. Number 2516. Three stories high. This apartment is on the third floor. There is an elevator."

"I would climb a rope that high to get an apartment," I tell him, and haul out my wallet. "Here's fifty dollars."

"Thank you," he says. "Now here's the key. The number is Apartment 302. It is stamped right on the key. The present tenants are moving out this afternoon; they are no doubt out by now. But you can move right in anyway. I'm sorry I can't go with you right now, I have an appointment. I'll drop in in about an hour and bring your rent receipt."

"Fair enough," I tell him. "If I am testing out the bed, just bang on the door until I wake up."

He pats me on the shoulder. "I know how it is, boy," he says. "I am glad I could be of service."

Am I relaxed! The place is almost new. I walk upstairs just to enjoy the feeling of a floor under my feet. The key fits perfectly.

It is a beautiful apartment. The living room is large and the furniture nice and comfortable. There are even flowers in a vase on the table. I stumble on into the bedroom. It is perfect. There is a great big double bed. I set my suitcase down, kick off my shoes and lie down on the bed. Now I know what heaven is like. I put my hands under my head and close my eyes. Right away I am dreaming.

It is a beautiful dream, even if Nancy is scolding me. Even when she gets real mad she is beautiful. She keeps saying, "You get right out of that bed, you big bum." And I keep laughing at her because I don't have to get out of bed. It is my bed.

THE next thing she does is go away and come back carrying the vase of flowers from the living room. She takes the flowers out of the vase and pours the water out of the vase over my head. It is quite realistic. I sit up suddenly and I am all wet and Nancy is standing there holding the vase like a baseball bat and she is ready to swing. I roll across the bed and come up on the other side.

"Say," I say to her, while I brush the water off of me. "That wasn't a very nice thing to do. What's the big idea?"

"You!" she says. "You get out of here."

"I would like to know why?" I say. "This is my place. I rented it. A man answered my ad."

"Liar!" she yells at me. "You're trying to pull a fast one. I remembered what you said, Mr. Jones. You said you would haunt me until you got an apartment, one way or the other. Well, you won't get mine this way. Get out."

I figure if I can get her to smile, everything will be all right. "When you call a man a liar," I say, "you are supposed to smile. I read that in a book."

"When you get out," she says, "I'll laugh my head off. And if you don't get out I am calling the police."

"You do," I tell her, "and I will charge you with illegal entry and assault with a deadly weapon. I am really surprised at you, Miss Miller. It is not a woman's place to chase after a man. This is *really my apartment, you know.*" I hold up my key and show her.

"Where did you get that?" she asks me.

"From Mr. C. Huntington Harper, a real-estate man," I tell her. "I paid him a month's rent and he gave me this key."

"Ah ha!" she says. "I am beginning to see the light. Mr. Harper no doubt had this place listed, too, and didn't know that Mr. H. H. Charles had already rented it to me, yesterday. The best thing you can do is find Mr. Harper and get your money back. I was here first."

"I don't have to find him," I tell her. "He is dropping in here with my rent receipt. We'll just wait and see whose apartment this is."

"Oh!" she says. "You . . . you . . ." She lets the vase fall on the bed and starts to cry. The door buzzer buzzes.

"That is Mr. C. Huntington Harper now," I tell her. "May the best man win."

"Sure," says Nancy. "Root for yourself. What do you care about a poor working girl?"

I walk around her carefully and through the living room and open the door. It is not Mr. C. Huntington Harper. It is a young

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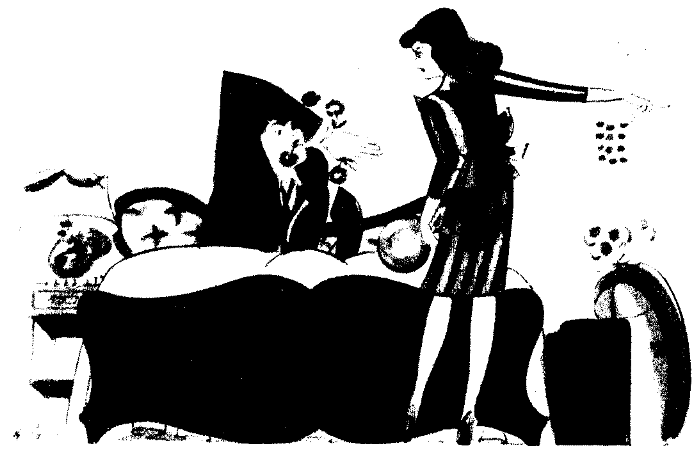

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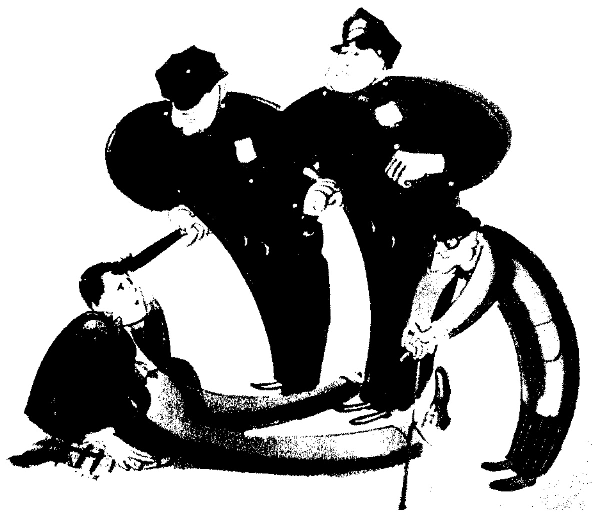
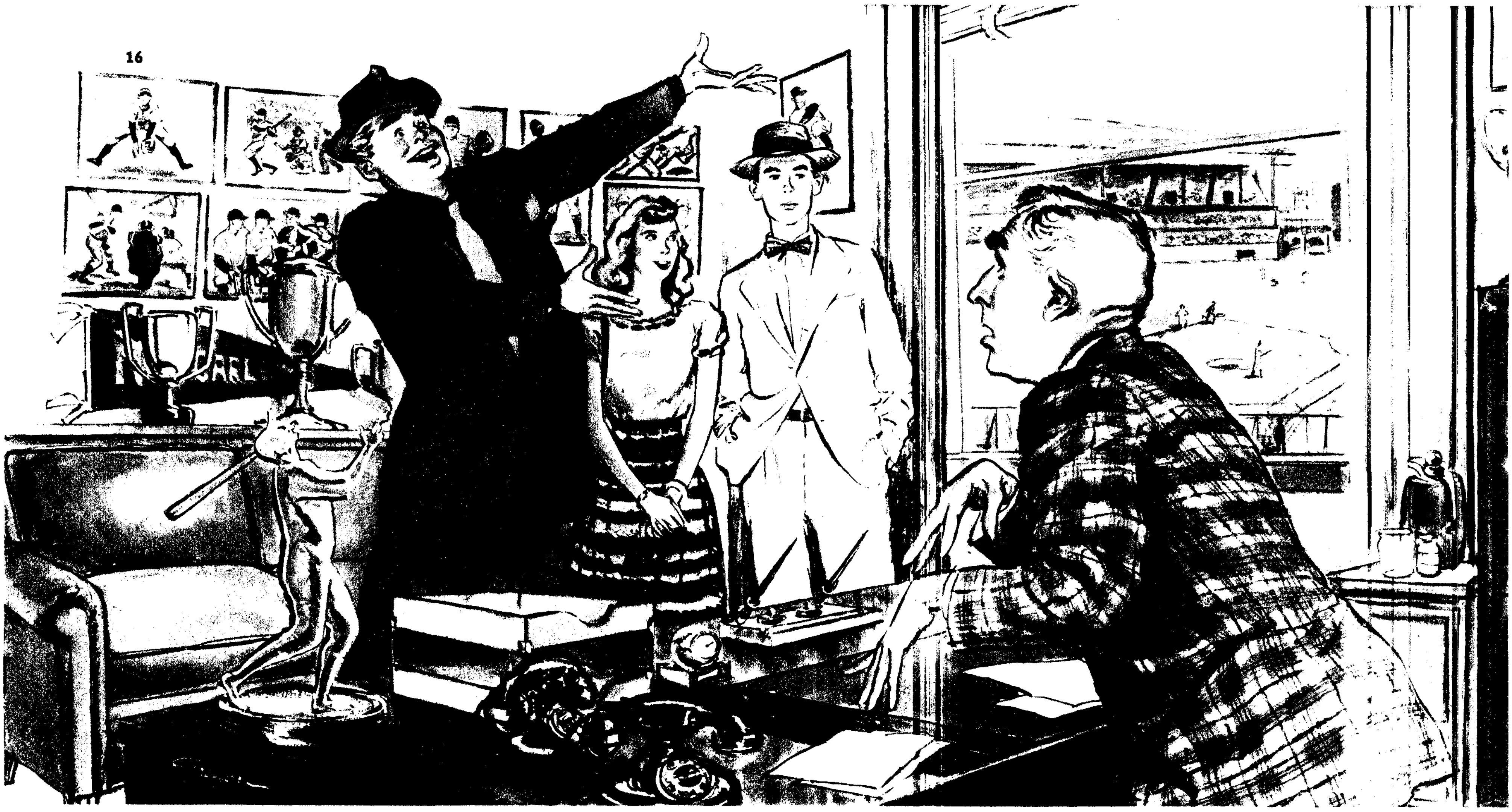


The two big policemen put their hands against my face and give a good shove. "That's him!" says the old man. "Arrest him. I'll prefer charges"



"Well, here he is," cried Mr. O'Hara. Mr. Slagel nodded to the Kellars. "We've come to see about the contract," said Georgie Kellar in a small, firm voice

QUICK, THE NEEDLE!

BY KYLE CRICHTON

With the Series coming up, the Scarlets had to do something. Something desperate—involving a punk who was a genius

LOOKING back over it afterward, Art Slagel realized that he should have known something was going on. The way Swatsy O'Hara came bustling in should have been a tip-off. Swatsy was a great many things but only rarely was he a bustler. He ran the farm system for the New York Scarlets and that usually kept him in a state only slightly removed from despair. If things were going well in the Pacific Coast League, they were bound to be tragic in the Western Association. But Swatsy was bouncing when he came in this morning.

"Art!" he cried ecstatically, "I got him."

"Got who?" said Art, who managed the Scarlets.

"Got the little man who's going to win the pennant for you."

Mr. Slagel received this news with a scowl that verged on a threat.

Mr. Slagel, in short, was at the breaking point and in no mood for levity. The season had six more weeks to go and the Scarlets were in second place, three games behind. If the Scarlets won a double-header, the Eagles won a double-header; if the Scarlets split a double-header, the Eagles split a double-header; if the Scarlets lost, the Eagles lost.

"Who is this little wonder?" asked Mr. Slagel bitterly.

"Little is right," agreed Swatsy, heartily. "The littlest little punk you ever laid your eyes on. Kellar. Georgie Kellar."

Mr. Slagel allowed his mind to whirl rapidly in recollection. "How come I never heard of him?" he asked sourly.

"Boy, have we kept that runt covered up," cried Mr. O'Hara, warming to his subject. "You know where he started this spring? Valdosta, Georgia! He's been in four leagues since. I got him hidden over in the International now."

"What's so good about him?" asked Mr. Slagel. "Can he hit?"

Mr. O'Hara paused in mid-air, lowered his voice to a confidential whisper and leaned toward Mr. Slagel. "Art," he said, "if that boy stood right here in front of this desk and struck down at it with a baseball bat—he'd miss it! He can't hit for nothin'!"

Mr. Slagel sat up straight in his chair and glowered at Mr. O'Hara.

"And as for fielding," Mr. O'Hara bubbled on, "if he was playing third base and you went out there and *handed* him the ball—he'd drop it!"

Mr. Slagel reared up with a bellow. "Well, what the—!" he began.

Mr. O'Hara put up a restraining hand. "Art," he said consolingly, "the woods are full of men who can hit and field. This is something else again. This boy is a genius."

"What the hell *sort* of a genius!" roared Mr. Slagel.

Mr. O'Hara thought of this for a moment. "Maybe you'd call him sort of a literary genius," he said finally.

WHEN Georgie Kellar reported to the Scarlets, he was accompanied by Mrs. Kellar. Mr. Slagel looked at the ebullient Mr. O'Hara and then at the Kellars and began to regret the whole matter. He had often played a hunch with success and had learned years before to pay attention to the peculiar ideas of Mr. O'Hara, but he knew he had let himself be talked into something that would certainly gray him prematurely. Mr. and Mrs. Kellar, put together, would resemble one inanimate object, preferably a slat. Mr. Kellar looked to be approximately twelve years old and Mrs. Kellar would have been accounted young even in the Ozarks. Although Mr. Slagel could see that they were standing erect, they had the appearance of newly born calves huddling in a fence corner.

"Well, here he is," cried Mr. O'Hara.

Mr. Slagel nodded to the guests formally and they seemed to bob their heads in acknowledgment, but Mr. Slagel could not be certain of this because he was occupied with the thought that perhaps he should close the window before they floated away. His musings in this direction were shattered by words from Mr. Kellar.

"We've come to see about the contract," he said in a small, firm voice.

It seemed that Mr. Kellar had ideas about his worth which would assuredly have got him thrown into the corridor if it hadn't been for Mr. O'Hara, who kept winking and nodding vigorously at Mr. Slagel from behind the backs of his protégés. They finally agreed on a rate that would make Mr. Kellar one of the highest paid athletes in Christendom. Since it would only be for six weeks, Mr. Slagel swallowed his resentment and prepared to sign. At the next words he almost swallowed his Adam's apple.

(Continued on page 48)

ILLUSTRATED BY LEON GREGORI

RED SKIES

OVER THE WATER FRONT

BY MATTHEW JOSEPHSON

The armies of organized labor are preparing for battle with the prize for their victory the rule of America's maritime industry. Here are the issues and background of the coming struggle

Every year Joe Ryan's supporters throw a mammoth ball for him at a big hotel. Here Ryan (left) is shown with a friend at the latest of such blowouts

THERE'S trouble on the water front of America. Since the end of the war minor violence has flared like the heat lightning which warns that the major drama of the storm is still to come. And when it comes it will be a battle between two labor armies roughly representing the two factions into which all American labor is split. The struggle will be between Joe Ryan, the veteran boss of A.F. of L.'s International Longshoremen's Association in the East, and Harry Bridges, the left-wing leader of the C.I.O. maritime laborers on the Pacific Coast. The prize will be the rule of U.S. water fronts.

The work of the not-so-humble longshoreman, today, is the key factor in the economy of shipping; loading and unloading of a merchant vessel in ports may cost twice as much as the wages of officers and sailors on a round trip between San Francisco and New York. In no other major industry does such bitter feeling exist between the two federations of workers.

The "settlement" of last June's maritime labor crisis by President Truman and his aides, after a tense, long-drawn-out conference in Washington, brought no real peace. Everybody who knows the steamship business could see that. Harry Bridges left Washington bitterly discontented, and talked strike. It might come, he threatened, as early as September 30th, when existing contracts with his longshoremen's union must be renewed. And if Bridges' men struck, the other C.I.O. unions who had joined in the New Committee for Maritime Unity to make a bloc 218,000 strong would also walk out. A war chest of $2,000,000 was being prepared for the struggle.

Ostensibly their movement would be directed against the War Shipping Administration and the private ship owners. Essentially it would be aimed at the A.F. of L. rival in maritime labor, whose dominant leader is sixty-two-year-old Joe Ryan, the reputed "labor dictator" of the Atlantic and Gulf coast water fronts.

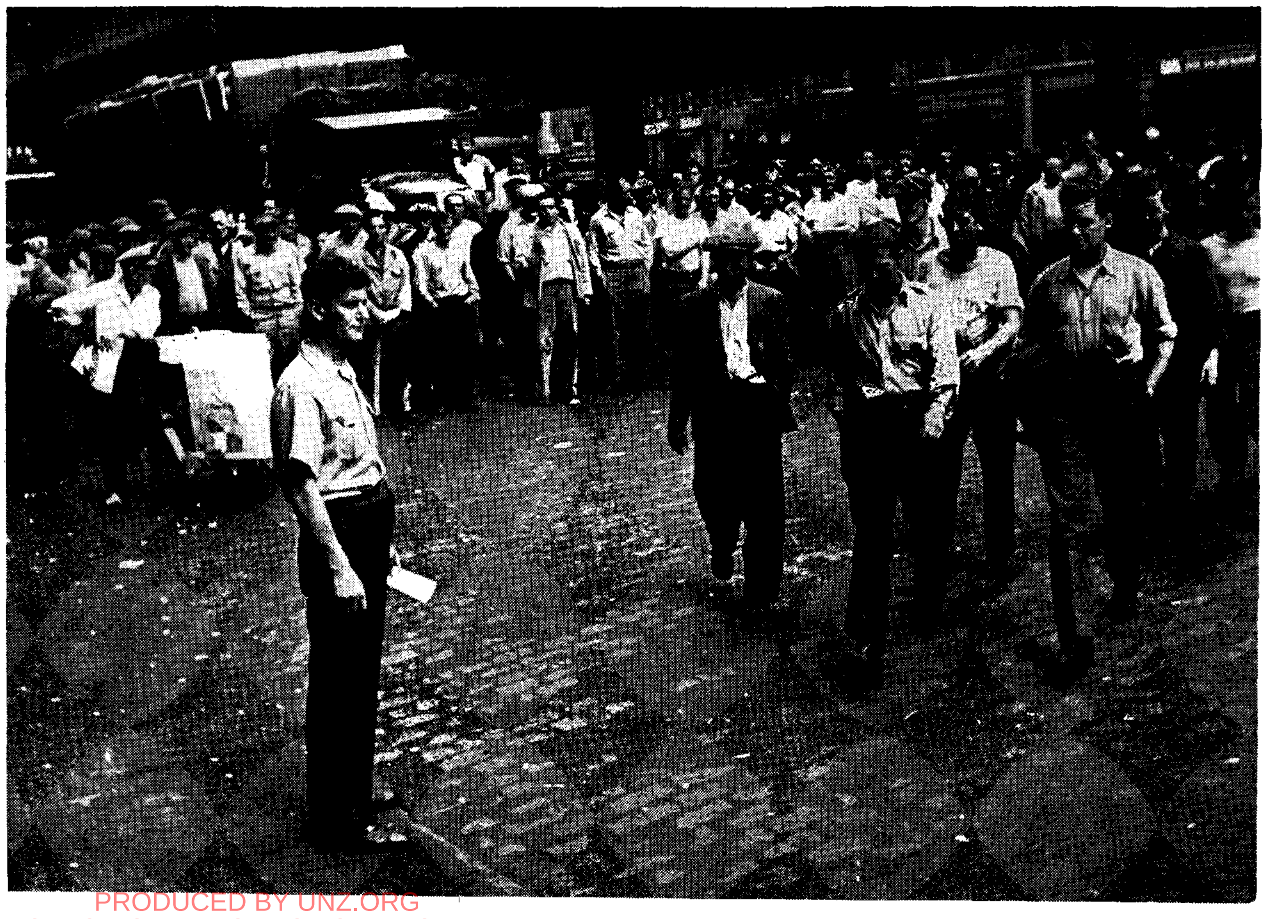
Two more different men could hardly be found in this world: stout, handsome, readheaded Joe Ryan belongs to the comfortable old order in labor and has headed a well-entrenched union machine for nearly thirty years. Harry Bridges, sallow, bony, dark-haired, jumpy as a rabbit, belongs to the younger generation in labor produced by the depression of the '30s and Roosevelt's New Deal. Both men served as dock-wallopers; but Bridges, according to Ryan, who once hired him as an organizer, talks with a "terrible bitterness" against the employing class.

Some of Bridges' utterances have the accents of revolution: "We are not with the ruling classes and the Tory class. . . . We are with the masses of the people." Or "We know who is the greatest threat to this world—and it's not the Reds. Our big job is to destroy the Fascist forces in America."

Nothing even faintly similar shows itself in the talk of Joe Ryan. Ryan has been called "racketeer" and "reactionary," not only by Harry Bridges' friends, but by conservative commentators such as Westbrook Pegler.

But leaders of the shipping industry have long been used to working with him; they call him a "conservative labor leader," who was able at least to negotiate and maintain unbroken collective-bargaining agreements with them over a period of twenty-five years, from 1920 to 1945—when postwar upheavals in his own union began to sap Ryan's power. And whereas water-front employers on the Pacific coast complain bitterly that Harry Bridges has stirred up things so that "hundreds of millions of dollars have been lost," Ryan's relations with management have been exceedingly close and friendly, a virtue that many elements in labor do not appreciate.

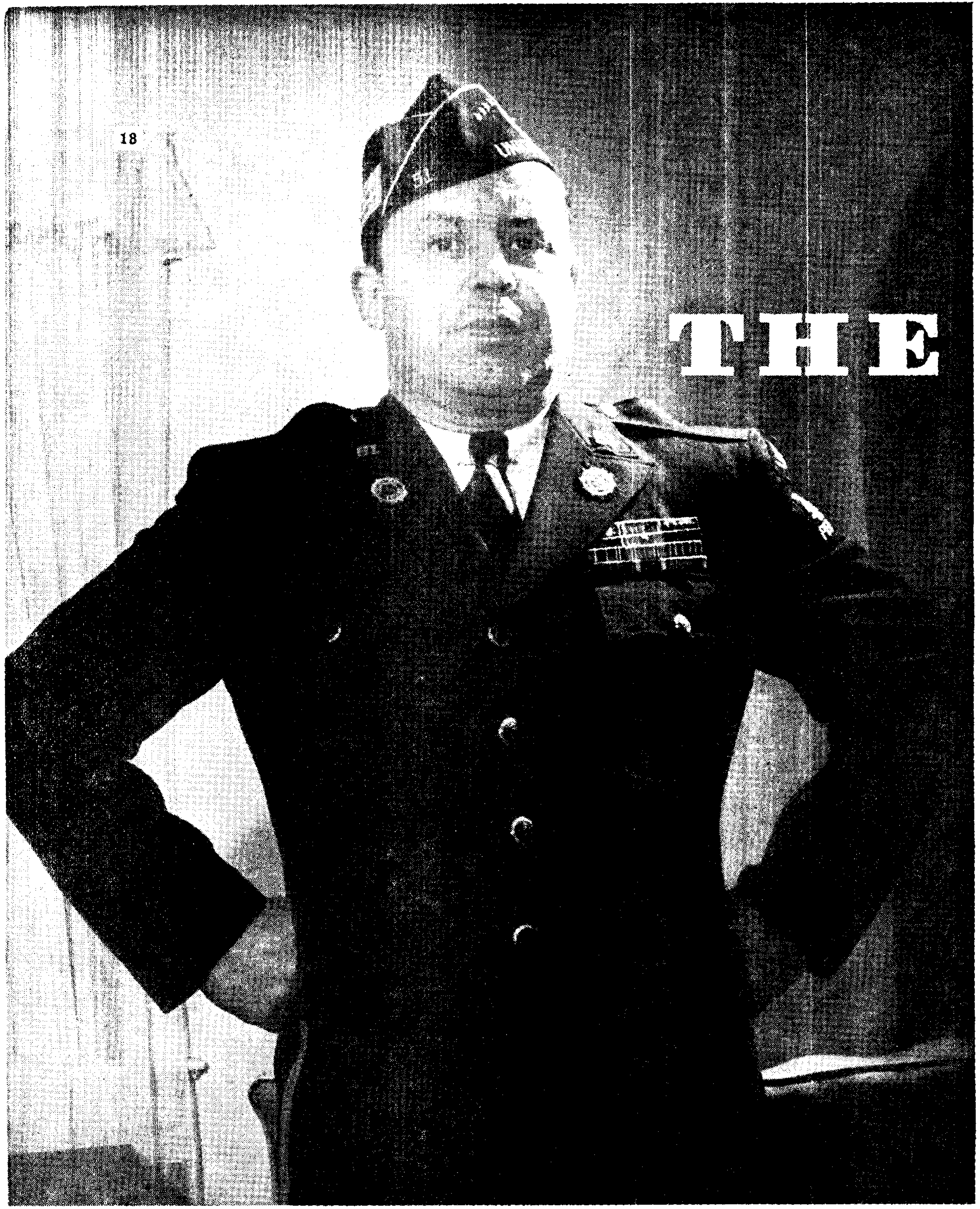
"I am not a man who *(Continued on page 88)*



The shape-up, illustrated here, is the method by which East Coast longshoremen are hired. Many think it the cause of much water-front crime

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY CLAUDE HUSTON—PIX

THE LEGION



CLAUDE W. HUSTON-PIX

Next National Commander, if preconvention dope is right, will be Col. Paul H. Griffith

HEY are polishing up the hotels in San Francisco, making ready to welcome the 28th annual convention of the American Legion. The city is a little nervous—it has been told to expect an invasion of 100,000 legionnaires.

That's a lot of legionnaires. That is enough legionnaires to smash all the potted palms in all the hotel lobbies in the country. That is enough legionnaires to compel the attention of governors and congressmen and Presidents. That is enough legionnaires to give the country, and especially San Francisco, a rough idea of what a powerful thing the Legion has become.

No organization, except the Army, ever put on a more successful recruiting campaign than that conducted by the Legion's National Commander John Stelle during his state-by-state tour of the country these past nine months.

The sales talk is simple: "Better join our club, boys. We're the biggest, the richest (assets around $250,000,000); we can do the most for you."

The lads joined, at the rate of 70,000 a week.

The new Legion is a giant of almost three and a half million members, and likely to grow to five million within a year. It is a young giant, with veterans of World War II outnumbering their elders from the other war two to one. It is, as yet, an untried giant, flexing its muscles. . . .

It matters a great deal to all of us, how the big boy decides to use his muscles. If today's Legion can hold the place the prewar Legion held as the generally acknowledged spokesman for all veterans, it will be the most powerful political-pressure group this country has ever seen.

There will be, by the time the President declares the end of hostilities, some 20,000,000 veterans—16,000,000 from this war, 4,000,000 from the old war. For every veteran, there are approximately three persons vitally affected by veterans' affairs—wives, children, widows, orphans, parents—some 60,000,000 of these. This makes a total of 80,000,000 veteran-minded people—considerably more than half our population.

Think of all those votes!

The elders of the Legion are thinking of them. They intend to whip those votes, or a sizable proportion of them, into line to uphold the Legion's traditional policies.

These policies are "conservative" to the Legion's friends, "reactionary" to its foes. We have seen them put in action by the World War I legionnaires. Now, unless the youngsters rebel, these same policies will prevail in the new Legion.

The elders have already sensed some rebellion. "But it's all right," says John Thomas Taylor, the Legion's efficient Washington lobbyist. "Young people always have rebellious ideas. They'll get over it. What they need is some good, sound, patriotic Legion training."

Here and there a rebel post raises its voice in defiance. The 150 union-labor posts stand together in opposition to the parent body on almost every major point of policy, but they constitute a mere one per cent minority in the Legion's total of about 15,000 posts. There are even a few legionnaires who are Communists. The Legion was as surprised as anybody when its membership campaign won support not only from the New York Daily News and the Hearst papers, but also from the Communist Daily Worker. It was, in fact, taken aback.

But the Legion political machine is well oiled and ready. Here's how it is scheduled to work in San Francisco:

Of the thousands converging on that city, only a few, not more than a dozen or so, will be privileged to gather in the traditional "smoke-filled hotel room" (it has to be smoke-filled, apparently, to make things legal), there to decide who shall be the next national commander, and what the Legion shall stand for during the coming year. The important few are known as "Kingmakers."

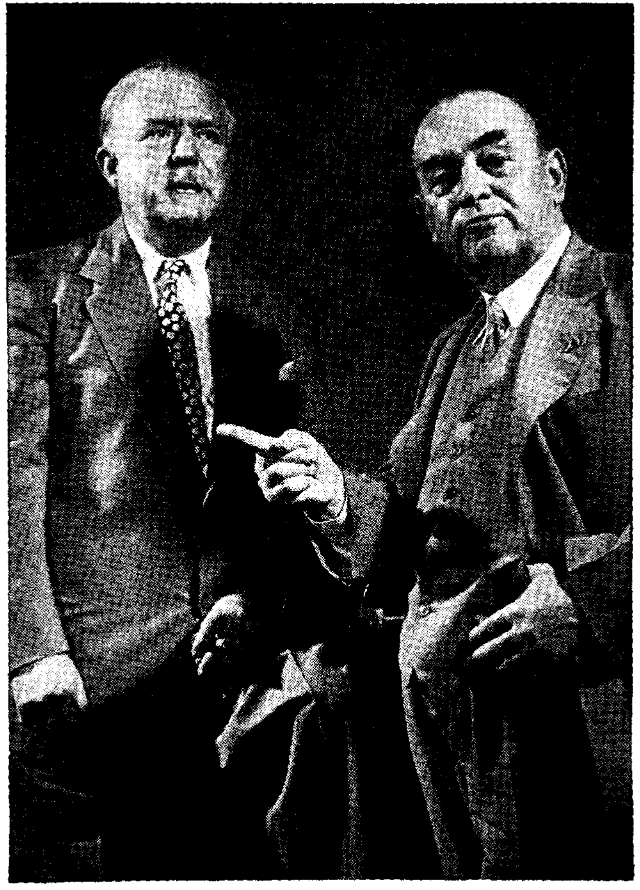
Here is the Kingmaker dope, as we get it from certain legionnaires with access to the preconvention counsel rooms: Colonel Paul H. Griffith of Pennsylvania will be the next national commander.

If our dope is right, it means that the Legion is doing business at the same old stand, with the older veterans, mainly middle-aged businessmen, still in control.

As to who the Kingmakers are—ask almost any active legionnaire (World War I vintage) and he will give you a list of names. But the difficulty is, the next fellow you ask will give you another, different list. The confusion arises, probably, from the fact

The Legion's full-time lobbyist, John Thomas Taylor, with Kingmaker William H. Doyle

CLAUDE W. HUSTON-PIX



EATS 'EM ALIVE

BY AMY PORTER

At the rate of 70,000 a week, the American Legion is absorbing hordes of new recruits. That means a lot of political power for a club run mainly by members of the Old Guard

that there are local as well as national Kingmakers.

Among the most frequently mentioned as of national caliber are: Ben Dorris, of Portland, Oregon, who has two kingly titles: Kingmaker of the Legion and Filbert King of Oregon; William Stern, of Fargo, N. D., an executive of North Western Airlines and a controlling factor in the state's banking interests, who because of his jovial personality is sometimes called the Legion's court jester; Martin V. Coffey, of Middletown, Ohio; J. Monroe "Old Steamboat" Johnson of South Carolina, Legion national committeeman for years and now head of the Office of Defense Transportation; Harry Colmery, of Topeka, Kansas, past national commander, who often has acted as an aide to Paul V. McNutt (another big legionnaire) in his various governmental assignments; John Ewing, Shreveport, La., important in publishing and radio; Watson B. Miller, who left his job as Legion rehabilitation director to go to the Federal Security Agency, which he now heads; Phil Collins, Chicago insurance man and president of the Illinois State Tax Commission; Franklin D'Olier, of Pennsylvania, past commander, chairman of the board of the Prudential Life Insurance Co.; Frank N. Belgrano, Jr., of San Francisco, president of one of the banks in the Giannini financial empire, a past commander and a leader in the Legion's lifelong battle against "subversive elements," especially Communists

There's one Kingmaker everybody knows: William H. Doyle, of Boston, sometimes called king of the Kingmakers. Barring an act of God, Doyle will be in San Francisco. He is the Jim Farley of the Legion. He gets out the vote and horse-trades among the delegates to get things done. Doyle is a short, plump Irishman who has been a power in Massachusetts politics as well as in the Legion for the past 25 years.

The first of this year he was retired on half pay from his job as Massachusetts Civil Service personnel head. This gives him more time for Legion work. He is a strong friend to Publisher W. R. Hearst. When Orson Welles' movie, Citizen Kane, offended Hearst, he persuaded the Legion to pass a resolution condemning the picture which told the story of Hearst's life, as "un-American."

Fulfilling the Kingmakers' Wishes

Whether or not all the Kingmakers put in an appearance in the smoke-filled room, it seems quite certain that the wishes of most of them will be a controlling factor in the decisions made there.

Colonel Griffith is a logical Kingmaker choice for national commander. He has worked long and hard for the Legion, and is due for reward. Also it is about time his state, Pennsylvania, got the top post. Griffith is a rotund, balding, much-beribboned veteran of both wars, a Republican with a business executive background.

Organized labor has no love for him because of his part in the recent fight over superseniority. It was Griffith who, as an aide to General Hershey, interpreted Section 8 of the Selective Service Act to mean that veterans should get their old jobs back even if it meant discharge of workers with greater seniority. This interpretation, which labor leaders called an attempt to drive a wedge between veterans and organized labor, finally was rejected by the Supreme Court.

Defending his stand, Colonel Griffith explained that he was "not antilabor, but proveteran." In a speech before the Management Club of the Brooklyn Chamber of Commerce he said he considered it necessary to give veterans jobs at all costs because it might present quite a problem if 10 or 15 million of them—who have been trained in the art of killing, disciplined and taught to follow a leader without question—found themselves disillusioned and unemployed. The wrong type of leader might come along, he said, and find these men willing to follow.

Colonel Griffith attributes all his labor difficulties to "a bunch of Reds in the C.I.O. who are against anything American."

"I want them to hate me," he told me, "because I expect to battle them as long as I live."

In his youth, Griffith labored in the coal mines of Pennsylvania. ("I have

(Continued on page 52)

Present National Commander, John Stelle, gets a Legion cap from Vice-Commander Graham Huntington. An officer of the Legion Auxiliary looks on

CLAUDE W. HUSTON—PIX

Legion conventions are noisy affairs where most members are more concerned with making whoopee than shaping policy

ACME

FOUR O'CLOCK TEA

BY RAMONA STEWART

A short short story complete on this page

There was a rap on the door and a bursting shell could have had no greater effect. She leaped to the center of the room and stopped

MOLLY was a carry-over from high school. One of those friends you see increasingly seldom during college days. After graduation a few desultory Christmas cards are exchanged. And then one day after a passage of years, a memory of them flashes back and you wonder what has become of them. You never see them again the rest of your life. But sometimes you think of them and wonder.

I shall never completely forget Molly. She was the cause of my first feeling of hypocrisy.

One spring day while I was attending the university, she invited me for four o'clock tea. "But come early," she said eagerly. "Come about half an hour early."

I was held late at my afternoon class and arrived a little past four.

She was already rushing back and forth between the parlor and the dining room with the tea things. She was not unattractive physically but there was a birdlike nervousness about her that canceled out every asset. She was almost hysterically domestic. Quickly, as I looked on, the little table before the sofa filled with iced cakes and frail blue cups.

The curtains were drawn against the slanting afternoon sun, and on one of her trips she paused to light the lamp behind my head. The yellow cone of light sprang down upon the table, tinting the camellias in the white bowl. There was a short moment when her footsteps did not tap the rug anywhere in the house and the tinkle of silverware against china ceased completely. I imagined her peering at herself in the mirror over the buffet and I smiled a little. The next second the tinkling began again and she half ran into the room with a handful of spoons. She stood staring at them after she had dropped them to the table.

"Does it look casual?" she asked.

"Yes," I told her.

She glanced nervously at the square clock over the mantelpiece. "Do you think it would be better to pour and begin?" she asked. "I mean—there was nothing definite about it. He just said he might drop in. It might look as if we were waiting for him. What do you think?"

I considered. But I was hungry and the tea had been brewing for several minutes. "I think it might be better to begin," I said. "He may be late, you know."

"He may not come at all," she reminded me hastily, fearing that I might pity her if she seemed too certain and he did not come. "It was very informal. He just said he would return a book."

"Are you sure that it wouldn't be better if you were alone?" I asked. It was absolute hypocrisy. The steaming cup was already safe in my hand. "He might be shy, you know." I reached toward the cake plate. "No sugar, thank you."

SHE replaced the sugar bowl and sat beside me on the sofa. "Oh, no," she said. "I *asked* you to come. It looks more natural this way. And besides"—she added slowly—"besides, I want your opinion of him."

I nodded. And then, suddenly, because the tea was excellent, I felt sorry. "Tell me about him," I said. I had heard of little else for a month, but I knew she wanted to talk about him. However, she behaved as if he were pressed up against the door, listening. She leaned toward me, shaking her head. "He's just a fellow I met at the library. There's nothing to tell, really."

I smiled again. This time I could not help it. I had just thought of her mother sitting in the bedroom with a book because they had agreed that a *relative* might look prearranged while a *friend* was somehow casual. I believe it had been her mother's suggestion. At any rate, she was sitting in the bedroom and if I listened very carefully, I could hear the creak of the wicker rocking chair.

"He sounds interesting," I said, and immediately soothed my conscience by inquiring the exact amount of tea in the silver pot so that I might not later embarrass both of us by asking for what no longer remained.

"Plenty," she said. "Two more cups for you. Two for me and two for him. If he comes at all you know," she added. "He probably won't." This statement was based, I think, on the same superstition which makes Oriental parents claim that their children are ugly and deformed and unworthy. It is a humble device by which angry gods may be placated. This time, however, it was successful. The next instant there was a sharp rap on the door.

A bursting shell could have had no greater immediate effect. She leaped up automatically with such force that my teaspoon dropped to the table and for a second I thought she would crash headlong through the window opposite. I had a picture of her mother jerking upright in the bedroom rocker. She stood motionless in the center of the room and I think I saw her lips move. So she may have been counting off the difference between a rushed answer and a casual reply. Then she smoothed her dress over her hips and walked slowly to the door. She put her hand to the knob and drew it open, and I could just see his face hovering over the top of her head.

"Hello," she said. "I didn't think you'd come."

She swung to one side and they stepped into the room together, facing me. Neither of them spoke for a second, and suddenly I felt a stranger in the house. I might never have seen her before. I saw the earnest, feverish expression that seemed to gleam like oil on her cheeks and forehead.

Then he grinned and the moment was broken. She was my friend again and he was the stranger. He was lean and blond. The grin seemed to expand his tanned boyish features into a caricature of manhood, making him seem virile and a man of the outdoors. The tea table seemed smaller and more fragile than I had noticed. The room was stifling in little things. At any moment I wondered if he might not sweep the tea table clean with a careless gesture.

"Here's your book," he said.

She took the book hurriedly. "My friend—" she said, gesturing toward me. Then, a bit too quickly, "We were having tea. Won't you join us?"

"Thanks a lot. But I've got to run on." He patted her shoulder, waved at me and went out the open door. In a second he was back. "Thanks for loaning me the book," he said.

And he was gone.

SLOWLY she shut the door. I could tell by the careful way in which she did it that she was struggling against the moment when she would have to look at me. When she finally did turn back, I was busy pouring tea into my cup.

"I guess he was rushed," she said. "It was very informal, you know. I didn't think he'd come at all."

I nodded. "He seems quite nice."

We were both silent for a moment and I steadied myself for the time that I knew would come as soon as she herself believed that he was really rushed. When she smiled apologetically, I knew it could be avoided no longer.

"Tell me," she said. "Of course, you only saw him for a few minutes, but—"

I warded it off by filling my mouth with cake and pretending innocence.

"Well, you were an outsider. I can't really tell but you can. Did you think—"

This could not be avoided. She knew that I knew what she meant. Any more pretense would hurt her.

"Well, of course, I only caught a glimpse of him. And you were only talking about the book, you know."

"He was in a hurry," she admitted. "But the whole thing was casual."

"Well—"

"For goodness sake," she said impatiently. "You can tell me the truth. I wouldn't ask you if I didn't expect the truth."

At that moment a board creaked in the dining room and I saw her mother tiptoeing past the sideboard. She grimaced at me and put her fingers to her lips. I realized that the door had been shut so carefully she could not possibly have heard.

"Come on in," I said. "It's over."

Flustered, smiling guiltily, she walked toward us, making more noise than usual.

"So he's gone," she said. "Well, what did you think of him?"

"He's very nice," I said.

"And what do you think he thinks of my little girl?"

Then I knew I must get out of that house. Their faces were so eager, so brightly alike. The same eyes, the same earnest shine to their foreheads.

I stood up and smiled wisely. "I shouldn't be surprised at all," I said. "Not at all."

And before they could press me for details, I looked at the square clock on the mantelpiece, gasped and said goodby.

All the way home I kept picturing them sitting on the sofa drinking the remaining cups of tea and repeating my words over and over to themselves.

ILLUSTRATED BY VINCENT GUISE

S NG OF THE CU KOO

BY TED SHANE

Audible over the mad din of nonsense music in Tin Pan Alley is the rustle of large-denomination folding money earned by the loony songs

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY GEORGE KARGER–PIX

First you get Vaugn Monroe's vocalist, Tinker Cunningham; then you get a cement mixer, and a left-handed workman who has never played a bull fiddle. Put them all together. It's a picture almost as crazy as the dilly song it represents—Cement Mixer—slurp, slurp, slurp!

EARLY this year a towering, mustached hot guitarist-composer named Bulee (Slim) Gaillard was on his way to a recording date in Hollywood. Author of that prewar dainty, Flat Foot Floogie with a Floy-Floy, on this particular day Slim was short on inspiration. Six hundred eighty-seven flying hours in the Pacific had stifled the artist in him. Tooling along Sunset Boulevard with his orchestra of two, Slim's discussion of his vague recording plans was drowned out at a red light by the grinding of a cement mixer.

As Bach—or was it Handel?—heard angels and was moved to deathless flights, Slim was moved by the cement-mixing machine. Arriving at the two-by-four recording studio bursting with the Muse, he picked out a jumpy, catchy rhythm on the electric guitar, adding the delightful phrases, "Cement mixer, putti-putti, cement mixer, putti-putti." This mechanical chant Slim interrupted with a sudden burst of "Vootorooney" cries, a jibberish known to Slim alone, and possibly to a few inmates of an African booby-hatch. The over-all effect, duly recorded, was that of a clacking rooster's love affair being interrupted by its neck getting wrung for dinner.

Unaccountably, word of Gaillard's little musical jewel spread like news of 19-cent steak at the tea store. In ten days 20,000 records of it had been sold. Billy Berg's dinky night spot at Hollywood and Vine, where Slim had been appearing and blushing unseen, became the center of Hollywood culture. Glittering with new jewelry, Slim and his boys doubled triumphantly in brass at the Los Angeles theaters for $3,000 a week, then gained national notoriety on Bing Crosby's, Frank Sinatra's and Kay Kyser's radio shows.

Cement Mixer, which has now sold a million records and a fourth as many in sheet music, is but a single example of *cementia praecox*, a musical phase through which we are now passing. No, it's not that Boris Karloff has taken over. The psychiatrists tell us the great war has left us a world eager for escape. One of the easiest escapes is to sing your way out. Evidently the loonier the song, the quicker the getaway.

Total war necessitates total escape. True, in the past, America has soothed its nerves with sporadic Yankee Doodles, Yip-I-Addy-I-Ays, and Yes, We Have No Bananas. But never before in war or in peace has the output of novelty songs—as Tin Pan Alley dubs its twisted brain children—been so prolific, nor the national sanity so seriously threatened. Once wary of publishing a nonsense song, publishers have gone jabberwocky commissioning them. Record sales of such intellectual treats as Frim Fram Sauce (with the aussenfay and chafafa on the side) and Stone Cold Dead in the Market are phenomenal. High-powered publicity campaigns in which Miss Cement Mixer of 1946 parades down Broadway, in a brief gown fashioned from a cement bag and riding a giant cement mixer, add to the awful din of the radio, juke box and piano rendering these songs.

Nor is there any escape from the escape song. Recently Los Angeles' KMPC banned it from the air, claiming that since it contained overheated lyrics in which mention of benzedrine was often made, and *double-entendres* flourished, it contributed to juvenile delinquency. This set off a cultural battle which not only restored the screw-ballade to the air, but jumped its sales in record and sheet by millions.

There are four categories of nonsense song:

1. The Orooney, or Re Bop Song.
2. The Socially Significant Song.
3. The Whimsy Song, for kiddies from 8 to 80.
4. The Just Plain Crazy Song.

The Orooney Song, the *(Continued on page 94)*

COWBOYS ARE CRAZY

BY ULRICH CALVOSA

THE steer gets a 30-foot head start. He comes out of the chute into the arena. He comes out slow, lumbering, head down, awkward. He is big and befuddled and dangerous. He weighs 800 pounds.

As the steer passes the 30-foot line, a cowboy gallops out after him.

A second man on a horse—he is called the hazer—is out there, too, pressing the steer into the path of the cowboy.

The cowboy spurs his horse, overtakes the steer. The steer is frightened now. His speed increases. The beat of the horse's hoofs is loud behind him.

The cowboy's body veers toward the head of the steer. He is ready to jump. Not yet. . . . Now! This is it. In one quick fluid movement, the cowboy lunges from his saddle, throws his body at the horns of the steer.

His two hands grab the steer's two horns. His two arms close in a viselike grip, muscle straining against muscle.

It is a life-and-death thing—a wrestling match of titanic proportions—a 150-pound man against an 800-pound beast.

Three seconds pass, five, ten. The cowboy twists the massive neck. The beast resists. The cowboy, face contorted, puts forth all his strength, and the great creature gives, sags. The steer slowly rolls on its side.

A judge on horseback, hovering near, brings down the red flag. Event number 14, world's championship steer bulldogging, is over. In a tremendous cheer, 16,000 voices split the clear Wyoming air.

These 16,000 people were here yesterday. They will be here again tomorrow. They aren't going to miss a minute of the five-day show which is called Frontier Days.

Rodeos in Cow Country—and Elsewhere

It is the granddaddy of all rodeos, this Cheyenne event. It started 50 years ago and has been held every year since. It is a peak point in the ten-month season of rodeos. In those ten months there are 225 big rodeos, and scores of smaller ones, held in every town of any size in the cattle country—in Montana, Wyoming, Idaho, Oregon, Washington, California, Texas, Colorado, Utah, Nevada, Arizona and Nebraska. Canada is rodeo country, too, with the Calgary rodeo, the McLeod rodeo, and others. Arkansas, Missouri and Illinois are on the fringe of rodeo country, and once a year Chicago, Boston and New York import a rodeo, to show Eastern cityfolk what cowboys look like. Madison Square Garden, New York, holds the final big show of the season. During the current three-and-a-half-week session, nearly half a million persons will attend.

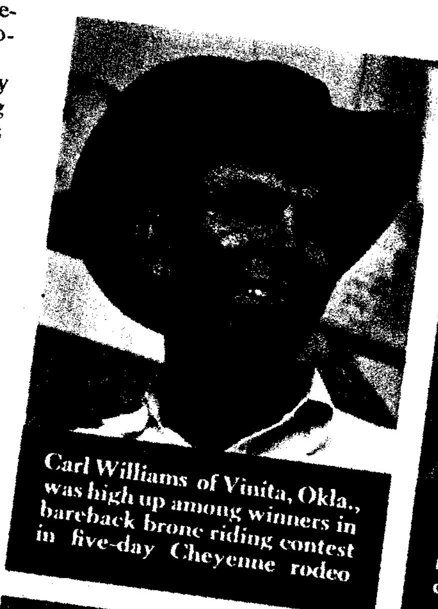
In the last ten years rodeo has grown to the status of a major sport. It is the only American sport which has grown directly out of an industry, spotlighting the everyday chores of a ranch hand. Out in the cattle country, mere mention of Bob Crosby, Bill Linderman, Dick Griffith arouses the same awe as names like Ted Williams, Dixie Walker and Hal Newhouser for the enthusiasm of baseball followers.

Each year more than 5,000,000 fans witness the big rodeos. They go to cheer lanky, lean-hipped itinerant performers who have the agility of acrobats, the strength of Samsons, the courage of commandos.

Bulldogging is only one phase of the rootin', tootin' wild West shows. There's broncobusting, steer roping, wild-horse racing, calf roping, and insane rides on the backs of Brahman bulls. If you don't get a bone broken now and then, you're no cowboy, and a good many of the entrants are

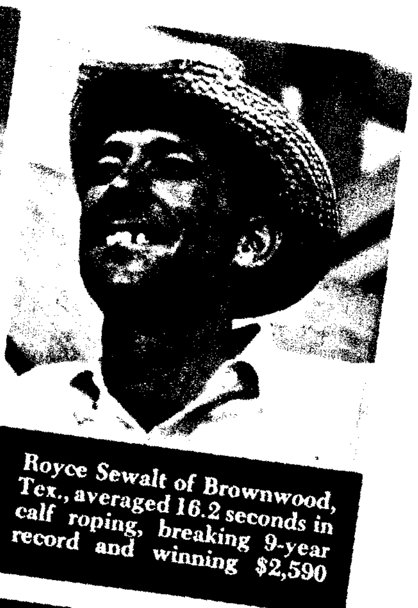
Bucking horses are black sheep among equines. About one out of every thousand horses turns out to be a bucker and stays that way. This cowboy in the bareback bronc riding contest has only a "cincha" around horse's middle for an anchor but he stayed on for required 8 seconds

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY DAVID PESKIN–PIX



Carl Williams of Vinita, Okla., was high up among winners in bareback bronc riding contest in five-day Cheyenne rodeo

Ken Boen of Danville, Ill., who travels by air between rodeos, broke world's bulldogging record. He won $593



Royce Sewalt of Brownwood, Tex., averaged 16.2 seconds in calf roping, breaking 9-year record and winning $2,590

Cotton Lee of Fort Sumner, N. M., won steer roping event and $2,516. Steer roping is taboo in most of the states

Virgil Miranda, 22, of Kim, Colo., won amateur bronc bucking contest. He has been clerk, rancher, schoolteacher

Ken Roberts, of Strong City, Kans., won the professional bronc riding event and was chosen all-around champion

Saddles are used in the professional bucking event and often make a fine diving platform (see above). Contestants draw for horses which come out of chutes bucking, and rider must scratch his mount with spurs throughout ride. One hand holds reins; other hand cannot be used

Someone with a diabolical purpose crossed a Brahman of India with a Mexican longhorn to produce hell on hoofs, the Brahman bull. Here Johnny Spruell is about to be thrown, was nearly gored

Horse stands by as its rider wrestles with an obstinate steer in the spectacular bulldogging event at recent Cheyenne Frontier Days

Bronc riding draws the biggest cheers from rodeo spectators. Faithful fans can rattle off a roll of bronc champs, love to talk about Midnight, one of the toughest broncs of all time

OLD DEADWOOD COACH 1861

Buffalo Bill Cody was a frequent visitor during early Frontier Days celebrations. Walter C. Nye of Billings, Mont., who portrayed the famous Indian fighter at recent celebration tells a group of embryo cowboys tales of the West

walking and riding testimonials to the surgeon's skill with splint and suture.

Cheyenne, a city of 35,000, expands to accept the 80,000 guests who take over the town during five big, wild, wide-open days.

They have parades and street dancing and free-for-all music by guitar trios. They have buffaloes and covered wagons and Indians and carnivals, and the sharp smell of dust and sweat and fresh manure. And if you don't get your elbow onto a bar, the sheriff isn't going to fuss if you stroll down the street highball glass in hand. Yippee!

At the recent Cheyenne rodeo, auto license plates showed that folks from every state in the Union are crazy over cowboys. Big shots were there—Admiral Nimitz, Admiral Byrd, Georgia's own Ole Gene Talmadge, all enjoying the free-flowing barbecue hospitality of big Wyoming ranchers. Visitors in dude costumes made cow hands look positively shabby. Brilliant silks and fancy hard-to-walk-in boots outshone the faded blue jeans of the performing cowboys.

Sioux Go Primitive—For Cheap

Indians of the Oglala tribe of the Sioux Nation danced at the drop of a feather—at two dollars a day per man and one forty a day per squaw. If they had to leave their comfortable apartments to spend a week in the discomfort of tepees, why, okay. Anything to make the silly white man happy.

Princess Blue Water, in charge of Indian arrangements, did her utmost to keep the war-painted chieftains from wearing sissy sunglasses.

The central figure of this great American sport, the cowboy, fares sometimes well, more often not so well. What happens to him is a pure gamble. He is a professional in a strange amateur sort of way, operating with no guarantee whatsoever. He must pay his own and his horse's transportation to and from rodeos, plus living expenses. If his bones are broken by a kicking calf, or if his body is pierced by a Brahman's horns, it is up to him to pay his own doctor bills. He must pay, besides, his own entrance fees, running up to $100 in some events. He may, of course, more than make up for his outlay in prize money.

A lucky cowboy, a very lucky one, can make from $15,000 to $25,000 in prize money in one year. Some of those who have had this kind of luck have bought their own profitable ranches.

But the average rodeo performing cowboy considers himself lucky if he grosses $5,000 a year. To do this he has to knock himself out in some 30 shows. Plenty and plenty of them spend from $200 to $750 on one show and return home empty-handed. Take the case of Toots Mansfield of Rankin, Texas, winner of five world's championship calf-roping titles.

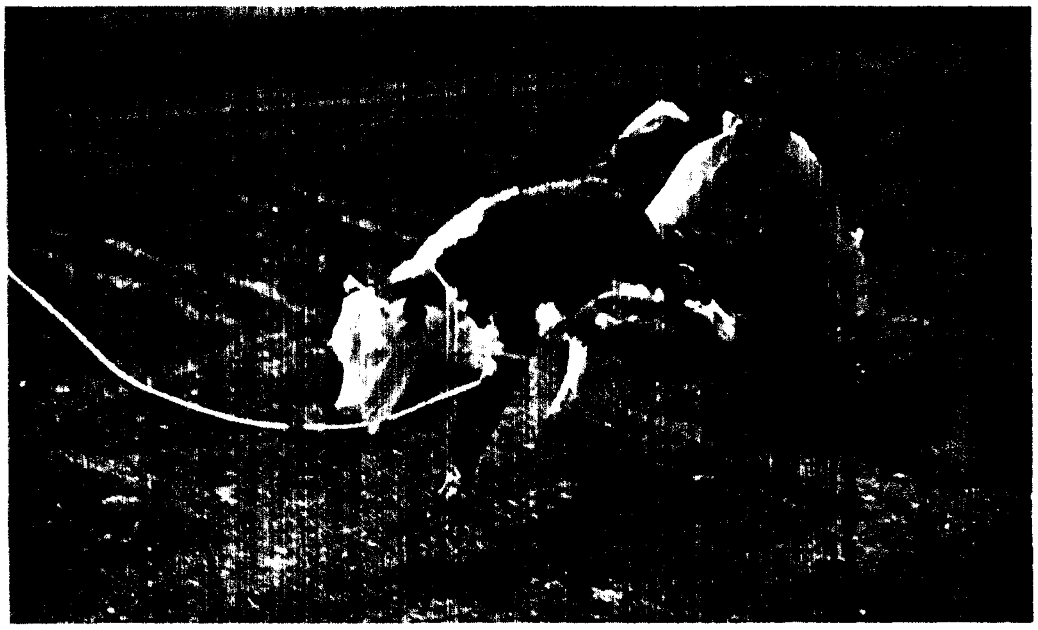
Toots told me it cost him $700 to take part in the Cheyenne Frontier Days Rodeo. In prize money, he netted $187.50—lean pickings for a champ.

Mansfield is the president of the Cowboys Association, a union with 1,600 members. The Association is working to improve the lot of the cowboy, has managed to up the prize money considerably in the last few years. But Mansfield hopes for a still better break for his broncobusting brothers.

He eyed the jam-packed Cheyenne stands, and said, "Look at the crowd we draw. Look at that money. Us cowboys ought to get a bigger cut."

But cut or no cut, for free or for pay, cowboys will be cowboys. They will continue to risk their necks in this most American, most dangerous of all sports. To them, it's fun.

Cowboys are crazy. ★★★



In roping, the horse is as important as the man. Here a cowboy is having trouble tying a roped calf because his horse failed to keep rope taut

The calf is high off the ground at the moment of the catch. The cowboy has just dismounted, will tie it by three feet. Note how this horse keeps rope taut

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WHO WILL THE CHAMPIONS BE?

THREE new truck-driver champions will be chosen at the 1946 "Roadeo" of the American Trucking Associations, to be held October 8th in Burnham Park on Chicago's lake front. Come and see the first official national truck-driving contest since 1941. Admission free.

Who will the new champions be?

They will be top-flight, depend on it—top-flight among a great body of transportation men who are trained and retrained in *Safety, Courtesy, Efficiency.*

Consider the truck record: Approximately 20,000 truck drivers a year now earn the Safe Driver Award of the National Safety Council. Some of these drivers have driven 16 years without an accident.

Consider this individual fleet achievement: The 1944-45 winner of the National Fleet Safety Contest operated 66 trucks and employed 68 drivers. The fleet covered 3,456,000 miles in one year with only five minor accidents. Sixty-three trucks in this fleet are Internationals.

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1941 champions, Leland Vandiver, Clarence Maas and Charles Goins. Vandiver and Goins won on Internationals.

Winner in 1937, William Frederick, also won on an International.

1940 champions, Clyde Shepherd, Orville Hoffert, Charles Zimmerman. The last two drove Internationals.

Edson Smith, champion in 1939 and 1938, drove an International.

Tune in "Harvest of Stars" every Sunday, NBC Network. See newspapers for time and station.

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MANILA TIMES

Luis Taruc, Huk Supremo (left hand upraised), is shown conferring with village leaders during a lull between clashes of the Huks and government MPs recently in Central Luzon

HUK FEVER

BY WELDON JAMES

The shooting isn't over yet in the Philippines. Peasants are waging an unofficial civil war which is giving the new government a large headache. Meet the Hukbalahaps — Huks for short—who have their own ideas about agrarian rights

MANILA

"NO," THE wiry young Filipino captain was saying, "there is no more fighting here. It stopped half an hour ago. I think there are no more Huks left."

He stood near the center of the village square, leaning against an armored car. Squatting before the huge doorways of the old Spanish church, were scores of his khaki-clad men—tough-looking youngsters of the Military Police Command of the Philippine army. They handled their carbines and automatics lovingly, but they were quite at ease.

The civilians were not. Some two hundred huddled in the sunlight before the church. They stood apart from the soldiers, and with a mixed look of permanent fear and suspicion. Most of the crowd were children; there were many women, and a few wizened old heads of families, but there were no young male civilians.

Two short, ugly bursts of machine-gun fire shattered the afternoon quiet. They came from the south of the square, where a muddy carabao trail disappeared abruptly into the swampy jungle. There was an answering echo of two short bursts to the north.

The captain swore. "Again," he said disgustedly. "But not surrounded—that is the echo the swamp and the big church make." There was more firing to the south, coming closer. The crowd panicked. Civilians, and some of the MPs, dived headlong into the fortlike church.

The captain stood his ground, beside the armored car. The MPs were busily slinging up their carbines, some standing, some prone. A machine-gun crew to our left was ready for action.

"Don't fire until you see them," the worried captain shouted. They held their fire, for tense seconds, as the rattling fire from the jungle came closer, and it was a very good thing. Suddenly, roaring into the square from the palms and the mango trees, came a truckload of more MPs. Yelling like schoolboys playing wild West, they were firing into the air, above the heads of the crowd.

"Trigger-happy young fools," the captain muttered. "Just kids. But what a time and place to test their weapons!" The truckload, it turned out, was one of the patrols the captain had sent out a couple of hours before.

With quiet restored, some of the frightened civilians ventured out of the church again. But later, as we jeeped through the tree-hidden street to the north, we saw that most of the natives had retired to their nipa and bamboo shacks.

This was in the barrio of Santa Ysabel, in the Province of Bulacan, one of the four rich provinces of Central Luzon. For long months the Philippine MPs had been clashing here with armed bands of Hukbalahaps, once the "Peoples Anti-Japanese Army," and, as some of the Manila newspapers put it, "other lawless elements."

Apparently no one, including the Huk leaders, knows their actual strength. Estimates that they number as high as 100,000 are pooh-poohed by Philippine military officials who say the Huks can't muster more than 12,000 to 15,000 armed men.

The natives of Central Luzon are well organized. In the presidential campaign last spring the various factions—the National Peasants Union, known as PKM from its Tagalog initials; the Central Labor Organization, or CLO, plus other labor units; and the Hukbalahaps, sometimes identified as "the armed forces of the PKM"—banded together as the Democratic Alliance. This created some very strange bedfellows, but their joint purpose was to oppose the election of Roxas as president.

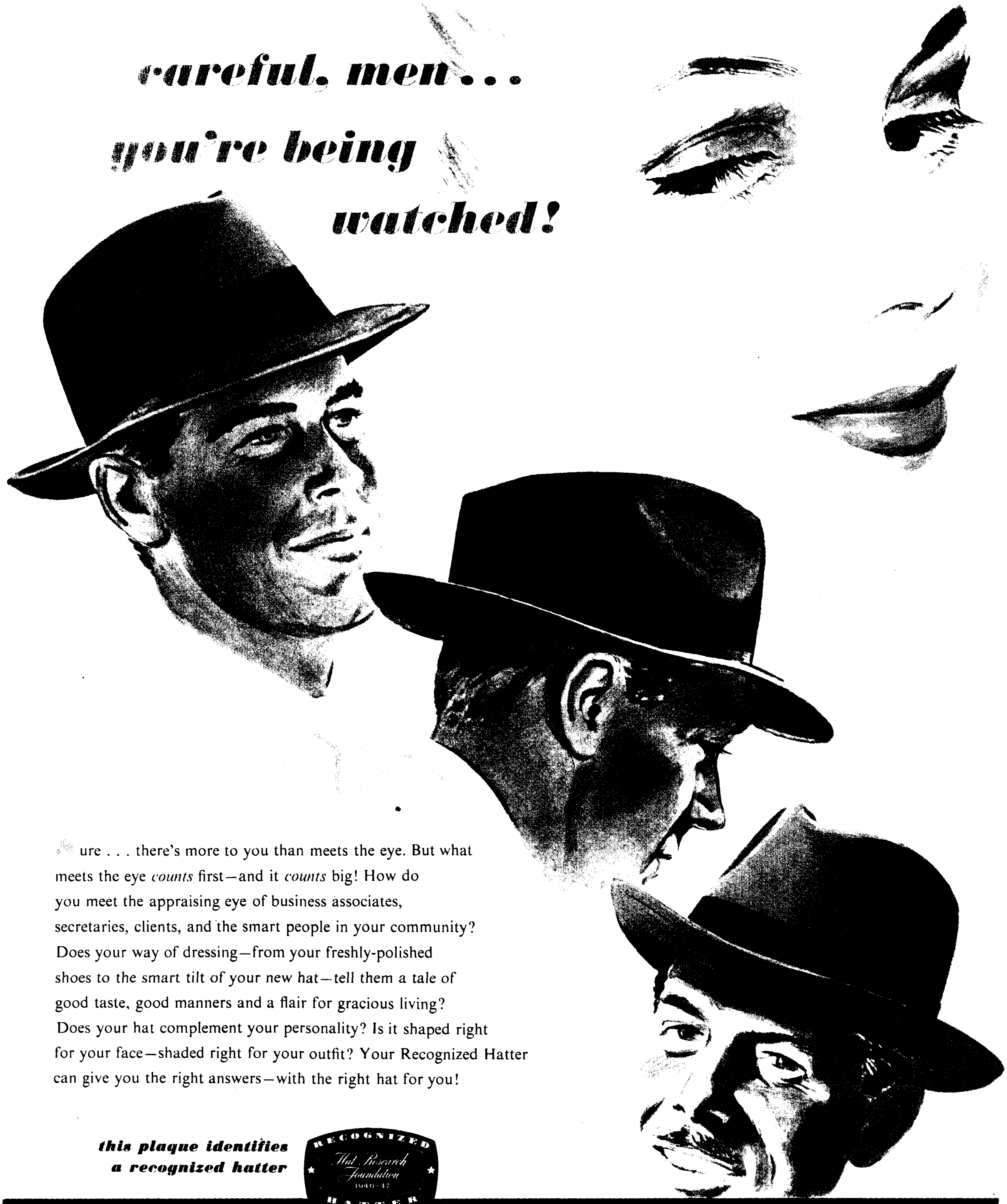
A portion of the Huk leaders are admitted Communists but some American observers say this is just a handful of Communist opportunists latching on to a popular and justifiable cause, agrarian reform. The peasant movement, these observers assert, is about as Communist as a Kansas populist of the 1890s. One agent of the American government, whose business was to know about such things, reported there were fewer than fifty Communists among all the 18,000,000 Filipinos. Of these, he decided, probably not twenty-five could define the term.

The incident at Santa Ysabel was parallel to other "pitched battles" in Huklandia this correspondent investigated. The village is only thirty-five miles from Manila where newspapers had scareheaded this battle in Bulacan. It was continuing for the second day, they said, with 1,200 MPs and additional civilian guards using mortars, armored cars and machine guns against a force of at least 500 Hukbalahaps.

It developed that a single company of MPs had entered the area the morning before, bent on arresting eight Huks suspected of having killed three officials of the near-by town of Bulacan the week before. The MPs were fired on from the swamplands and promptly asked for reinforcements. They got ten more companies, rushed out by truck from different towns in the province of Bulacan and the adjoining province of Pampanga and from Manila. Long before, many able-bodied young peasants had vanished from the villages—most, according to the MPs, to fight with the Huks. The others hid in the swamplands until the shooting was over.

The few who didn't vanish had promptly been arrested by the MPs on suspicion. The captain told us they had taken 81 captives. Some, he said, had already confessed to having a hand in the murder of the mayor of Bulacan. Eight armed men had walked in on a wedding party in the town, lined up the mayor and his chief of police and another policeman, shot them down in cold blood before the wedding guests, and vanished. It was a typical Huk trick, the MPs said. The

careful, men . . .
you're being
watched!



Sure . . . there's more to you than meets the eye. But what meets the eye *counts* first—and it *counts* big! How do you meet the appraising eye of business associates, secretaries, clients, and the smart people in your community? Does your way of dressing—from your freshly-polished shoes to the smart tilt of your new hat—tell them a tale of good taste, good manners and a flair for gracious living? Does your hat complement your personality? Is it shaped right for your face—shaded right for your outfit? Your Recognized Hatter can give you the right answers—with the right hat for you!

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Can't beat exercise for healthy, wide-awake good looks. They go together. Like good-looking hair and the Vitalis 60-Second Workout. Here's an exercise to make your scalp *feel* good . . . and you wind up with the liveliest-looking, handsomest hair that ever turned a girl's head. Goes like this . . .

Start with 50 seconds to massage Vitalis on your scalp. This routs loose dandruff, prevents dryness, helps retard excessive falling hair. And feel that refreshing tingle! *Finish* with 10 seconds for combing . . . and a long, low whistle. Man (and hair) alive! Ever look better? Thank Vitalis' pure vegetable oils for that fresh, natural lustre.

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mayor had been ferreting out and arresting the bandits in his township, and naturally the Huks were out to get him.

With 60-millimeter mortars the MPs shelled the first village a few hours. Then they moved into that one, finding no Huks left, and proceeded to shell the next. They had surrounded this by nightfall, and were drawing return Huk fire, so they continued the attack all night. Shortly after noon the next day they moved into this village, and found that all 500 of the Huks had somehow managed to escape. The casualties were two Huks known dead (one admittedly shot while trying to escape); one MP officer and two men killed, seven others wounded.

We checked this report with one of the key figures in this continuing Battle of Luzon—Colonel Mariano Castaneda. He is Provost Marshal General of the Military Police Command, Philippine army, hand-picked by President Manuel Roxas last May for the tough job of restoring peace and order in the troubled islands.

Fiftyish, rugged-looking, amiable, every inch the professional soldier (he is a graduate of our Army's Infantry School at Fort Benning), Colonel Castaneda mopped his perspiring brow and talked freely. Our figures were right, he said; there had been remarkably few casualties. Yes, he admitted with a shrug, most of the Huks had escaped.

There would be no further pursuit for the time being, the colonel said. "The Huks have already scattered to a dozen different towns and villages," he explained, "or split into very small bands in the swamps. Our agents will spot some of them within a few days, and then we'll be at them again."

The Hukbalahaps, the colonel went on, giving the usual MP viewpoint, had done some very good work during the war. Now, refusing to give up their weapons and terrorizing the countryside, most of them were nothing but bandits and murderers.

Driving back into Manila, we discovered the "curtain of iron" some of the more excitable papers said had been dropped by the MPs "to protect the city against a Huk invasion." The curtain turned out to be two three-man police patrols, a mile apart, on the North Road. They had arrested eleven suspects.

The trouble in Central Luzon is nothing new, though in its present form it is about the biggest single headache confronting President Roxas and the fledgling Republic of the Philippines. The four rice-bowl provinces were the scene of agrarian uprisings, the old story of embittered peasants against feudal landlords, during the centuries of Spanish misrule. More riots and disorders occurred during the American tutelage of the Islands, and some of the worst were in the late 1930s under the Commonwealth government. They will probably be the scene of more to come until basic reform in Philippine land tenure has been achieved.

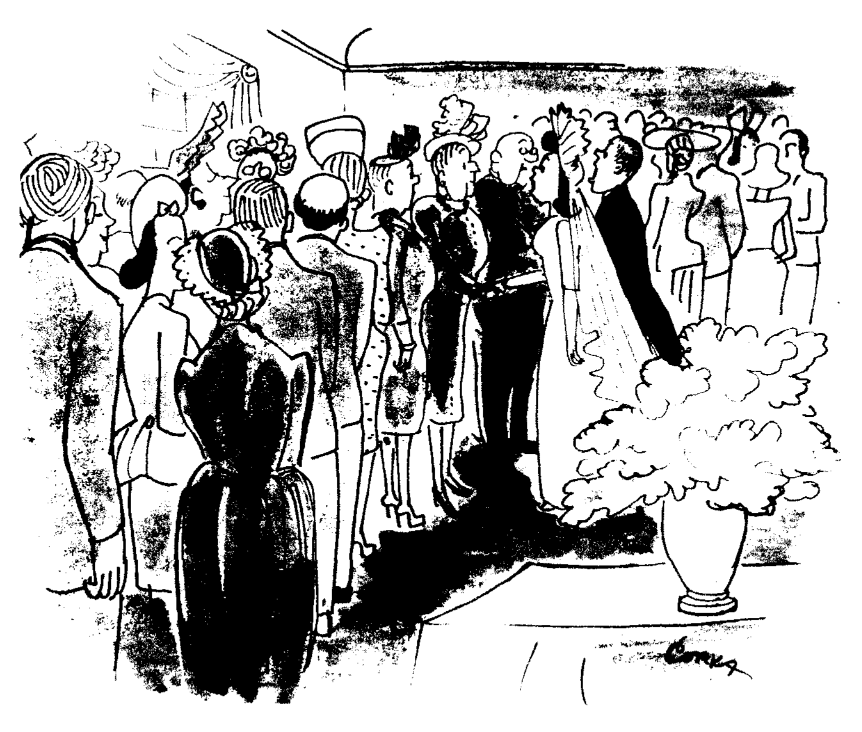
Unequal Ownership Distribution

Ninety-eight per cent of the Central Luzon land, for example, is owned by little more than two per cent of the population. Rice is the chief crop—and the average crop year, meaning for most peasants the only employable period of the year, is only 120 days. The land is hopelessly overcrowded. The population density is 877 persons per square mile of cultivated land, one of the highest in the world (Belgium, the most thickly populated country in Europe, has an overall density of 710 persons per square mile).

Some economists estimate that even if the landlords were bought out overnight and the land given to the peasants tilling it, most could still not make a decent living. The plots per family average hardly ten acres, whereas, three or four decades ago, the average was nearer three times that. The answer, these economists say, is for some hundreds of thousands of the 1,500,000 people in Central Luzon to migrate to the vast virgin lands of Mindanao and elsewhere in the south of the Islands, and for the remainder to build up light industry as well as grow rice.

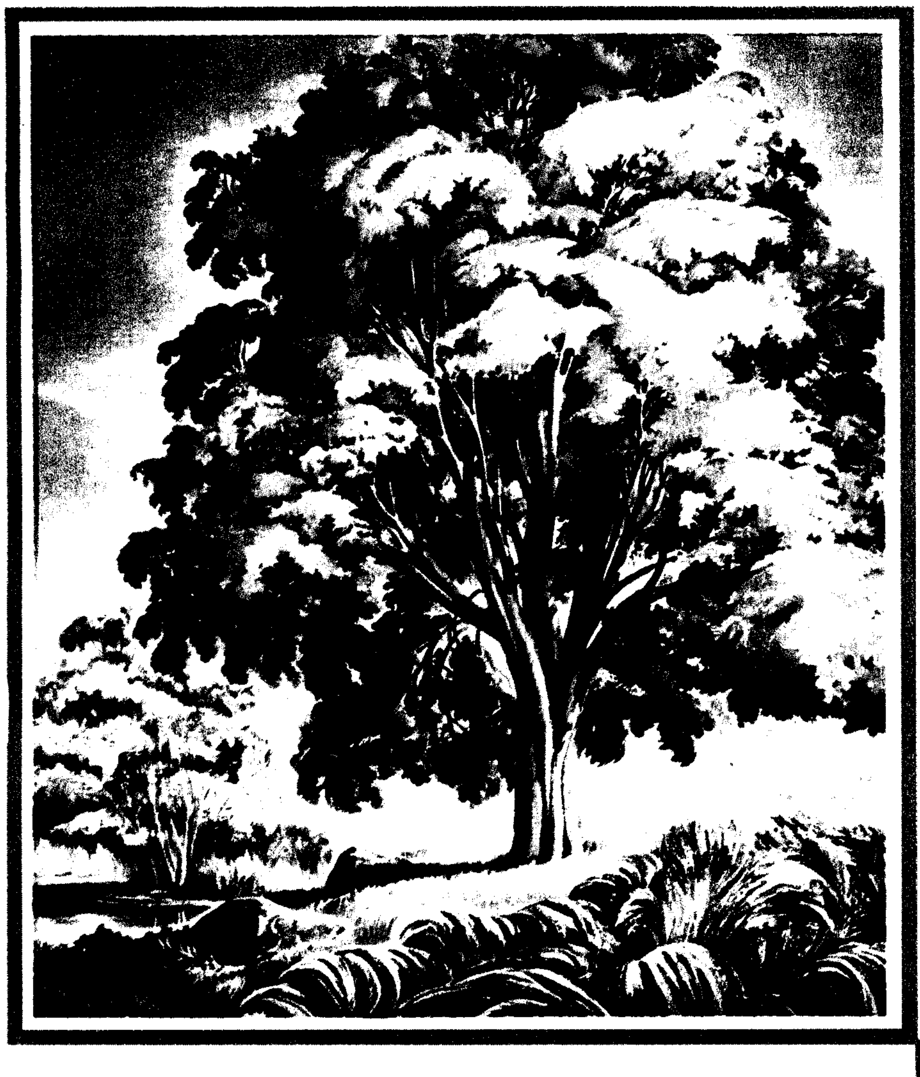
President Roxas introduced a bill, in the old Commonwealth days, to enable the government to buy up large estates and resell them to small farmers. Before the war the government also tried to induce reluctant peasants from crowded areas to move to the undeveloped rich lands of the south. But this is long-range stuff to the hot-tempered partisans of today.

Complicating the problem, in a political way, is the fact that the highly organized peasants of Central Luzon after some hesitation, backed Osmena and the



COLLIER'S

"Thank you—you don't know of an apartment for rent, do you? . . . Thank you—you don't know of an apartment for rent, do you? . . . Thank you—you don't know . . ." JON CORNIN



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BLENDED WHISKEY. 86.8 Proof. Seagram's 5 Crown, 72½% Grain Neutral Spirits. Seagram's 7 Crown, 65% Grain Neutral Spirits.

Seagram-Distillers Corporation, Chrysler Building, New York "conservatives" in the spring election. They attacked the Roxas "liberals" as Fascists, tools of American and Filipino big business, party of the landlords and collaborators, etc. Roxas, nevertheless, won the election and overwhelming control of Congress with a 203,127 majority of the 2,471,429 votes cast.

In Central Luzon, however, the Democratic Alliance elected seven members of the House of Representatives. The Roxas-controlled House promptly refused to seat these Huk representatives, charging they'd used intimidation and coercion. The cases are still hanging fire, and further irritate the peasants who claim they've been deprived of all representation in the Congress.

Furthermore until elections can be held in 1947, the president appoints the governors of the various provinces, and these, in turn, appoint their own mayors. This meant that the four hot-bed provinces promptly got "foreign" governors imposed by the winning political party, though it had failed to carry these provinces. Then these governors promptly appointed mayors and chiefs of police decidedly not sympathetic to the Hukbalahaps or the PKM.

The government claimed, with some justice, that both during the war and afterward, the Huks had had essentially their own government in numerous towns and villages; the Roxas-appointed governors were now only re-establishing the authority of the national government. The shooting intensified from there on. Though President Roxas "invited" the Huks and all other owners of arms to surrender these to the government, the provincial authorities usually set out to collect the arms, if not the bearers, by force. They imported some 5,000 military police in Central Luzon, and used, in addition, well-organized bands of ex-USAFFE (U.S. Army Forces Far East) guerrillas and "civilian guards," usually paid for by landlords eager to re-establish and make secure their property rights, to hunt down the Huks.

State of Civil War

The USAFFE had long been waging fratricidal warfare with the Huks. Guerrilla bands throughout the Philippines fought one another, as well as the Japs, during the war, but the Huk-USAFFE feuding was undoubtedly the bitterest.

In addition, after Roxas' election, the Huks found a new enemy. This was the Iglesia ni Kristo, or Church of Christ, a group whose main dissidence from the Catholics is a belief in prayer and worship without images. Many of these peasants had been Huks, too, but when their archbishop committed the church to support of Roxas, they went along with the church. The resulting feud with the Hukbalahaps and the PKM has injected some Hatfield and McCoy touches in the backcountry fighting.

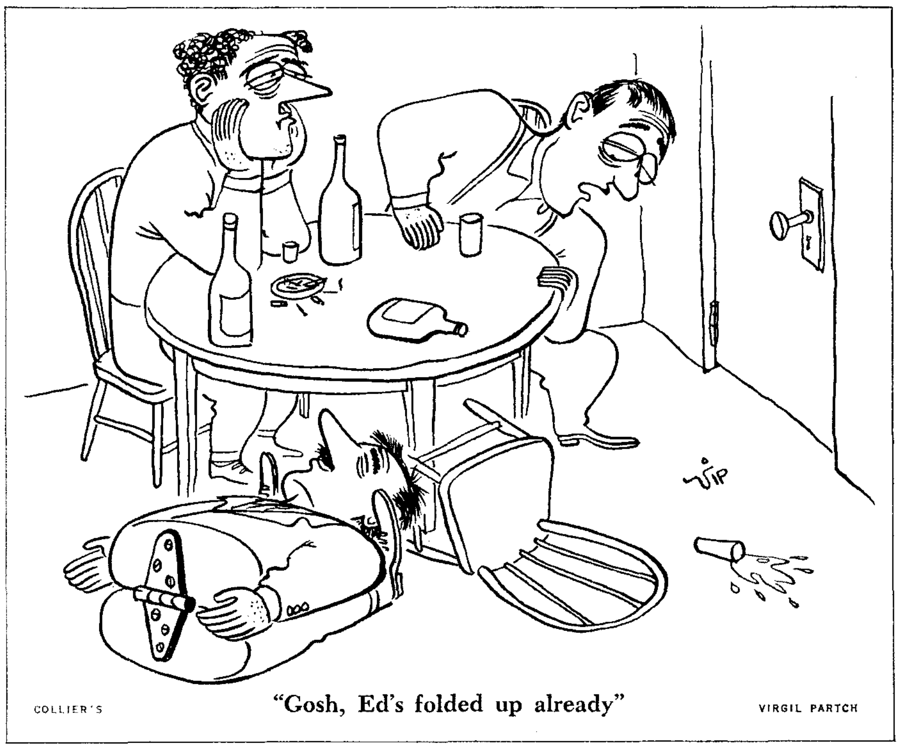
In Huklandia itself, I found in every large town an MP encampment, soldiers, mortars, machine guns and all, and the town hall invariably guarded by a score or more of armed civilian guards and policemen. I found, too, that almost any charge leveled against any faction was probably true in one town if not in another. Torture and reprisals were admitted and even the government forces made a distinction between a "good" murder and a "bad" murder.

In Floridablanca, a town of 20,000, for example, slender young Mayor Arsenio Isip recalled many a Huk outrage. He reported, however, that, in trying to get a Huk-suspect to lead the MPs to the graves of three slain Roxas supporters, "we had to beat him only a little before he talked." His office, protected by police and a .30-caliber Lewis gun outside the second-story entrance, was decorated with big red PKM flags, ornamented with crude white sickles. They came, he said, from the local PKM hall. "We knew they were all radicals and agitators," he said, "and we drove them out of the town."

Mayor Isip said he had been greatly helped by the local Pacification Committee. This, he said, was composed of four prominent landlords who raised voluntary contributions from the townspeople and the peasants to pay for the twenty-two extra police he had hired. He introduced us to the chairman of the committee, Dominador Sungco, a chubby, roly-poly Filipino with a ready smile. Everybody, Mr. Sungco said, gave—the poor, perhaps 50 centavos, the rich, perhaps 200 pesos. They were all eager to be protected from the Huks (who, likewise, in other areas, were collecting from rich and poor alike).

Mr. Sungco told us he owned a little over 200 acres of rice land, on which he had 38 tenants. Every one, he said, was a member of PKM—but he wasn't sure how many were pro-Huk.

"Most of the landlords hereabouts," he said, "are afraid, and have gone to Manila to live. Too many of them had been threatened, or shot at, or killed. I, too, am afraid, a little, but not enough to run off to Manila."



COLLIER'S "Gosh, Ed's folded up already" VIRGIL PARTCH

In the town of Porac we learned something about feuding and "good murders." The mayor, Sisenando Dezon, a wiry, intelligent, preoccupied man in his thirties, promptly brought in his chief of police. Chief Santiago Peco was a squat, swarthy, older man, with a look of rugged dependability. The old chief told us he had been a policeman in Porac ever since 1921, except during the Japanese occupation. Both he and the mayor had served with the USAFFE guerrillas in the war, but said they had never clashed with the Huks in those days.

Mayor Dezon was amused by our reports of the three-day battle then supposedly raging in his town.

"Battle?" he asked. "No. We have had no trouble with the Huks here yet. Not until last night. It was at the barrio of Pulung-Maba, six miles from here. Eight armed Huks came early in the night, and tried forcibly to recruit six of the men of the barrio. Four of their intended victims escaped, but they marched off with two, Hernando Pineda and Tiburcio Sarimiento, tenant farmers in their twenties. We sent guards and MPs, but it was too late.

"How can the Huks trust 'recruits' they have taken by force? I do not know; perhaps they treat them well, and then convert them.

"The four who escaped recognized the leaders of the Huk gang. The big one was Felix Signan, alias 'Oscar,' a young man of Porac, about twenty-three. I know this Signan. He is the chief kidnaper for the Huks. The other was Miguel Marcello, alias 'Baluyut.' Both are wanted for murder during the Jap occupation."

"What sort of murder?" I wanted to know.

"Of a civilian," said the mayor, "who had stolen some sugar boilers, and, according to the Huks, turned them over to the Japs. You know how the Huks were —they passed sentence of death, and it is said that Felix Signan and Miguel Marcello carried it out. Anyway, the father of the deceased has now pressed charges, and they are wanted for murder."

"Were there many such murders during the occupation?" I asked.

"Many," said the mayor, "during the occupation, and after the Americans landed as well. And now. Some were good murders, but—"

"Yes," said the chief of police. "But some were very bad. There was one, here in Porac. Ulpiano Tubangi, a very ambitious man, had served as chief of police under the Japanese, and later tried to get the Americans to make him mayor of Porac. The Huks kidnaped him and killed him.

"They should not have done so," continued the chief. "It is true he served under the Japanese as chief, but he worked for the Filipinos, also. Actually he saved many of them from the Japs, and he never tortured a Filipino. In the town of Angeles, on the other hand, the chief under the Japanese was a collaborator, a traitor who turned in any patriots to the Japs, and who tortured his own people. The Huks were right to murder him—but not Porac's chief!"

At the MP compound we asked to see the four peasants who had escaped from the Huks. They had gone out to lunch, the friendly Lieutenant Mostajo told us. Two hours later they had not returned, and the lieutenant was not certain when they might. We did not wait.

The leader of the Huks, the "Supremo," is a wiry, 33-year-old Filipino with brooding eyes and a quiet voice. He looks more like a saddened poet than a colonel or general of guerrillas. But when Luis Taruc speaks, either to a throng of peasants or to a handful of newspapermen, he speaks with staccato eloquence.

Born a peasant in Pampanga, Taruc spent his boyhood near the great Bahay Pare estate, a hotbed of peasant unrest years before the war. He worked as a farm hand while going to high school in Tarlac. After that he worked as a sewer cleaner in Manila, part-time, while acquiring two years of pre-law training. Broke, he returned to the provinces, joined the Filipino Socialist leader Pedro Abad Santos in San Fernando, and was a busy Socialist propagandist when the war came. The Japs promptly locked up Santos, and Taruc was off to the swamps and the hills to organize the guerrilla army subsequently known as the Hukbalahaps.

This army, Taruc says, consisted of 80,000 peasant "reserves" and an armed force of 12,000 men, nine tenths of whose weapons were taken from the Japanese. Its exploits made Taruc a nationally known peasant leader by the end of the war. Elected to Congress on the left-wing Democratic Alliance ticket last spring, he is the best known of the seven whose seats are still in question. As Huk "Supremo" he has been front-page copy throughout the current trouble. More important he may one day be able to capture the political fancy of a nation in which a good 80 per cent of the people are peasants.

The Elusive "Supremo"

Lean, ascetic, neither a smoker nor a drinker, Taruc for a long time flitted from Manila to the provinces and back with no apparent interference from the authorities. He said, however, that he had been trailed by "gangsters in jeeps" ever since his election to Congress. His driver's evasive skill, he said quite seriously, is the only reason he was still alive. His career continued in that way until August, when he disappeared and apparently went into hiding.

This was shortly before the latest truce failed and the government ordered the disarming of the peasants by force.

I have never seen Taruc armed—but at the dingy little tailor shop of his brother, in Manila, or at the musty downtown headquarters of the Democratic Alliance, or in the peasant villages in the provinces, where I have been with him, there was always the feeling that at least half the neighborhood was on the alert to see that nothing happened to the "Supremo."

Taruc denies that he is a Communist, or that the Hukbalahap is a Communist organization, though he admits that some top Huk leaders in the provinces are. He admits, too, that he believes "some kind of Socialism or Communism" is eventually inevitable. For the present, he claims that all he wants is to see the Philippines prosper under an economic system like the American, with the peasants having a proper share in that prosperity. His enemies say that this is just the Communist line of the moment.

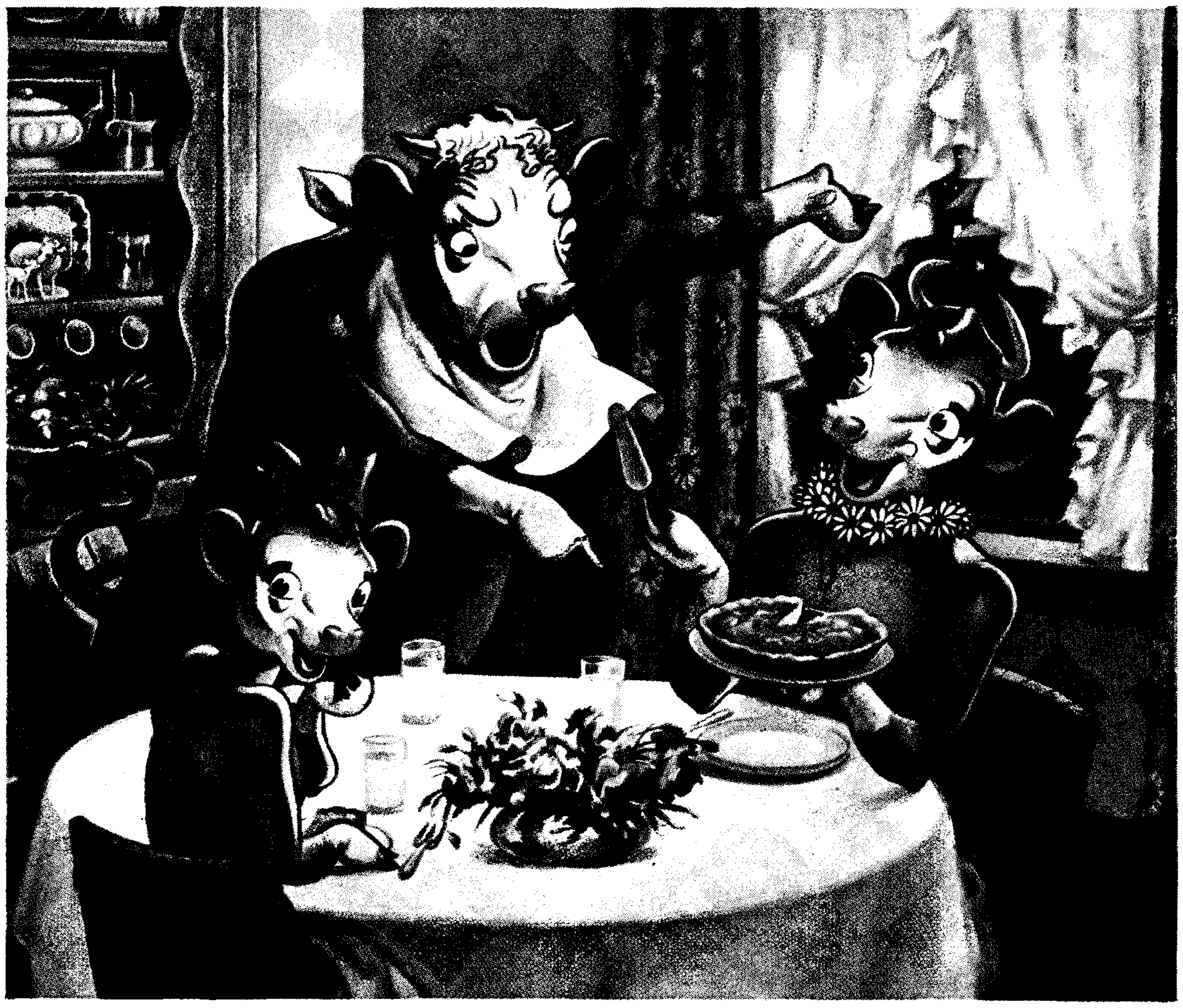
When the strife in Central Luzon seemed to be getting bloodier than ever the other day, and several Huk squadrons or bands were reported fleeing from impressively large MP forces, Taruc called a press conference in Manila. It was held in a musty, low-raftered, sparsely furnished law office—the headquarters of the Democratic Alliance. You knocked at a great bolted wooden gate before you could get in, and you got a friendly but searching glance from two rugged Huks before you entered.

Taruc made a long and embittered speech to the correspondents, but, as they pointed out to him, he said nothing he had not told them several times before —the general theme being that the MPs were "exterminating" Taruc's people. Someone asked, "Why not tell your people to give up their arms? The government, as you admit, must restore law and order."

"I cannot tell them to give up their arms, their only protection, unless I know," said Taruc, "that the MPs and

"Maybe you should have remained a bachelor!"

SAID ELSIE



"WHEN I WAS A BACHELOR," stormed Elmer, the bull, "I ate what I wanted. And I never ate pie without a top crust. Where's the other crust, woman?"

"Maybe East, maybe West, maybe on the high seas," said Elsie, the Borden Cow, mysteriously.

"What in thunderation are you talking about?" roared Elmer.

"Just what I said, dear," answered Elsie. "You see, we housewives are making one-crust pies these days to save flour and shortening. What we save at home goes to help feed the starving all over the world."

"If they're starving," said Elmer, "they don't need pie! Let 'em eat bread!"

"I just hope all of them can get *enough* bread," murmured Elsie. "And they can't unless we go easy here in America. We can't afford to waste one crumb of bread, or one drop of fat, or one sip of milk... Not that I can imagine anyone ever wasting the tiniest drop of milk that tastes as delicious as *Borden's Homogenized Milk!* It's got cream in every wonderful sip. And there's a full day's supply of precious Vitamin D in every blessed quart."

Extra nourishing, extra delicious—
Borden's Homogenized Milk!

"Why bring in Homogenized at this time?" asked Elmer.

"Because," said Elsie, "it's a fine milk for these times. Gives you a lot of mighty important nourishment for very little cost."

"Woman!" exploded Elmer. "I was talking about pie—and I want pie *with two crusts!*"

"Maybe you'll like a one-crust pie better, pet," smiled Elsie. "Beulah does. At least, try it!"

"Aw, all right," grumbled Elmer, taking a forkful. "Say! This isn't half bad! But you can't tell me the bit of flour and shortening you save on pies can feed the world."

"Oh, we women save in many ways," explained Elsie. "We serve open-faced sandwiches to save bread. And we're getting to be perfect whizzes with leftovers!"

"Go on, whizz me one!" guffawed Elmer.

"For *one*," smiled Elsie, "you can make a super-tasting luncheon casserole by combining odds and ends of vegetables in a flavorful Borden's Cheese sauce and baking them . . . For *two*, you can dress up creamed dishes with bread crumbs you roll yourself . . . For *three*—"

"That's enough, woman!" interrupted Elmer. "Next thing you'll be giving the kids the puffs from milkweeds for spun sugar candy!"

"Don't be silly, dear," laughed Elsie. "Children will have everything they need to grow strong on, including that great vitamin-and-mineral-fortified food drink, *Hemo.*"

"Now ain't that just ducky?" sneered Elmer.

"Indeed it is," said Elsie. "For in Hemo the lucky little tykes get their vitamins in a heavenly drink with childhood's very favorite flavor—mouth-watering *milk-chocolate!* And just two glasses of this glorious drink made with milk supply a *full day's needs* of eight important vitamins and minerals!"

Borden's
Hemo

Get your vitamins and minerals the delicious, milk-chocolaty Hemo way!

"You may be a food saver," groaned Elmer, "but, woman, you're certainly wasteful with words."

"On the contrary, dear," said Elsie, "I just can't find words enough to say how important it is for every woman to save food when children all over the world *need* it so desperately!"

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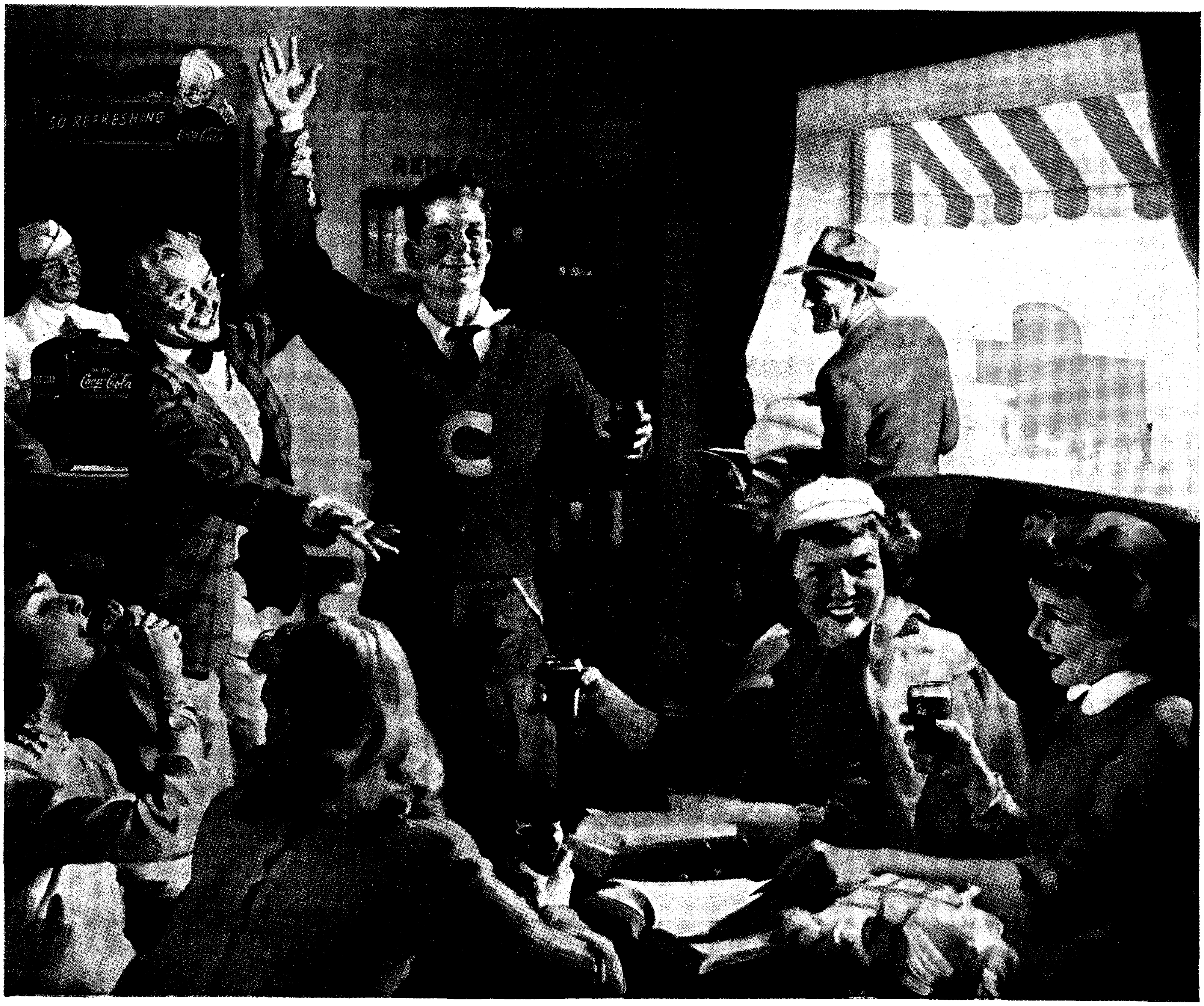

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the USAFFEs will not torture and kill them, and this I do not know."

It was at this point that two or three of the reporters stepped in to give the impractical Taruc the benefit of their advice. They phrased for Taruc a statement in which he asked for a conference of peasant leaders with President Roxas, and proposing another truce (there had been several) under which the Huks themselves would help restore law and order. The president okayed the idea immediately, and the meeting was held in Malacanan the next day.

As a result of this conference, the government agreed to call off the MP raids and to confine the MPs to their barracks for an indefinite period, unless criminal outbreaks occurred. The Huk leaders were to go to the provinces, accompanied by MP officer-escorts, tell their people that the raids had ceased and that they must now go home to their barrios, live in peace, till their farms—and register their firearms.

To see how the program was working out I toured the four provinces again. I found the MPs of various towns in their barracks, all right; Colonel Castaneda had breezed through in person and given them the word—but few MPs believed the new "truce" would last. And armed civilian guards were still out looking for the Huks, homeward bound or not. This led to more shootings, but at least the MPs were not blamed.

The first afternoon, after some difficulties caused by the protective secrecy both the Huks and the MPs threw over their team movements, we found Taruc and his MP escort, Major Benjamin Santillan, a big, jovial officer, in a nipa hut in San Luis, on the banks of the Pampanga River. The major had three armed bodyguards. He said he trusted Taruc completely but wasn't so sure about some of his friends. Taruc said they were also his bodyguards—to protect him from MPs who might not have got the word. They said the peace campaign was going fine, and invited us to the next meeting the following day.

Two Huk guides found us, next afternoon, about the time we'd decided a carabao wallow was the best place to leave the bemired jeep, and we walked four sun-baked diagonal miles across the rice terraces and carabao skidways to San Roque. This was a large village of several hundred huts, well shaded by locust and mango trees. An incredibly compact throng of some 2,000 Filipinos were packed on a creek bank before a long, rectangular, corrugated-tin Catholic chapel. We waded through the curious throng, noting an occasional clean, well-oiled tommy gun, rifle, carbine, or .45 lightly held by a wiry peasant. Taruc was deep in talk with several of his lieutenants at the chapel door.

Eloquence Holds Audience

He spoke well, with his usual eloquence, and he had his audience with him. When he used the word "Hukbalahap" he snapped it out like the crack of a whip. He talked for an hour, but for the first 45 minutes he might have been giving a routine Huk political pep talk.

Near the end he got around to describing the truce arrangement with the MPs, painting it as if it were something that the Huk leaders had wrung from a weak and reluctant government. He did urge his hearers to respect President Roxas, "because, even though most of us did not vote for him, he is the elected head of our country." He chided some of them for having cheated their landlords (this caused laughter), and urged them to be completely honest and men of their word, even under contracts they might consider unfair.

It was interesting to see that the "Supremo" did not ask the Huks for a vote of any sort on the truce; he just told them. It was worth noting, too, that there was only perfunctory applause for most of the speech. The really deafening applause was reserved for Taruc's announcement of the peace: "The MPs will raid you no more. Each man can return to his own home, to his own barrio, and work the fields in peace."

Taruc advised the Huks to return to their homes but to keep their arms until time—weeks if not months, by his own estimate—had demonstrated the good faith of the government and shown that the old enemies of the Huks, the USAFFE, the Iglesia ni Kristo, and the civilian guards would not move in and murder them. That problem, the question of who is to disarm first, is unfortunately still the crux of the matter.

A few days later the government, through Secretary of the Interior José Zulueta, amended the original truce terms to demand that the Huks surrender and not merely register their arms. The Huks countered with an offer to do so as soon as the government had disarmed the USAFFE guerrillas and the civilian guards, with whom the Huks had been having more bloody skirmishes as their "peace" with the MPs continued. When the six-week truce expired early in September the situation was more serious than ever.

A major part of President Roxas' headache is that the Huks are but a highly publicized fraction of the over-all problem. They may, as Taruc claims, now number no more than 3,000 armed men, plus thousands of sympathizers. They may, as Colonel Castaneda of the MP says, number as many as 15,000. But in the country at large there are still some 300,000 gun-toting citizens who are loath to surrender their arms, and a terrific percentage of these are in populous Central Luzon.

A cynical young USAFFE guerrilla lieutenant up in Cabanatuan summed it up this way: "The Huks could disappear tomorrow, and the government would still have as big a problem on its hands. If the Huks disappear, then there would be nothing for the organized USAFFE units, much less the civilian guards, to do—and in this province alone there are 30,000 of us. Like the Huks, most are peasants. Like the Huks, many have learned in the last few years to like living by the gun rather than slaving in the rice fields. If the government cannot put us into the army, or get us other jobs of some sort, there will still be much trouble.

"Besides," he added thoughtfully, "there are a lot of wartime and postwar feuds to be settled yet. I think it will take a few years."

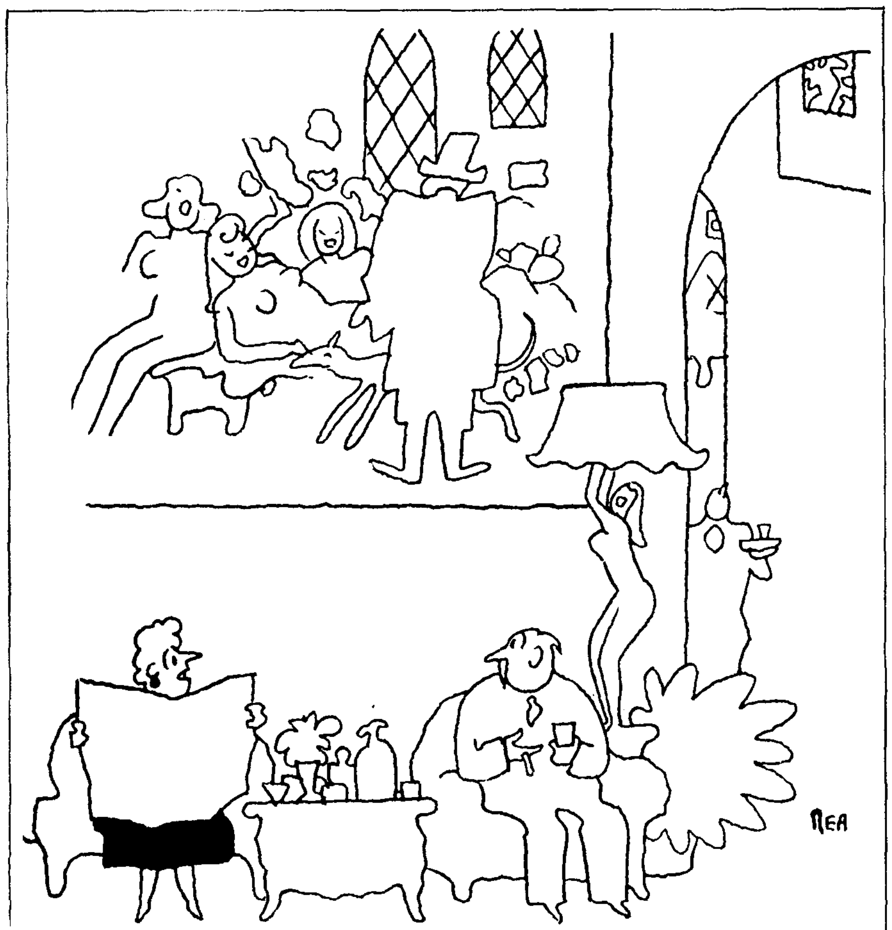
Plans for Future Settlement

Some other observers are more optimistic. The recent action of a presidential commission in approving a much higher share of the rice crop for the peasant, they feel, coupled with government plans for loans and other schemes to enable the peasant to buy land, should remove much of the unrest in the rice country. The new crop-sharing arrangement approved by the government would give the peasant 70 per cent of the harvest, the landlord 30, when the peasant pays all his own expenses (chiefly for tools and carabaos). On less productive lands the peasant's share would run as high as 85 per cent. This compares with the old fifty-fifty sharecropping arrangement of prewar days, and the sixty-forty deal for the peasant authorized during President Osmena's administration.

Blessed by Roxas and acclaimed by the peasant leaders, the new deal closely follows, incidentally, the unpublished recommendations of an American study of the problem made many months before the Republic of the Philippines was born. It does not settle the problem of how the already indebted peasant is going to pay off his debts, or how he is going to get money for his expenses, or how he is to stay out of the hands of usurious moneylenders. But government loans at low rates, eventually, may do the trick. Some crop loans, but not land loans, are already being made.

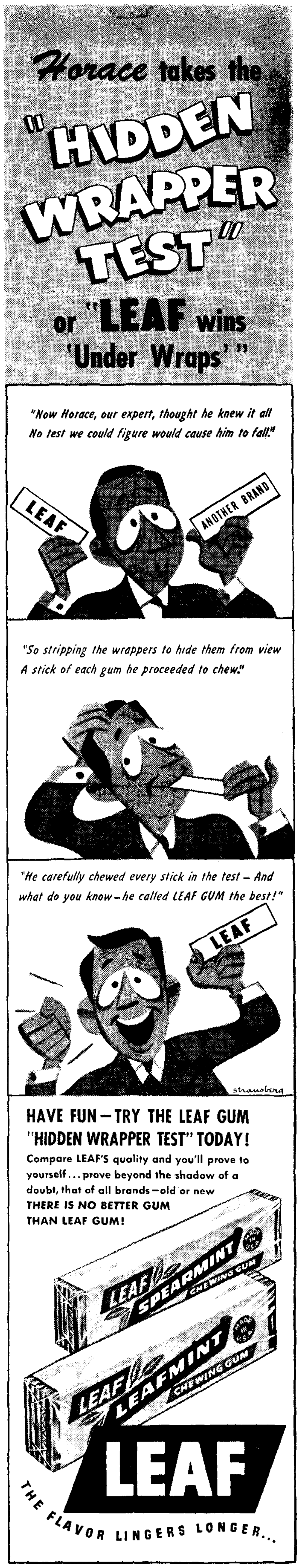
Meantime, as the lieutenant was saying, there'll probably still be plenty of fighting in Luzon.

THE END



"Do you know, Austin, with all of these housing shortages everywhere, I feel sort of guilty. How about closing off one of the upper floors?"

COLLIER'S GARDNER REA



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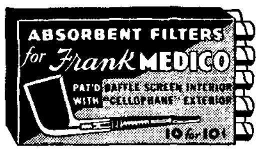
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TAKE ME WITH YOU

Continued from page 11

said. "That prickly heat powder you gave me did the work."

"My father swore by it," she said.

A moment of silence came then. Edith watched a bullock drag an unwieldly lawn mower across the grass, hardly conscious it was there. She found herself thinking of her father—a dark and smiling wanderer from the north of Ireland. He'd been a newspaperman, one of the hundreds who drifted across the Orient. "Lean and hungry," he'd said of himself, "and host to every itch and rash in India."

Other bits, pictures of the past, rose unbidden in her mind. The convent where nothing had touched the gentle, unhurried pattern of the days. The picture on her dresser there—a woman whose eyes were blue, whose mouth was warmly tender—the English mother she'd never really known. She could remember her father's visits, his booming laugh. It was hard to believe a mosquito had done what a sniper's bullet had failed to do. Mosquitoes and fever, in a Burma prison camp somewhere south of bomb-smashed Lashio. Hard to believe, even now, that there could be no more letters in his blunt and hurried hand. "Back soon," the last brief note had said. "Then the two of us will have a look at a white man's land."

Jim Donahue said, "How'd the day go?"

"I typed reports," she said. "Piles of them. All very hush-hush and all very dull."

THE falling sun touched the domes of the British Parliamentary buildings now; the shadows lengthened in the park. The continued quiet brought Edith's eyes to Jim Donahue's face.

He was not normally a silent man. Always, he kept the talk alive with that easy, bantering nonsense of his. But now—now his face was set in sober planes. There was trouble in the down bend of his dark brows. His hands, big and well kept, seemed taut, though he moved them absently upon his knees. The old doubts awoke in Edith and sharpened into something close to fear.

"Jim," she said. "Talk to me."

He turned, a smile pulling at the corners of his generous mouth. He made a pretense of thinking, then said, "How long since I told you about your eyes?"

"Much too long."

He touched an eyelash with a gentle finger. "Big," he said, "and dark brown. Those lashes—there ought to be a law against 'em." He paused then, his smile gone.

"Jim, what is it?"

He spread his hands upon his knees and spoke with careful clarity. "I leave Delhi next week—leave India before the month is out."

Oddly, her first reaction was: He *is* different! He's not like the others. He did tell me. Then the terrible importance of the thing he'd said got through to her. He was leaving within a short ten days. Leaving India and her, taking everything with him—his smile, the way he bent his head, his laugh, the silly jokes he made, his lips, his kisses, the warm comfort of his arms about her shoulders—everything.

"But your points?" she said.

"They cut the total again. I have enough now."

"So—so soon, Jim."

"It doesn't sound like the Army," he said. "But they haven't moved fast. This has been coming for more than a month. It sounded like another rumor." He made a helpless gesture. "It isn't rumor now, Edie. It's fact."

She plucked at a pleat in her skirt with unsteady fingers. She tried to bring order to her confused thinking, but none was possible. He was leaving. A rush of words trembled on her lips. She stopped them by pushing to her feet.

"Jim, I've got to go home."

He stood beside her, looking down. His eyes were gray, serious, searching hers for whatever lay behind them. Again words came to her lips, and again she held them back, turning away. He called to a passing tonga. The tonga *wallah* swung his horse around and brought the two-wheeled cart to the curb. Jim helped her in, and then leaned across the wheel to touch her cheek with his lips.

"Shall I see you tonight?"

"Please," she said. "I need tonight—to think."

"Tomorrow, then. In the afternoon."

The tonga had passed through the gate and Jim was out of sight before she allowed herself to relax enough to unclench her hands. Her fingers hurt. She rubbed them, trying to stop the shaking in them and in herself. How close that had been! How near her lips the words, "Don't leave me here alone! Stay . . . or take me with you . . ."

This, instead of, "I know how much it means, Jim. I'm glad for you," or something equally inane and just as far from the truth. Perhaps one could only lie about the little things. A thing so big, so important, brought out the truth instinctively. Edith sighed. And as the moments passed she knew a growing self-disgust. She had asked for this. She, who had advised so many.

"Don't fall in love with them. They'll be here for just a little time Then they'll go and you'll know what heartbreak is." The sensible Edith had said that. The competent Edith, who'd made her own way in the years since her father's capture and death, who'd become the most trusted civilian secretary in British G.H.Q.

"He's lonely," she'd told Pamela. "He probably has someone in America and you're taking her place while he's here. You can't ask to go back with him. If he doesn't ask you, he doesn't want you. And even if he does ask, make him be very sure."

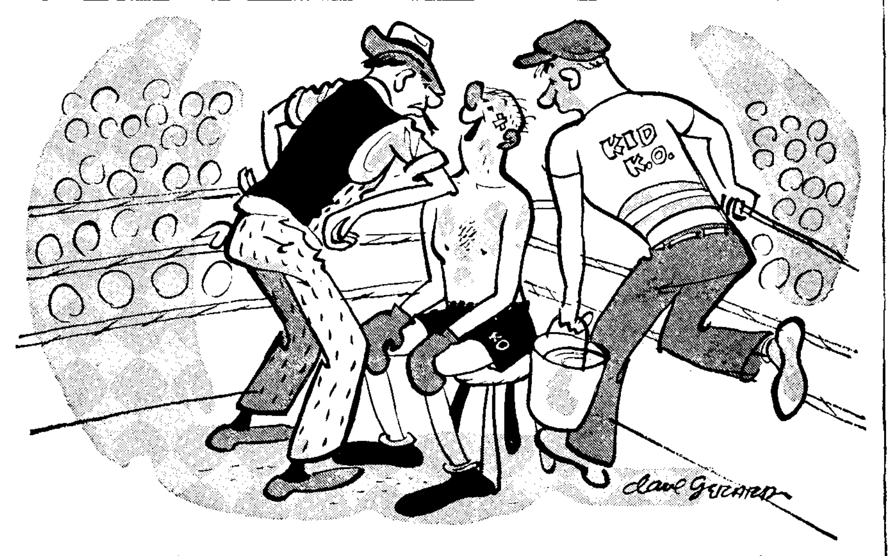
Good, practical reasoning. But Pamela had simply shrugged and said, "Edie, I love him," and turned away with a strange desperation in her eyes. Desperation that had left her, finally, with a child to care for . . . alone. An understanding came to Edith now. Reason and logic were for the mind, she decided, but not for the heart.

The tonga *wallah* lifted a bearded face to ask, "Where to, *mem-sahib?*" and Edith replied, "Factory Road."

They swung out on a tree-flanked street that led away from the park. Bicycle traffic was heavy here; Sikhs in elaborate turbans, British soldiers, a Hindu whose *dhoti* flapped about bare, brown legs. All of them paused before they passed the slow-moving tonga. All of them were interested in the slender white woman whose beauty was undeniable. But the two Americans who passed in a jeep did more than pause. They grinned and waved and whistled.

EDITH looked away. She knew that breezy whistling was just the friendly hello of the American soldier. But she hadn't always known. She remembered the year 1942, when Colonel Boderick, his face pink from the glow of satisfaction, gave her the news that had all G.H.Q. excited.

"A detachment of Yanks arrived today," he'd said. "Signals, y'know. Won't be long until we have thousands of them . . ." And then he'd turned grave to add a bit of fatherly advice. "Good chaps, but I—ah—understand they are a bit of a problem socially. Heavy drinkers. No manners at all. Especially difficult where women are concerned."



"Boy! Am I wearin' that referee out, makin' him count!"

COLLIER'S DAVE GERARD

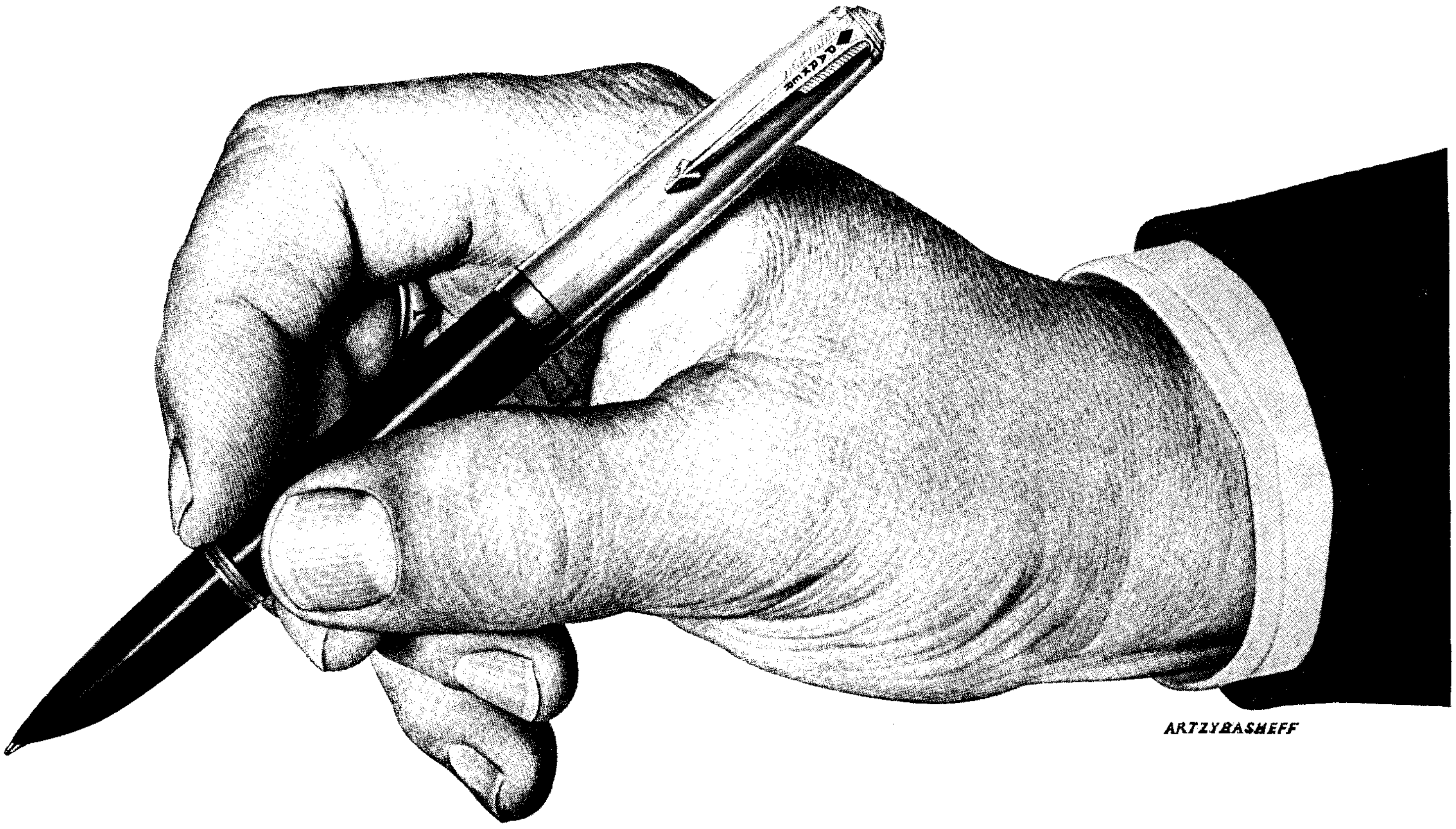
Rumor had seemed to bear him out those first few weeks. One heard of women being scandalously affronted. The Americans broke tables in cafés. They got in drunken brawls with the British chaps. Edith began to picture them as loud-voiced, leering ruffians who carried bottles in one hand and pinched women with the other. And then she met two of them. Riding in a tonga alone, lost in her thinking, she'd heard voices close by. "She can't smile," one voice said. "No English girl can. Their faces are frozen." Another voice said, "Ah, sure she can. I'll bet she smiles all the time." And there they were, two Americans, coasting their cycles behind her tonga.

But hardly the type one called ruffian. Both were young, neat, well-pressed and close-shaven. White teeth shone through engaging grins. Friendly eyes looked at her with warm impertinence. Edith tried to ignore them, but a blush crept into her cheeks. Immediately the argument became more urgent and more beguiling. So beguiling, in fact, that her lips betrayed her and she smiled.

"See?" the one said triumphantly. "I told you."

"Maybe I'm gonna like it here," the other said.

There was no more than that—no ad-



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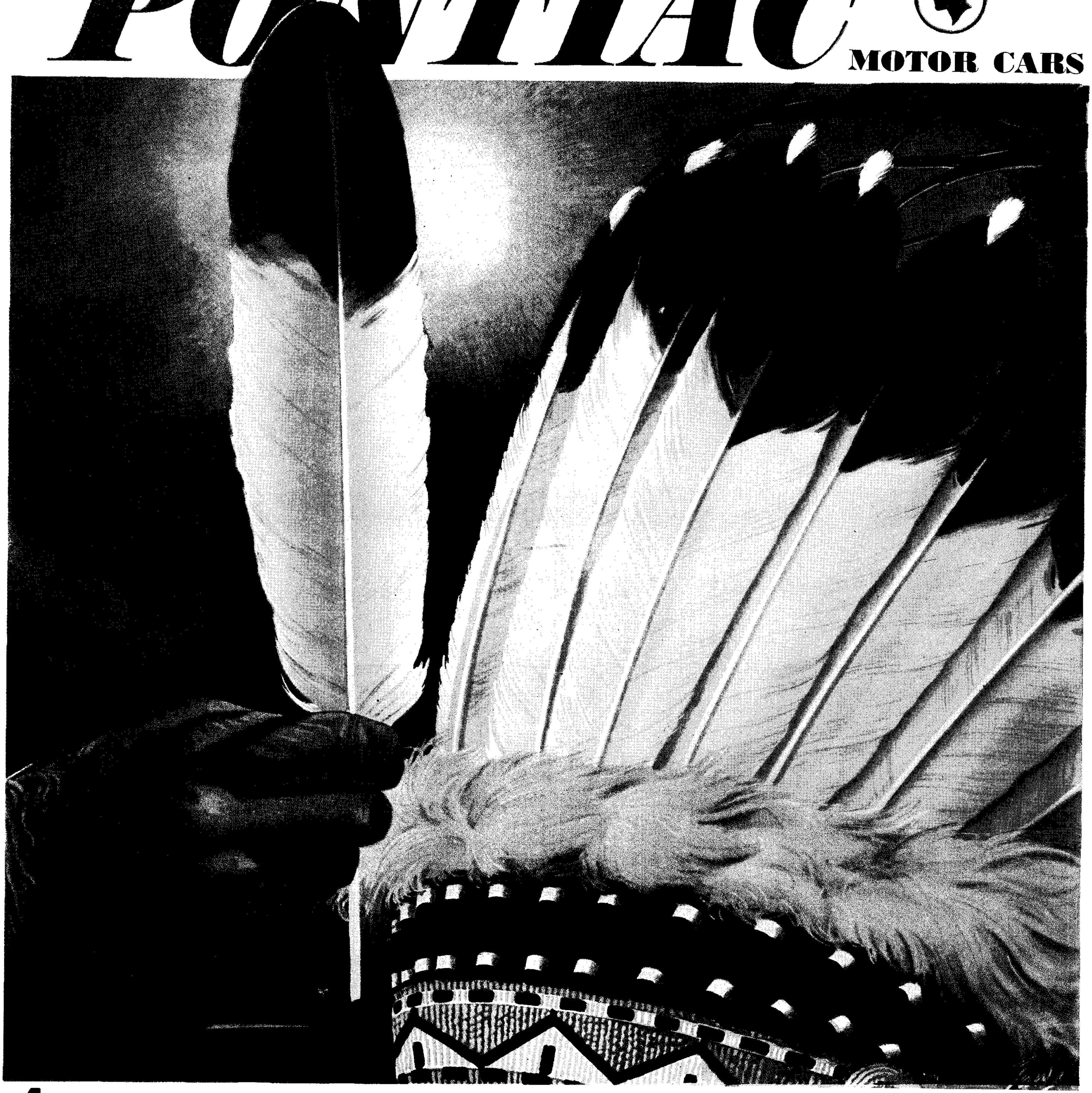
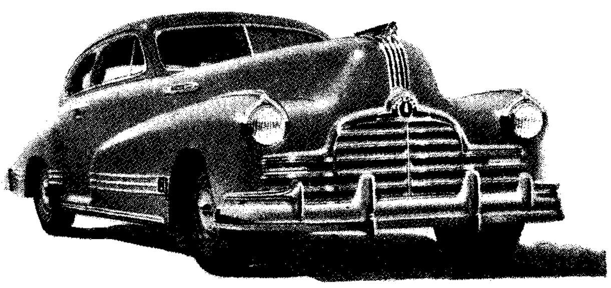


ANOTHER FEATHER . . .



Always Drive Carefully

Out of the difficult years of the war has emerged another important distinction for Pontiac: *Its owners report that Pontiac exceeded even their own high expectations from the standpoint of dependability and generally satisfactory performance.* Their praise is extremely gratifying. Many owners say that from all practical standpoints—their Pontiacs are as satisfactory today as they were at the time of Pearl Harbor. We hope that America's cars will *never* again be put to the test they were called upon to survive in the four long years of war. But, such a reserve of quality as the Pontiac car has revealed is a most valuable asset under any condition of usage. It means an extra measure of economy and satisfaction throughout all the years of your ownership.

PONTIAC MOTOR DIVISION of GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION vances, no vulgarities. Just teasing, Edith thought with some bewilderment.

She saw them on the streets, their uniforms somehow just a little neater than those of the British soldiers. She heard their radio station, their strangely direct way of speaking—R's that were always sharply there, A's flat and distinct. The announcers, unfailingly considerate in the matter of requests, soon made it evident that it was not, solely, an American station. It belonged to the service people of all the United Nations.

They were generous to the point of being foolish. They gave away their sweets, gum, cigarettes and beer without regard for who or what you were. Even Colonel Boderick, vehemently anti-Yank, had softened the day Edith found a package of American cigarettes on his desk.

"A chap's been giving my daughter a stick of gum every day for two months," he'd explained. "She waits for him on the compound wall. Found out about it this morning. Talked to him. Rather a nice lad, it turns out. Homesick for his own little girl, apparently the same age as ours. Four years old, y'know." After a pause he'd added, "We're having him out for dinner, Sunday," and his mustache had bristled at her defiantly.

THE sudden halt of the tonga brought Edith sharply into the present. They were at a street intersection. An American MP had halted the traffic. Presently, Edith saw and heard the reason. A convoy. First a jeep scuttled past like an anxious mother hen, and then her brood came—a brood of giants. They were American trucks, huge, six-wheeled affairs with cabs set high above the motors and long, trailerlike bodies. The ground shook as they slammed through the intersection and the world seemed filled with the deep thunder of their passing.

"Goin' home . . ."

That was the first chalked legend Edith saw. "Bhamo to Boston" was scrawled on another cab. She knew them then. They were from the Ledo and Burma Roads. These trucks had hauled the supplies of war into China, through jungles and mountains, mud and dust, monsoons and droughts. Now their job was done; now they were going home.

Edith sensed, somehow, the jubilance in the men who drove. They had the yellow-bright, deep atabrine tan, proof they'd been away years. They drove their mechanical monsters with an eagerness strange even for Americans. "Kansas City Bound" . . . "Stateside Express" . . . "Pittsburgh Hello" . . . were other legends that caught her eye. The convoy slowed and one driver leaned out of his cab to yell at her.

"So long, baby! See you in the next war!"

And they were gone. The MP kicked his motorcycle to life and roared after them, and the world settled back once more. Back to the slow, drowsy quiet that had been India—all of India—before they'd come.

They'd brought music that was vibrantly alive and a carefree dance to go with it; a superb quality in things mechanical; movies, radio entertainment and food few here had known before. More, they'd brought a new way of life. A generous, fast-moving, glad way that began at once with a big "Hello!" and wasted not a moment or an ounce of enjoyment anywhere along the way.

And now they were leaving. With them would go their way of living, their equipment for living, and India would become again the India of five, fifty, a hundred years ago. Bullock carts and camel trains and tongas. Filth and riches. Tea at five, dinner at eight. Boiled fish and Strauss waltzes. "Mother of God!" Edith whispered. This was before her, and how could she find the will or the strength to face it?

At midnight she was lying in her room, still awake. The faint light of a half moon fell through the *chick* that hung across the open door, through the ventilator windows, high and small near the ceiling. Soft light, and still the room was hard and bare. Four walls and a cement floor. The almirah, in which her dresses hung, stood against one wall; a table and two chairs against another. She lay upon the *charpoy*. Above it hung a Sacred Heart. Behind a corner curtain there was a tin trunk which held her linen, the bit of mildewed silk that had been her mother's wedding veil, and a few books of her father's, those the mold had not destroyed.

Edith thought of the past, of other rooms as bleakly impersonal as this. All the rooms in all the hostels were somehow just alike. Not homes, but stopping points for those who moved restlessly across the land. "Beachcombers, in white silk and shabby underclothes," her father had once said. "We're the middle class in a place where there is no middle ground. The fools who came hunting a fortune they'll never find, and who stay because they haven't boat fare home."

She thought of him again, as she'd seen him last, gray and worn and fever-thinned. A white man clinging to a job that gave him too little pay and too much work. Then, quite suddenly, she looked down the years ahead of her. A secretary in some headquarters, tourist office, or export firm, in the company of other weary aliens trapped and held here by circumstance.

She moved listlessly beneath the thin sheet that covered her, caught now in the lethargy that is born of the heat of India. Perspiration was damp upon her face, had welded her gown to her back and shoulders. Above her the ceiling fan whispered, stirring the air but cooling it not at all. The pillow beside her was moist with the crying of an hour ago—the tears that had left her exhausted, empty of all protest, apathetic. Outside, the steps of the Gurkha chokidar sounded as he tramped past, guarding the compound. And then sleep came.

Presently the soft dark of sleep cleared and Edith found herself in the half reality of a dream. It seemed to be morning. The hot sun was still low above the trees. A roaring swelled to shake the earth. It was the American convoy she'd seen the day before, and again it was passing.

Now, in the dream, the trucks were enormous. Each seemed to fill the road, to loom above her. High in the cab of every truck was a smiling American with turned-up cap and bare, brown shoulders. Americans who leaned out to call, "So long, baby . . . so long." Then there was a face, quite close, a soft voice whispering, "Edith, Jim's up there . . ." Edith cried, "Oh, God—he can't be!" And the trucks howled past again, filling all the horizons, and all the Americans were yelling, "Jim's goin' home . . ."

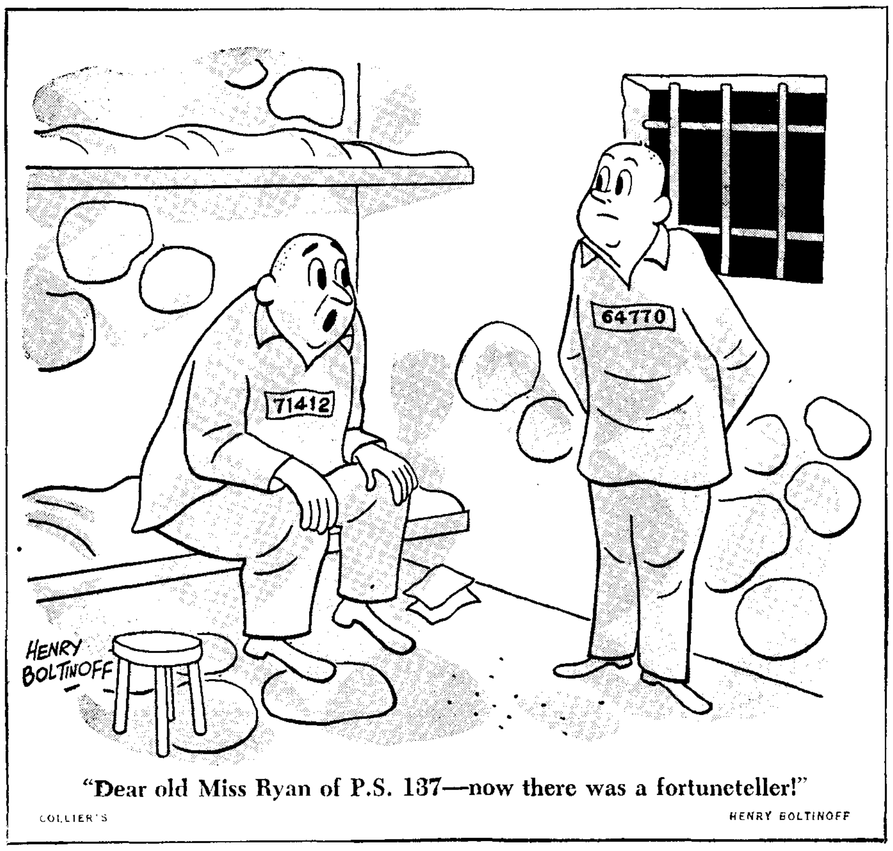
Edith ran, half stumbling in the gravel beside the road, pushed by the wind of each truck that passed. She called to the drivers. They looked down at her, now quite close, now far away. They knew Jim. They waved her on ahead, but they didn't stop. Suddenly, the convoy was gone. There was only the road, tree flanked, empty of everything and endlessly long . . .

ABRUPTLY, the road became a long gray-walled room. An enormous desk stood at the far end, and behind it there was an American officer who called to her in a voice thin and remote. "Jim's gone. He left Delhi. He'll sail from Karachi soon . . ." Edith, still running, cried, "But he promised—he didn't say goodby. I can't let him go. I've got to see him . . . I must!" And the officer leaned across the desk to hand her a slip of paper. "Fly to Karachi then, maybe you can catch him there."

Darkness swirled down and cleared again. She was at the airdrome, running among huge, silver planes. Pilots, thin and tall, were smiling down at her from crazy heights, shaking their heads, saying, "Sorry, not my flight." They didn't seem to understand that every moment was precious. They didn't seem to care. She wanted to pound them with her fists, to cry, "I've got to go—he's leaving!" And the soft voice was whispering again, "Karachi, Edith? Look around. This is Karachi . . ."

And it was. Here were the streets she'd known as a girl, only now they were strangely empty and utterly still. Bundar Road appeared, brown beneath her feet, dwindling to a pin point an infinite distance away. She was on that street hours, running, but not going forward. Futility gripped her, then despair. Darkness came again. A voice cried, "Jim . . . wait for me . . please wait . . ." and the voice was her own.

The dream took shape again: a ship-



"Dear old Miss Ryan of P.S. 137—now there was a fortuneteller!"

COLLIER'S HENRY BOLTINOFF

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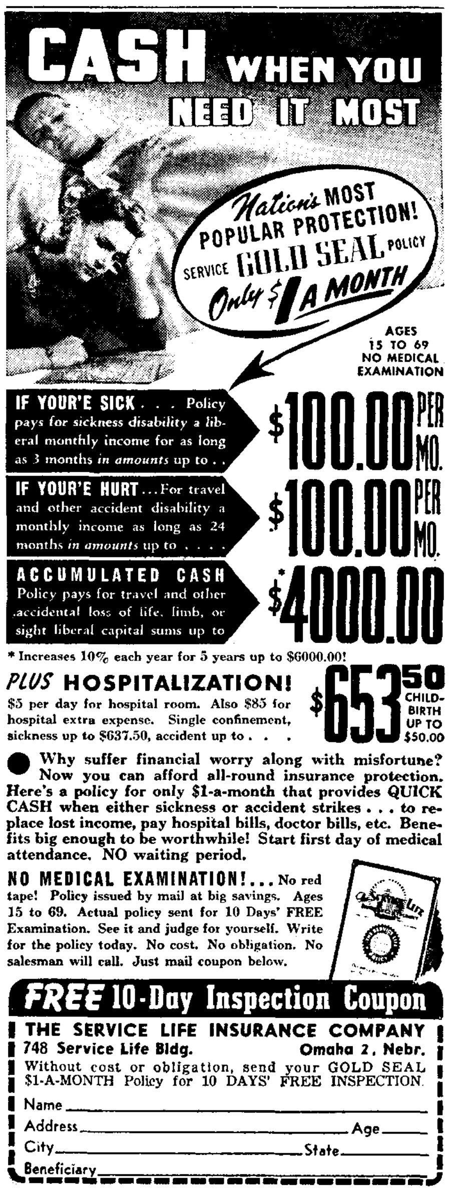
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crowded harbor, a dock she'd seen before. American soldiers were standing in long lines, their gear beside them, waiting. A back looked familiar, but when she called, when the man turned, he was a stranger. She ran down the line, searching each face. Each man smiled, saying, "Jim's up ahead." Always ahead. Always beyond and out of reach. There were so many of them—so little time. Finally, a man stood alone on the dock edge, pointing to a ship far out, saying, "There, Edith. Jim's on that boat, goin' home!"

It was true; she knew it was. Everything was so sharply clear. He had left India, without her, without saying goodby, without a kiss or a pat on the shoulder. She could feel that he was gone, and the certainty was in her that she would never see him, never see his smile or hear his laugh again, never in her lifetime. She heard her own voice in broken protest, "No . . . no!" And above it there was the sound of laughter, loud and shrill, as if the Americans were jeering. . . .

SHE awakened with the sound of laughter still about her, with her own protests still upon her lips, shaking and more afraid than she had ever been. It was a long and terrifying moment before she was able to separate dream and reality. Then she recognized the laughter—there were jackals in the fields beyond the compound wall. Each night they filled the darkness with this same hideous, insane howling.

An hour passed before the shaking left her shoulders. A long and weary time, with tears at first, then despair, and then a clear understanding. She had seen Jim go. She knew how it felt to have him go. She had looked into the emptiness of life without him and it was beyond endurance. She knew now what she must do to hold him here. Pamela had failed, but she would not. But even failure, even a child, could be no worse than losing him. It had to be . . . and tomorrow . . .

He came in the late afternoon. She heard him put his cycle on the veranda. He rapped, and she was a long moment answering. The determination of the night before was in her still, though not the same cool strength. She managed it, finally, and called him in.

They met in the center of the room. At his touch her mind was filled with the old elation. He was still here, still the same. The familiar bruising strength was in his shoulders. The short brown hair, the generous smile, the gray and bantering eyes—it was Jim, big and solid and very real.

"Edie," he whispered. "You're shaking."

She lifted her face and looked at him, while quiet held them both. Her eyes found every line and plane of his face, searched out every shred of expression—and she knew her plan would not fail. There was in him a gentleness, a deep sense of loyalty, that would not let it fail. It was as simple as that.

And in the same moment she knew she could not go through with it. The decision came without effort, without conscious thought, and yet it was clear and sharply cut. She could not do this thing. Not to Jim, because he meant too much to her. Not to herself, because she meant too much to him. She turned away.

"I'm sorry about yesterday," she said. "I was a little upset. But I'm glad you're going, because I know you must be." He was watching her, a look of speculation in his eyes. "I've planned a party," she said. "A farewell party for you, the biggest, the best ever. All our friends. I'll rent a piano. There'll be music and dancing, enough to make you remember us for always."

He had come to her slowly as she spoke. He touched her shoulders and shook them gently to stop her talking. "Edie, girl," he said. "Never will there be another like you." And he smiled then. "But, look—it will be a farewell party for both of us."

"Both of us?"

"Sure—if you'll have it that way. I've been working on this for weeks. Could have missed, so I didn't tell you. But today the C.O.—well, damn it, Edie, will you marry me?"

"Marry you . . . Jim . . ."

"The C.O. okayed it. The chaplain's all braced for tomorrow. I know it's rushing things, but we can't miss that boat."

Happiness bubbled up in Edith then. Relief and happiness that made the room spin, made it oddly hard to breathe.

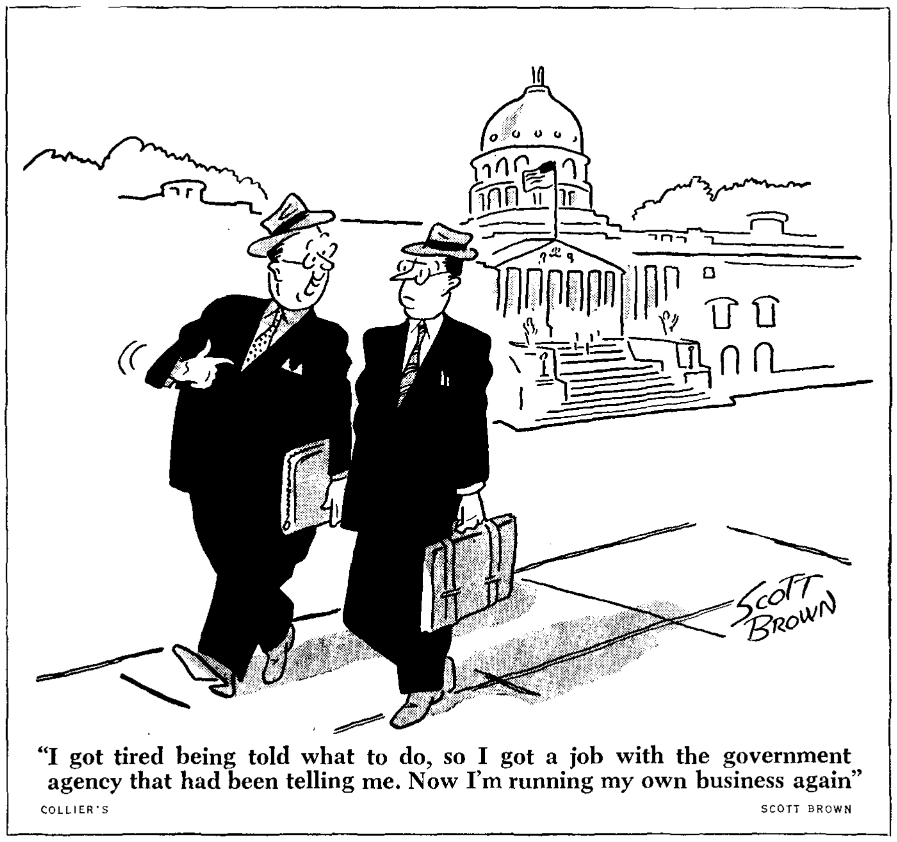
"You're sure there's no one else?"

"Only you," he said. "Believe that."

His breath came in a long sigh of relief. He wiped perspiration from his face with hands no longer steady. He looked at her, shaking his head.

"Boy!" he said. "Am I ever a lucky guy . . ."

THE END



"I got tired being told what to do, so I got a job with the government agency that had been telling me. Now I'm running my own business again"

COLLIER'S SCOTT BROWN

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The Guilford is a sturdy reliable timepiece. Its war-tested, war-improved movement features the exclusive, patented "Compen-Spring." It is electronically timed . . . made with 129 years of "know-how," backed by the special Guilford guarantee. See the Guilford Watch NOW at your favorite jewelry store or jewelry department! *The greatest watch value in America today . . . bar none!*

Guilford American-Made 7-jewel watch. Streamlined design with chrome tarnish-proof case-top, stainless steel back and leather strap.

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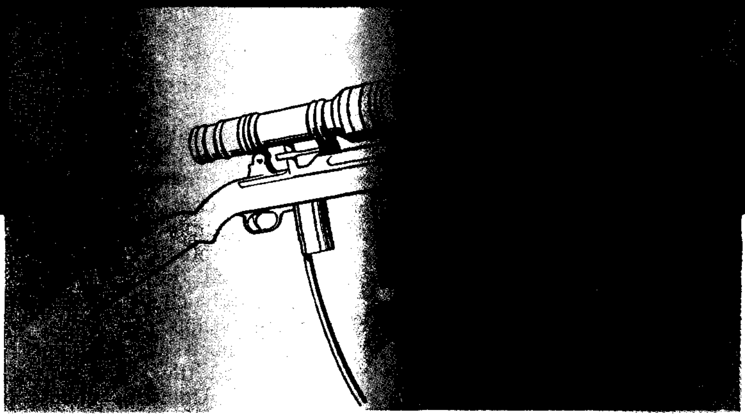

U. S. Army carbine equipped with Sniperscope

Sh! He doesn't know we see him!

Even Kings of the Jungles can't see much more than 20 feet on a pitch-dark night. And yet *you can see them* from far greater distances, using a beam of light so strange as to tax the imagination . . . so valuable that time alone will calculate its services to humanity.

The weird part of this beam is that it really is a shaft of light. But because it is composed of infra-red rays, it isn't visible to the naked eye.

However, the U. S. Army Engineer Board, working hand in hand with civilian science and industry, has perfected binocular-like "viewers" which translate infra-red rays into distinct light rays.

The practical value of this accomplishment in wartime was shown by the way it helped account for the magnificent record of our soldiers in night as well as day fighting. And the surface of its peacetime application hasn't even been scratched.

Miraculous as "night sight" may seem, it is but one of countless fascinating triumphs of your Army Engineers. Flood control . . . river and harbor dredging . . . the development of bridges that support forty tons and can be built in a matter of minutes . . . altimeters that record a rise or descent of as little as five feet . . . enlarging machines that automatically correct the oblique angles of aerial photographs and maps . . . rocket-driven "snakes" that clear a safe path through mine fields . . . are but a handful of the super-achievements of the Corps of Engineers.

Working ceaselessly through years of peace as well as war, your Regular Army is one of the world's greatest research organizations. And within its ranks are splendid opportunities for young men who want to equip themselves with the training and knowledge to get ahead in the world of the future, either in the Army or civilian life.

Enlistments are now open for men from 18 to 34 inclusive (17 with parents' consent). New high pay scales, the opportunity for advancement, education, travel — and a retirement plan second to none — make this one of the most attractive careers offered today.

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Listen to *"Warriors of Peace," "Voice of the Army," "Proudly We Hail"* and *Major Football Broadcasts* on your radio.

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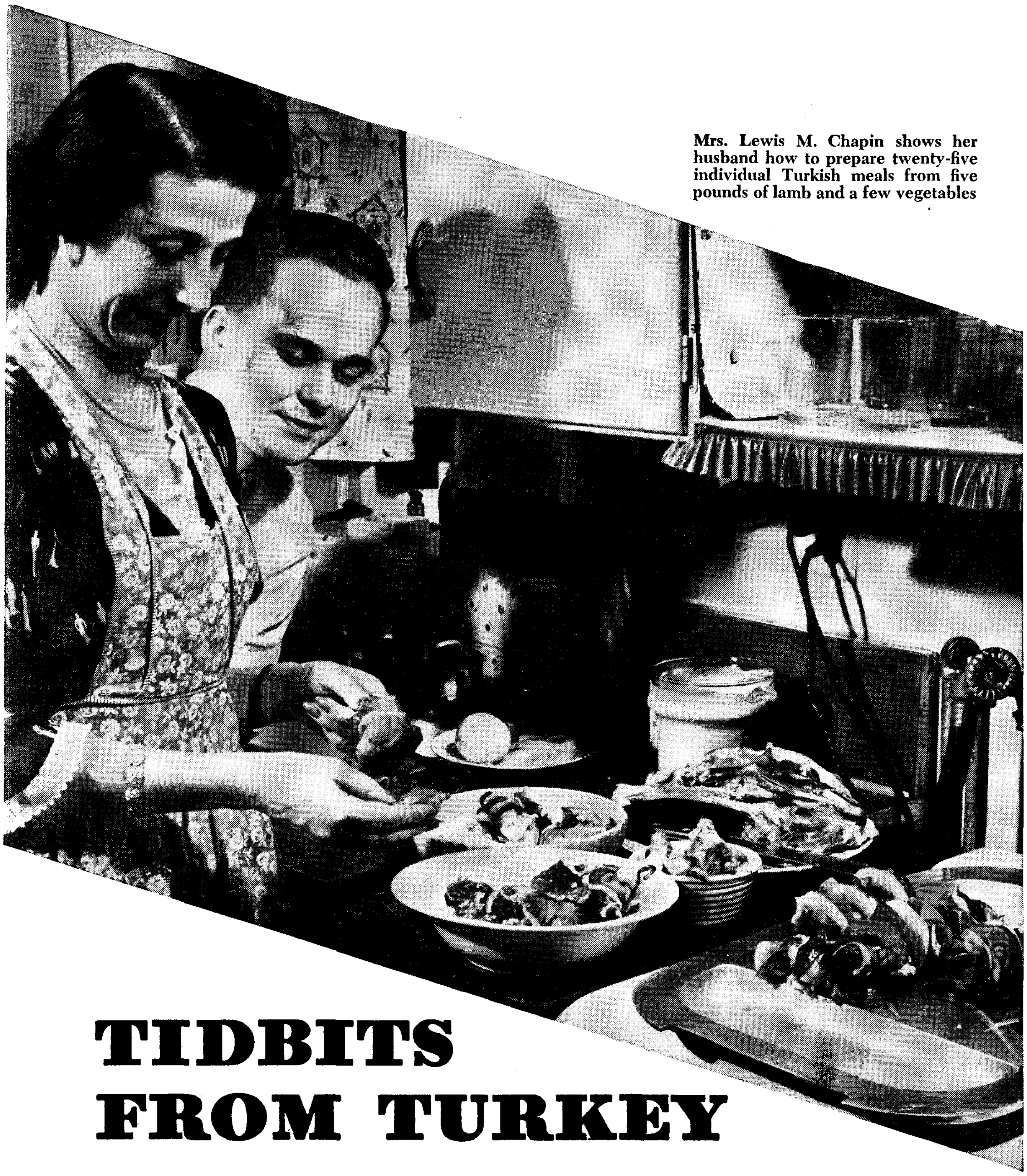


Mrs. Lewis M. Chapin shows her husband how to prepare twenty-five individual Turkish meals from five pounds of lamb and a few vegetables

TIDBITS FROM TURKEY

BY NANCY BERLINER

Tired of old-fashioned American cooking? Then try these exotic recipes fresh from Istanbul. You'll take to them enthusiastically and so will your budget

WHEN I kissed my husband goodby for a destination vaguely identified as the Middle East, his idea of a culinary masterpiece was a bacon-and-egg sandwich on toast—with perhaps a dash or two of ketchup.

Now he's back and haunts the kitchen with wistful tales of Turkish *kœfte, yoghurtlu kebab, peynirli patlijan* and *pogaja*.

I had thought that traveling might broaden him mentally. It never occurred to me what it would do to his stomach.

His first letters from Montreal, where he was waiting for his transatlantic flight to take off, should have warned me. But I discounted as a final fling his orgy of steaks at Drury's, frogs legs at Au Latin qui Bouffe, tender, juicy roast beef at Murray's, oyster stews at the Traymore, chops at Aux Delices, Malpecque oysters at Desjardins. After all, I firmly told my envious ration-weary self, the poor boy would soon be off to a land where food would be scarce or at least too exotic for a New England-fed newsman.

But Karpich's in Ankara and Abdoullah's in Istanbul were yet to come! The dinners he described in these famous Turkish restaurants ranged from caviar served in heaping mounds to lobsters fresh from the Bosporus. Then letters began to come that should have tipped me off to the fact that The Joy of Cooking and its 750-odd pages were no longer adequate. But would you take seriously recipes, like this one right out of a Turkish cookbook, that called for blankets:

"To make yoghurt (Turkey's basic dairy dish), boil milk and when tepid but not too tepid add yoghurt and cover with a blanket or two to keep from cooling too rapidly. Let it stand three or four hours until it gets firm. Then serve with meat, for breakfast, or with sugar for dessert."

That was going too far. Blankets! And "to make yoghurt add yoghurt!" What in heaven's name was yoghurt? The dictionary was a great help. "Yoghurt: A semisolid cheeselike or sometimes thickly fluid preparation from milk partly evaporated and then fermented by *Lactobacillus bulgaricus*." I filed the recipe away.

Finally he landed back in New York. The first night I whipped up an old-fashioned meat and potato meal climaxed with his favorite apple pie. The next day he sampled one of my more interesting wartime combinations featuring leftovers. But the third night he called a halt and took me out to dinner—to a Turkish restaurant, of course. We had cheese *burek, shish kebab,* two kinds of *pilav, ekmek kadayif*. All very delicious but surely for a steady diet he still preferred American cooking.

That's what I thought. My husband acted properly appreciative of my next efforts and soon began to gain back the weight he had dropped on his travels. But one night he hesitantly asked:

"What ever happened to those recipes I sent you?"

"Recipes? Oh, you mean the crazy one about blankets?"

"That's not crazy. That's the way to make yoghurt, and it's good," he countered aggressively.

Subdued, I dug out his letters and uttered what I thought was the final remark on the subject: "Well I don't see how you can expect me to make it anyhow. You can't get yoghurt in America."

The next day he came home laden with packages. Pulling out a bottle of what looked like sour cream, he announced triumphantly:

"Here's the yoghurt. You can get it in practically any Greek restaurant. Even in some Vitamin Bars. Now for some *yoghurtlu kebab.*"

"All right," I compromised, "but you do the cooking."

After bedding our two youngsters, I returned to the kitchen to find him putting small pieces of lamb on poultry skewers and sardine can openers. He looked around for another makeshift skewer and an inspiration hit him. He grabbed a plastic-handled screw driver and pushed several lamb squares onto it. Slightly skeptical, I returned to the living room. But in a few minutes I rushed back. An acrid gaseous smell floated out of the kitchen, and as I entered I saw flames shooting from the broiler.

"It's all right," he grunted. "Just the handle of the screw driver on fire."

I went back. Fifteen minutes passed, then twenty.

"Do we have any cheese in the house?" he called out.

My appetite sank. The lamb had probably gone up in flames. We were going to have cheese sandwiches after all that build-up! I dragged out the cheese. In another half hour dinner was announced.

Cheese sandwiches? Yes, but what cheese sandwiches!

He had sliced eggplant very thin and converted the slices into sandwiches with American cheese as a filler. These he had dredged in flour, then dipped in egg batter and finally in bread crumbs. Then he had sautéed the sandwiches very slowly in a little fat until cooked through. I had never been too fond of eggplant but as a hot hors d'oeuvre, or *meze* as it's called in Turkey, this was tops.

I eyed my husband with new respect.

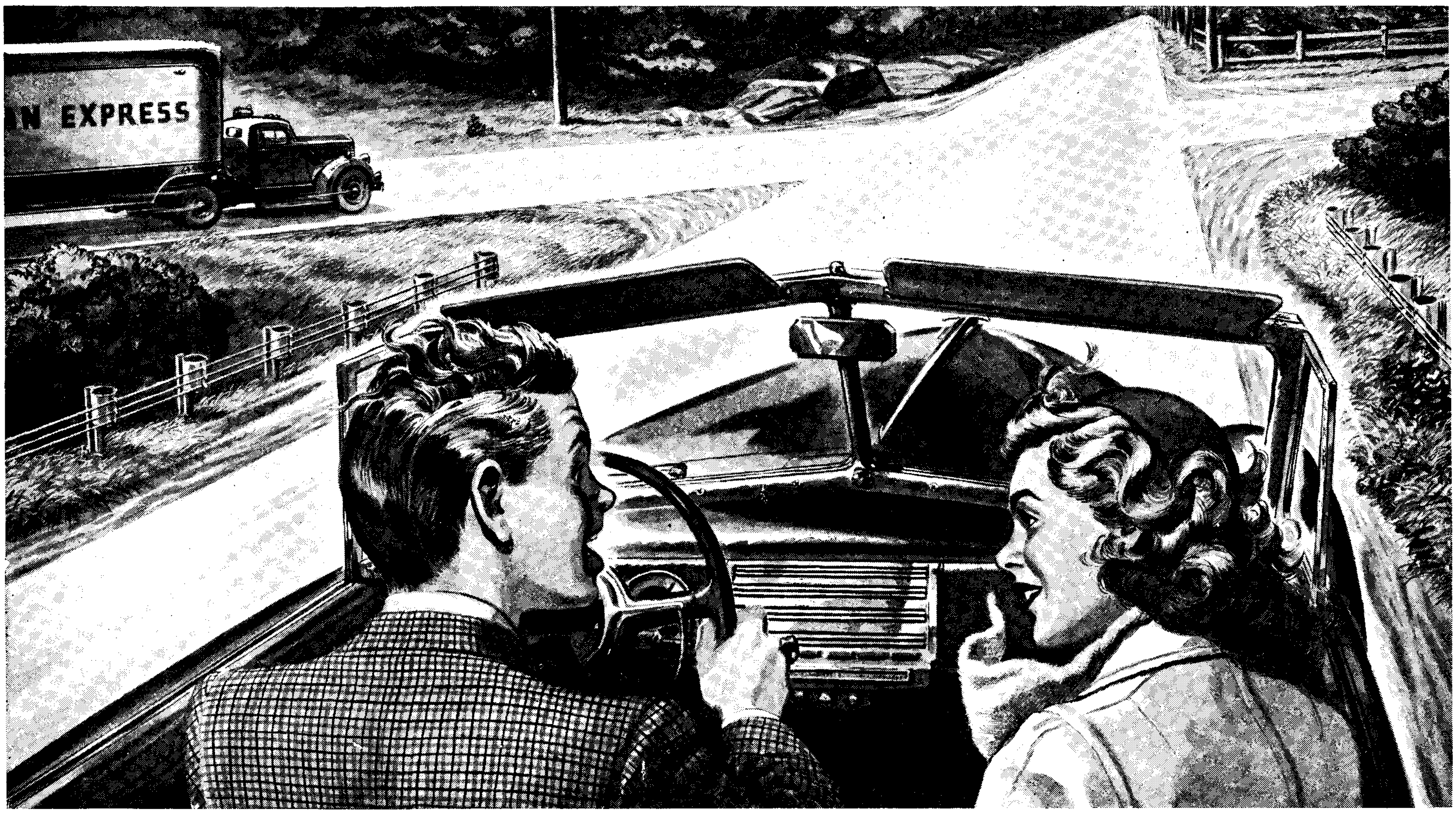
"That wasn't anything," he said modestly. "Of course, goat's cheese would have been better."

He disappeared into the kitchen and again I waited. But it wasn't so long this time. He returned with two plates filled with toast covered with pieces of skewer-broiled lamb and crowned generously with the white sour-looking cream he had brought home.

"Yoghurtlu kebab!" He set the plates down with a flourish.

How can I describe that dish? The lamb—despite the conflagration in the broiler—was crisply done on the

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY HANS KNOPF–PIX



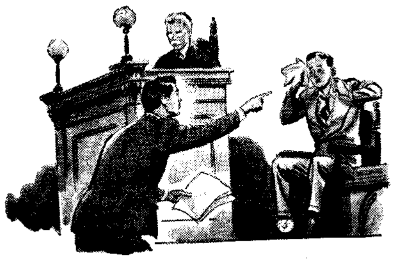
"He'll get there first? . . . over my dead body!"

Maybe you're right, son . . . it happens every day. Every *minute,* in fact . . . that's the frightful smash-up record on our highways.

And yet it's so easy to keep out of trouble, if you'll remember two important things:

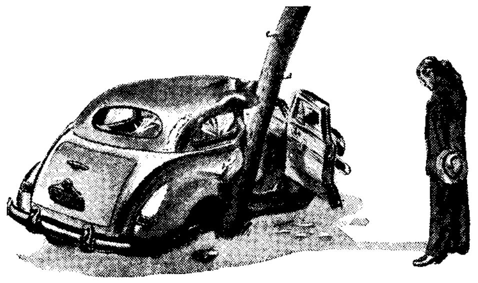
First, that *accidents don't always happen to the other fellow.* So drive carefully!

Secondly, that *you're exposed to a wide range of risks* every time you drive. Hartford's modern Automobile Insurance protects you against them. Just consider the following examples of the broad protection this low cost coverage offers you:



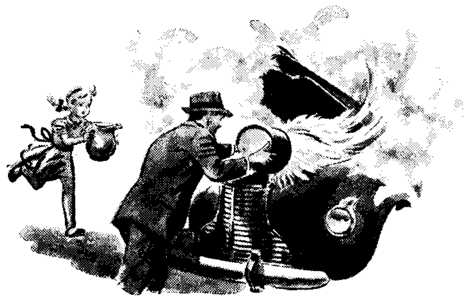
You can't win a law suit

If it goes against you, you may lose everything . . . even a large part of your future earnings. If you "win," you'll still lose heavily in time, worry, expense. Hartford Automobile Damage Suit Insurance takes this load off your shoulders.



Who pays for collision damage to your car?

Hartford does . . . if you've been thoughtful enough to invest a few extra dollars in Hartford Collision Insurance.



This won't do your car any good

Gas and oil fires are tough to extinguish! Hartford Comprehensive Automobile Insurance not only protects your car from loss by fire and many other causes of damage, but by *theft,* too.

Don't forget this "debt of honor"

If members of your family or other people in your car are injured, you'd like to pay for their medical care. For as little as $3 a year in most places, your Hartford policy will pay medical expenses for your guests, your family, yourself—up to $250 per person. Larger amounts at small additional cost.

Do your children drive other cars?

The Damage Suit policy covering your own car can be extended to include your children when driving other cars. A dollar or so spent for this additional protection may save a loss of thousands.

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Writing practically all forms of insurance except personal life insurance • • Hartford 15, Connecticut

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SONG OF THE SOUTH

His first live-action feature... a great musical drama in Technicolor including animated tales of

UNCLE REMUS

RUTH WARRICK
LUANA PATTEN
BOBBY DRISCOLL

What this new Disney musical drama is like:

For the first time Walt Disney turns his talents to the creation of a romantic live-action picture. Photographed in Technicolor, it's a wonderfully heart-warming musical drama of the Old South. You'll meet new stars—Bobby Driscoll, Luana Patten, James Baskett and a host of others—you'll hear 10 new song hits, including "Everybody's Got a Laughing Place."

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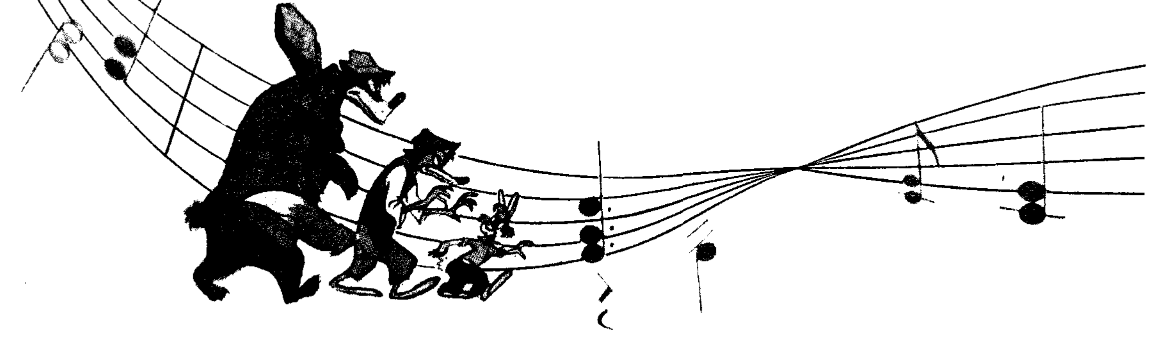
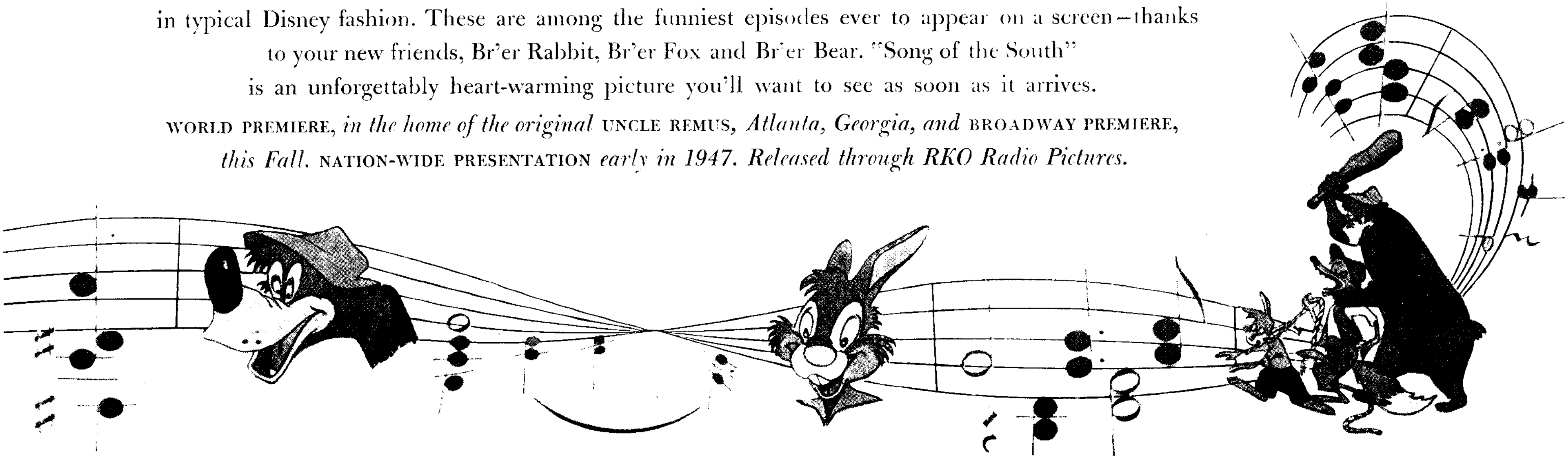


Delightfully woven into the real-life story are the famous tales of Uncle Remus—told in typical Disney fashion. These are among the funniest episodes ever to appear on a screen—thanks to your new friends, Br'er Rabbit, Br'er Fox and Br'er Bear. "Song of the South" is an unforgettably heart-warming picture you'll want to see as soon as it arrives.

WORLD PREMIERE, *in the home of the original* UNCLE REMUS, *Atlanta, Georgia, and* BROADWAY PREMIERE, *this Fall.* NATION-WIDE PRESENTATION *early in 1947. Released through RKO Radio Pictures.*



Ooh, Look!
... Orchids!

Blackie: "What a nice compliment, Whitey."

Whitey: "I'm not surprised, Blackie—real quality always gets the bouquets."

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outside and properly rare inside, its juice had soaked into the baked toast and mingled with the odd, sourish-tasting yoghurt. Ambrosial? Definitely. A vinegar-dressed salad, as Turkish as it is American, completed the course. There wasn't much conversation as we ate. For dessert, canned fruit smothered this time with cold yoghurt was substituted for the compote habitually served in Turkey. After that there was real Turkish coffee made in a small copper pitcher-shaped pot, brought specially from old Stamboul.

"I want to go to Turkey," I breathed happily.

"You have to learn to cook this stuff. I'm finished."

And with all due respect to my husband, it wasn't so difficult. We haven't resorted to screw drivers again; and I have followed the recipes he had carefully copied. Here they are, translated literally from that Turkish cookbook:

SHISH KEBAB

"You take your square pieces of lamb and pass them through oiled skewers having put between each square piece of meat a laurel leaf (bay leaf to us). You put the skewers on the fire and turn until all sides are well cooked. Then you remove the meat, and if you have fresh tomatoes you cut some and serve with the lamb. This dish is usually eaten with mustard.

PIDELI KEBAB

"As in *shish kebab* the pieces of meat are cooked passed through skewers. While the meat is being cooked the unleavened bread (pideli, but baked toast will do) is cut in two and then put on the meat for one or two minutes so that it absorbs the fat and the blood of the meat. Then you take the bread, cut it into small pieces, melt a little butter until it is brown and pour it slowly with a spoon until it is all absorbed by the unleavened bread. When the meat is cooked you place it on the bread and if you prefer the meat to be soft you pour a little broth on it. You add a little salt and pepper and then serve.

YOGHURTLU KEBAB

"The preparation of this *kebab* is exactly the same as in the above with the difference that you serve it with yoghurt which is prepared in the following manner: You beat the yoghurt and pour it on the cooked *kebab* and unleavened bread. Then for a minute or two you put the entire dish on the fire to take the chill off the yoghurt and pour over it browned butter and broth (gravy). In this *kebab* it is necessary to pour three or four soup spoonfuls of broth on the unleavened bread. You can also add some ground garlic in the yoghurt while you are beating it up."

While I was still in the process of mastering these and other recipes, a Turkish friend, Harika Gemici (Mrs. Lewis M. Chapin), spent the week end with us. I was a little worried because all I could get was a five-pound shoulder of lamb. Counting my two children, there would be six of us plus two more guests for dinner one night.

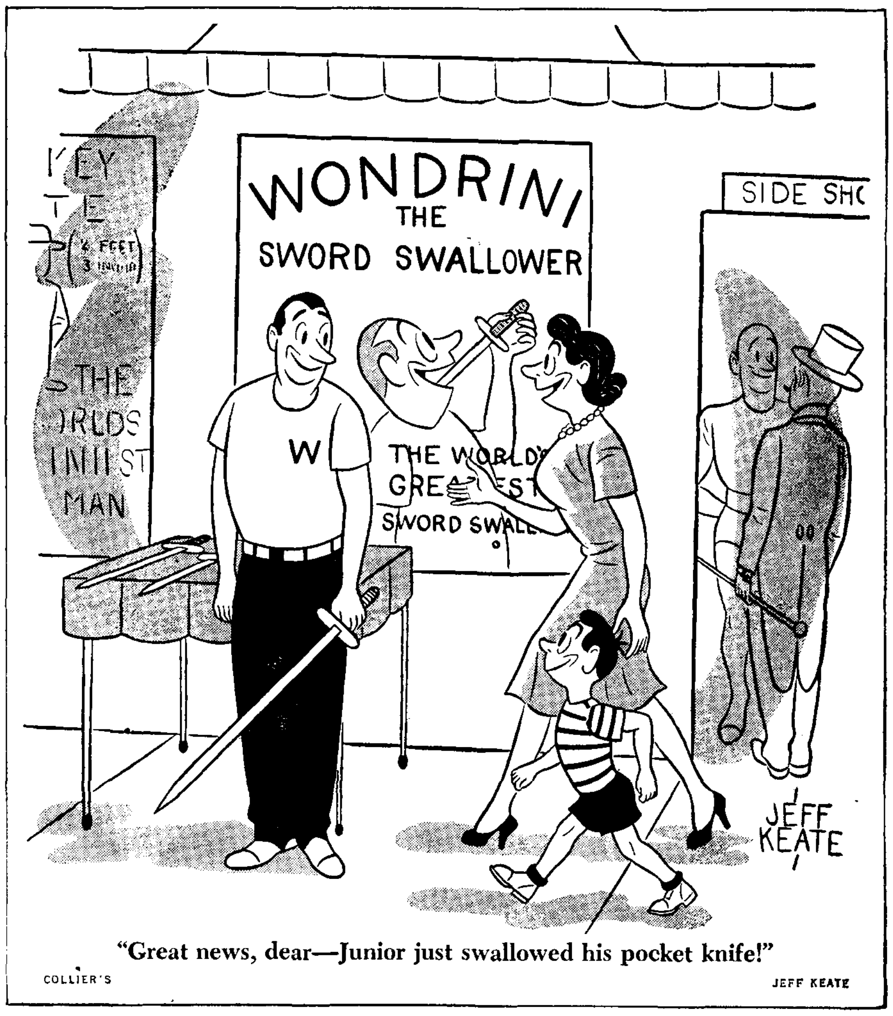
I shouldn't have given it a second thought. By actual count we had 25 servings from the lamb itself, plus four more to which we added one pound of ground beef. Nor have I counted the fact that we boiled the bones for stock.

That was an easy week end of cooking for me. I let my Turkish friend take over. Armed with a long knife and a determined look, she first cut as many cubes of lean meat as possible. She put these aside to use for six servings of *shish kebab* with *pilav* (cooked rice) that evening and four servings of *yoghurtlu kebab* the following noon. She managed to cut about three or four inch-sized cubes per person. When I saw her toss aside the fatty pieces of meat I was shocked. As the pile grew higher and higher, I finally got up enough courage to ask:

"Do you want these thrown away?"

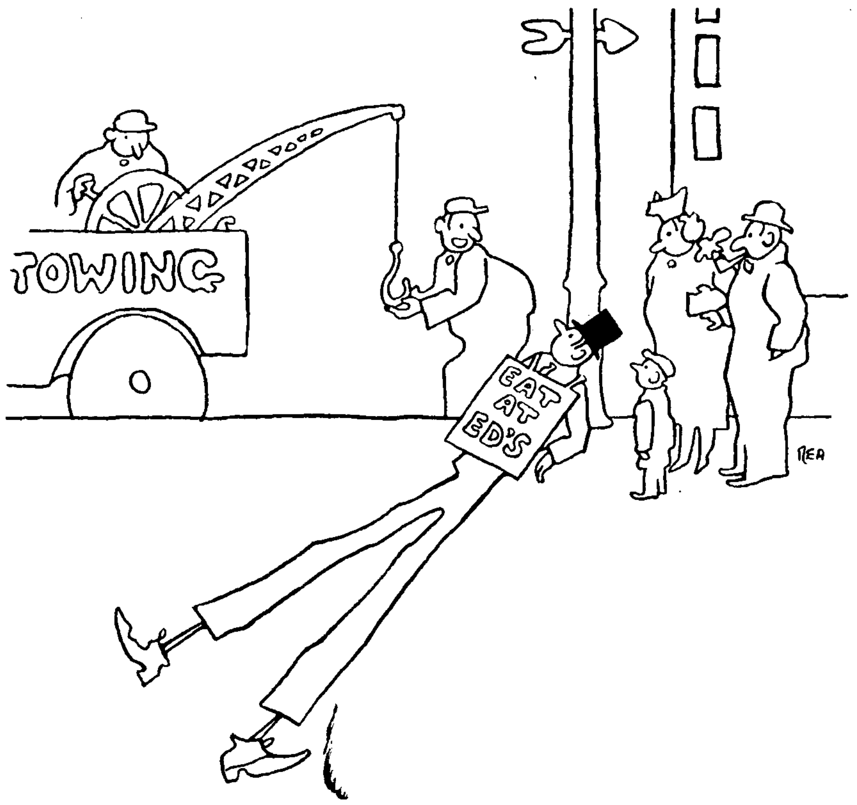
"Oh, no!" This time she was shocked, and putting a protective hand over them, she said, "I'm going to stew these with tomatoes and onions and eggplant."

And that lamb and eggplant stew was good enough for seven large servings. But there was still lamb left, four chops' worth, which my Turkish "cook" separated from the bone, then hammered into shape. We broiled these Monday night, and on Tuesday we finished the last of the shoulder pieces of fat with slivers of


WONDRINI THE SWORD SWALLOWER
SIDE SHO
THE WORLD'S GREATEST SWORD SWALLOWER
W
THE WORLD'S THINNEST MAN
4 FEET 3
JEFF KEATE

"Great news, dear—Junior just swallowed his pocket knife!"

COLLIER'S JEFF KEATE



"Don't worry, Mac, we'll have you back on your feet in no time"

COLLIER'S GARDNER REA

lamb still attached, ground with lean beef for a delicious spaghetti sauce.

Do you wonder I am sold on Turkish cooking these days?

Of course the secret of *kebab* dishes as mainstays is the fact that they are always served with plenty of *pilav* flavored so appetizingly that guests fill up on it instead of the lamb. Here is the way I make it:

Rinse, then soak one cup of long-grained rice in salted boiled water all day. Melt 2 tablespoonfuls or more of unsalted butter, cooking oil or shortening in a heavy pan. Pour drained rice into it: stir until it begins to stick. Add boiling water to cover about an inch. Add 2 teaspoonfuls salt and steam covered until rice is cooked, stirring occasionally. If the water steams off before the rice is entirely cooked, more boiling water may be added. By the time the rice is soft, however, all liquid should be steamed off. The rice will be cooked within 20 minutes to one half hour.

The eggplant-lamb stew is made by first sautéing the eggplant in butter, chicken fat or cooking oil. Remove it, sauté onions until light brown, add three or four ripe—with the emphasis on ripe—tomatoes and small pieces of uncooked lamb meat. Then add the sautéed eggplant and cook slowly until the meat is tender. If there is not enough liquid, boiling water may be added. The stew will cook in about an hour.

The spaghetti sauce proved to be as simple as the above. Grind together one pound of lamb fat and one pound lean beef. First sauté six medium-sized onions in fat until light brown. Add three large ripe tomatoes and the meat, cooking until the meat is done. Salt to taste. Simple, yes, but excellent with the additional advantage that it keeps several days in the refrigerator.

I haven't stopped with these recipes. I've also tried *koefte* and *pogaja, Hunkyar Beghendi* and *Imam Bayildi.* Here's how to make them:

KOEFTE (four servings)

To 1 pound ground beef add 1 minced onion, black pepper and salt to taste, crumbs from 2 slices moistened stale bread, and 1 egg. Mix well and roll into oval-shaped balls. Dip balls in flour and then brown in cooking oil. Chop 2 ripe tomatoes and 1 green pepper and add to meat with a little water. Cover and cook over a low flame for 15 minutes.

POGAJA (2 dozen lamb pies)

Grind with a coarse grind 2 pounds fatty lamb meat. Add 1 chopped onion, salt and pepper to taste and juice of 1 lemon. Roll raised bread dough to the thickness of ⅛ inch. Brush with melted butter or margarine. Cut it into 2½-inch rounds or squares and place in center of each round 1 teaspoonful or more of meat mixture. Brush the edges of the rounds lightly with water. Fold the dough over into crescents. Bake in a very hot oven for 10 or 15 minutes.

HUNKYAR BEGHENDI (six servings)

Sear 3 small, seedless eggplants over a direct flame until the outside is burned to a crisp and the plants are soft inside. (Or the eggplants may be placed in the oven to soften but should first be pricked so that the skins will not burst, and must be turned so that all sides cook evenly.) Cool, peel and wash off the burned skin and any seeds inside. Drain off water, then, holding the eggplant by the stem, scrape downward with a fork, placing mashed contents into a saucepan.

Add crumbs from four slices crusted white bread (a good way to use up stale bread), 2 tablespoonfuls flour, ⅓ cup milk for each eggplant, 1 to 2 tablespoonfuls butter and salt to taste. Stir after each addition. Cook over a slow fire, stirring constantly until thick and creamy, approximately ½ hour. If mixture gets too thick, more milk may be added.

Serve on platter topped with a meat sauce prepared as follows:

Sauté two or three sliced onions until light brown. Add 2 to 3 ripe tomatoes and ½ pound lean diced lamb meat. Add a little water and stew until meat is thoroughly done.

IMAM BAYILDI (1 eggplant per serving)

Cut each eggplant into 8 or 10 lengthwise slices. Slice lengthwise 4 medium onions (enough for about 3 eggplants) and chop 2 ripe tomatoes into small pieces. Season with salt, 5 buds garlic (optional), parsley and ½ teaspoonful sugar. Mash and place in heavy stew pot in ½ cup cooking oil. Place eggplant slices on top of mixture and cook on slow fire for about an hour. When the eggplant is almost done, add ⅓ cup water. This dish may be served hot or cold.

Imam Bayildi means "The Priest Fainted." It's that delicious!

THE END

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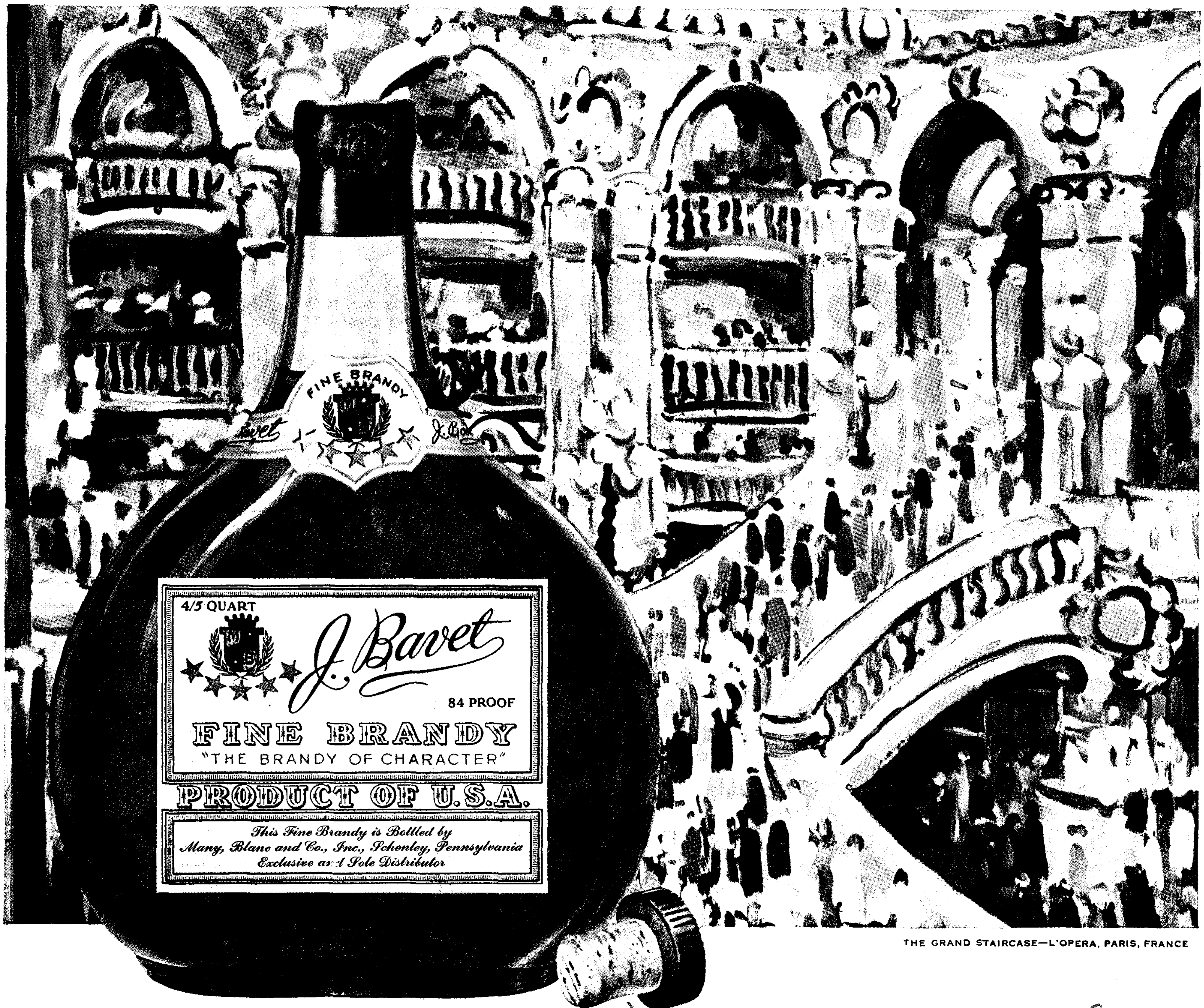
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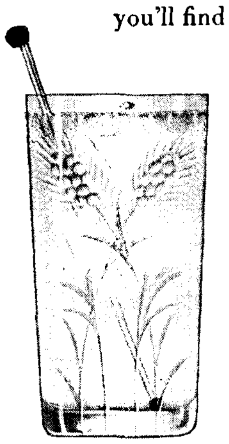
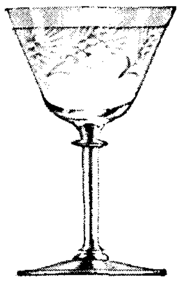


BRANDY AND SODA *1 or 2 cubes of ice, 1 jigger of J. Bavet Brandy. Fill with Club Soda and stir gently.*



STINGER COCKTAIL *Fill shaker 1/3 full fine ice. 1 jigger J. Bavet Brandy, 1 jigger DuBouchett White Creme de Menthe (62 Proof). Shake well.*

Due to glass shortage, this bottle temporarily replaces the traditional J. Bavet flacon.

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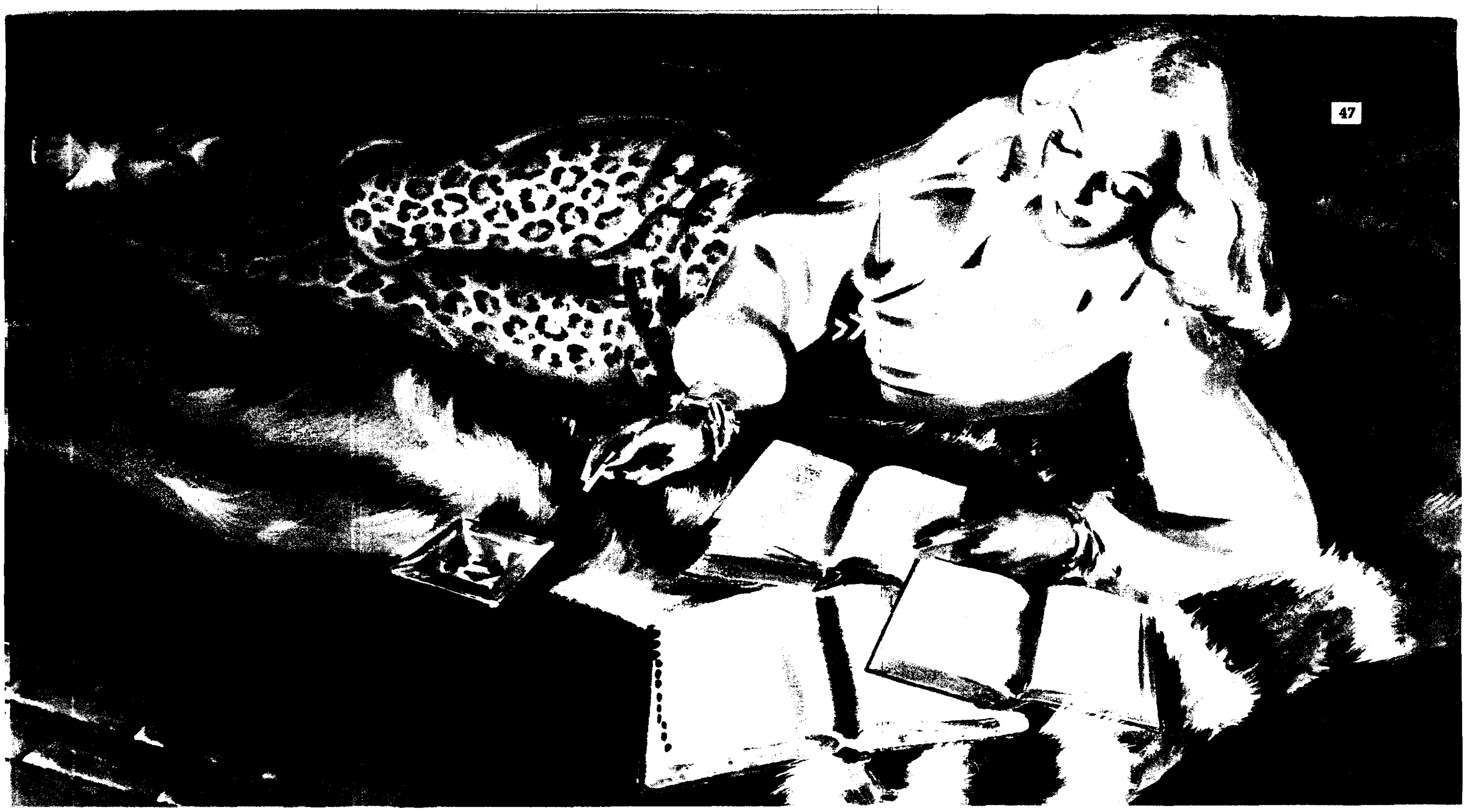

Gloria lay on a fur rug before the fire studying her French grammar. The room was filled with an expensive scent

STRANGER THAN TRUTH

BY VERA CASPARY

The Story:

Someone in the offices of the Barclay Truth Publications, John Ansell, young magazine editor, discovered, was involved in the murder of the man known variously as Warren G. Wilson and Homer Peck. When Ansell tried to publish a story of the unsolved Wilson killing, he was almost fatally poisoned and then bribed into silence by a big promotion. Noble Barclay, publishing tycoon and author of My Life Is Truth, shocked Ansell by implying that his own daughter, Eleanor Barclay, whom Ansell loved, might be the guilty person. Unable to ignore that dire possibility, Ansell nevertheless felt certain that segments of the real truth were secretly guarded by others, including E. E. Munn, supervising editor of the Barclay Magazines, Grace Eccles, Barclay's secretary, and Gloria Barclay, the publisher's wife. When Ansell told Eleanor of her father's veiled accusations, she rushed headlong out of the park where they had been sitting. A few minutes later, Ansell read a newspaper account of the death of Lola Manfred, another Barclay editor. Immediately he communicated to Captain Riordan of the Homicide Squad his suspicions that the Manfred death was murder, not suicide, and tied in with the Wilson killing. The story continues in the words of Eleanor Barclay and later, John Ansell. . . .

IV

"Look deep into your unremembered past. Let your thoughts drift aimlessly. Awful images may float into your mind, images too terrifying to be recognized by your conscious personality. Do not repress them; do not let shame defeat you. If you are ever to conquer Self, to become whole, free and unafraid, you must dig hidden, obliterated, censored memories out of your consciousness. Be not afraid, wander freely and nakedly in the deepest, darkest, most forbidding jungles of memory."

MY LIFE IS TRUTH
Noble Barclay

As I stretched my hand toward the doorbell, my heart began to pound so that its throbbing seemed to fill the foyer. Such a chic little foyer, all done up in black-and-white squares. There had been, three years earlier when Gloria rented the apartment, a wan philodendron in a white pot on the black marble table. In my vague and sentimental way I had felt sorry for a living plant imprisoned by Fifth Avenue elegance, and had watched it as a mother with a puny child. At my father's door the philodendron flourished like the green bay tree.

My hand fell away from the doorbell and I held it over my heart, believing the pressure could mute that noisy throbbing. It was like me to be thinking about the philodendron when I had to face my father and ask him a question which for months I had been afraid to whisper to myself. All of my life I have turned away from unpleasantness.

There were actually two questions: the one I had been afraid to ask my father, and the other newly born out of my conversation on a park bench with Johnnie. When Johnnie told me that ugly tale, I had not turned away. Every fiber of me listened. I had heard not only voice and words but I had tuned my ears to catch the undertones, the significance, the meaning of the meaning.

Your father warned me against trying to find out any more about this case. He's been protecting you and what he tried to say is that if I love you . . .

While I rode uptown in a taxicab and as I stood in the black-and-white foyer, these words were like a far-off echo. I was determined to greet my father boldly, to question him courageously, and not to let him charm me into docility and agreement.

The door was opened by Hardy, Gloria's butler. I hurried past him through the Empire drawing room which had been decorated for Gloria by a pale young man who made a religion of interior decorating and gave every room a name. Father's study, which was called Contradiction, was down the hall toward the rear of the first floor. I hoped that I would not find him there for then I should have been obliged to ask my questions at once, and my courage was faltering.

Except for the chatter of servants in the kitchen the first floor was quiet. In the second floor sitting room I found Gloria. She lay on a fur rug before the fire, wearing leopard skin pajamas and studying her French grammar. The room was filled with an expensive scent.

"Hello, Eleanor. I hope you know you stood us up for dinner. What's the idea? Don't you know what night this is?"

"Where's Father?"

"Are you out of your mind?" Gloria rolled over on her back with a liquid movement acquired by years of ballet training. "It's Friday."

"Friday?" I must have sounded like a cretin. In the Barclay family calendar Friday was more sacred than the Sabbath.

"Isn't it awful about Lola?"

"What about Lola?"

"Don't you know?" Gloria sat up, embraced her knees and drew in her breath. "She's committed suicide."

I walked unsteadily to a wing chair close to the fire. It seemed, as I eased myself into the chair, that I had always known that Lola would be found on the India print cover of her studio couch with an empty glass on her wormy walnut table.

"Why do you think she did it?" Gloria asked. "Drunk, I suppose."

Hardy knocked on the open door, arranged his handsome face in proper solemnity and said: "It is one minute before nine, Mrs. Barclay." He then made a ritual of tuning in WBOR.

(Continued on page 55)

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QUICK, THE NEEDLE!

Continued from page 16

"You got to git Emmy and me a place to live," said Mr. Kellar in his gnome-like voice.

Mr. Slagel prepared to rise straight up in the air but was restrained by Mr. O'Hara, who pointed out the reasonableness of the request. It was late in the season, it was impossible to get apartments in New York, and the young couple certainly couldn't live in the park.

"Why the hell not!" roared Mr. Slagel, and felt better almost immediately.

It ended, however, with the club promising the Kellars a hotel room, at the club's expense.

"You've gone this far . . ." suggested Mr. O'Hara, with a shrug.

"Yes, thanks to you," growled Mr. Slagel, and, after the proper emendations had been made, the contract was signed.

On the way out, Mr. O'Hara put his arm over Mr. Slagel's shoulder and said, "You'll see about this boy. He's got spirit. Just let him do whatever he wants to."

THEY had some trouble cutting down a uniform to fit Georgie. After one look at him Mr. Slagel decided he had better inform his team about this phenomenon before they had a chance to see him for the first time with the naked eye. He broke the news to them at a clubhouse meeting.

"I don't know why I did it but I did. I hired a man named Kellar and when you see him I want you to keep your big mouths shut. He can't field, he can't hit, he can't do anything—but Swatsy O'Hara says he's going to win the pennant for us. Anybody gets fresh with him gets smacked with a fine."

This was hard on the club because when they saw Georgie their eyes popped out. He dressed quietly and then came out and sat on the bench and chewed gum. He took no pregame hitting licks, he shagged no fungoes, he took no warmup. He sat in a corner of the dugout and looked out on the field with eyes that seemed misty and half blind. He did nothing the first day or the second day, but when the Scarlets came in to bat in the fifth inning of the third day, he got up and said to Mr. Slagel, "I'm going down and coach on the first base line."

"You're doing *what!*"

Georgie explained his intention again quietly; and even while en route to the bat rack for an instrument with which to brain Mr. Kellar, Mr. Slagel bethought himself of Mr. O'Hara and his hunch and the state of affairs. The Scarlets were three runs behind and the way the hitters were waving futilely at Jake Butler of the Lions they would still be three runs behind at breakfast next morning. At the very best, this mass of thinking was doing Mr. Slagel little good because Georgie was almost halfway to first base before he finished. All he could do was wave back the regular coach and sit on the bench and fume.

Georgie seemed little more animated at first base than on the bench but Mr. Slagel could occasionally see his lips move, and toward the end of the inning he noticed that Jake Butler turned angrily toward first base and glared at Georgie. The Scarlets still weren't hitting Jake, but Slagel noticed that when the teams turned over again in the seventh, Georgie waited patiently in the dugout until Jake got back on the mound. At one juncture in the seventh, Jake strode angrily off the mound and took a few menacing steps toward first base.

What's he saying to Jake? mused Mr. Slagel with wonderment. Also, he added to himself, how does Jake hear it?

The inning ended with Georgie going immediately to the dugout, while Jake took a few steps in his direction and then turned disgustedly and went over to the Lions' bench. The big blowup came in the eighth. Jake was pitching with one eye on the plate and the other on Georgie, cursing audibly under his breath with every heave. The result was that he walked the first two men and the next got on by an error. Jake bore down then and fanned the next hitter but while he was pitching to the next man, he suddenly whirled in what looked to be a rage and hurled the ball toward first base.

It was plain that Jake had no intention of throwing to the first baseman. He was aiming at Georgie, who seemed to be expecting it. He ducked with no trouble whatever, the ball hit the grandstand a glancing blow and skidded off down the right field line. By this time everybody on base was running and Georgie was also running. He ran right into the dugout and then through the door that led to the dressing room. After him also ran Mr. Jake Butler, almost frothing at the mouth.

"I'll kill him!" yowled Jake.

The players on the Scarlets' bench arose happily and repelled Mr. Butler; his own manager came over at last and retrieved him. The ball had clung to the wall all the way down to the corner in right field, and while the right fielder was grabbing desperately for it, the Scarlets' parade around the bases continued until all three men had scored and the game was tied up. The Scarlets won in the ninth, 4-3.

By the time the game was over and Mr. Art Slagel got back to the clubhouse, Georgie was dressed and gone. In the other dressing room, the manager was laying into Jake Butler. "You big crazy stinkhead!" he yelled. "What'd you let that little shrimp get your goat for? What'd he say to you?"

"Never mind what he said to me!" howled Mr. Butler in answer. "I'm going to kill him, that's all. I wouldn't even let my own mother call me that."

They never did get out of Mr. Butler what Georgie had called him and the team left town that night. Next day the Bears came in and, for the first time in two months, the Scarlets managed to pick up a game on the Eagles. They plastered the Bears three in a row, winning the final game in a most peculiar way.

Georgie had been coaching at first base for two innings, and Harry Hessler of the Bears showed plain signs of irritation. Art Slagel noted the symptoms when Hessler started throwing harder than ever, as if the effort would take his mind off Georgie. In the seventh the Scarlets filled the bases on Hessler, and Georgie held up his hand to call time. Then he walked solemnly back to the dugout, took a bat out of the rack and said calmly to Mr. Art Slagel. "I'm goin' up to hit."

GERALD KERSH

British author of the best seller, *Night and the City,* has written a hair-raising serial

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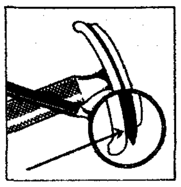
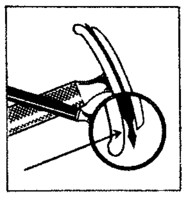


You see, other razor blades are ground like a pocket knife, and the edges are *rigid* in the razor —



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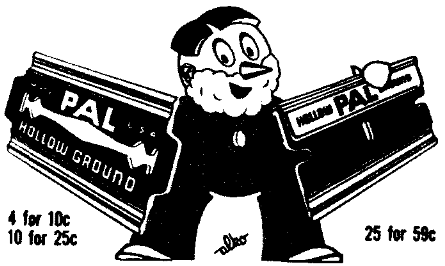

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Mr. Slagel's face turned purple and he wanted to say something but the words wouldn't come out. All he could do was wave silently at the regular batter, who stood uneasily at the plate wondering what to do.

Georgie stood for a moment before getting into the box, and it could be seen that he was saying a few words to Hessler. Then he stepped into the box and set himself. Hessler let fly with a pitch that would have decapitated Georgie—if it had hit him. Georgie ducked, the ball was beyond the reach of the catcher and the Scarlet runner on third base slid over for a run.

This seemed to enrage Mr. Hessler even more. His next would have torn Georgie in half—if it had hit him. Georgie wasn't there at all and neither was the catcher, who had called for a curve and was out of position. Another runner came over while he chased the ball. Mr. Hessler then went completely berserk and threw the next one almost into the grandstand.

As he threw it, he started for the plate—and Georgie started for the clubhouse. Georgie had a start and by nature was more agile. The Scarlets met Hessler at the steps of the dugout, as per schedule, and Mr. Hessler retreated—but only to a point where he could rally his own cohorts. The Bears' team joined him en masse and bore down upon the Scarlets. What they were after was never quite clear because Georgie had long since disappeared into the catacombs of the stadium. So the two teams had a battle royal for the sake of clean fun and there was much swinging of bats, cracking of skulls and stomping of feet until the police arrived and broke it up.

Since this rowdiness threatened the fair name of baseball, there was an investigation by the Commissioner and all and sundry were called up, including Georgie and Mr. Hessler, who was first on the carpet.

"Now, tell us, Mr. Hessler," said the Commissioner. "Did this man swear at you?"

"No."

"Did he use obscene language?"

"No."

The Commissioner paused and seemed about to be annoyed. "Well, what did he say to you!" he demanded.

It was now Mr. Hessler's turn to be reticent. He squirmed and twisted.

"Come on, now!" cried the Commissioner in a stern voice.

"Well-l-l," began Hessler, and then finished by blurting it out, "he called me Sweet Little Buttercup!"

There was an involuntary roar of laughter from the assembled gathering, stifled at once by a peremptory lift of the hand by the Commissioner, who was awaiting a further explanation from Mr. Hessler.

"It's in that Pinafore show," explained the unhappy Hessler. "Like a fool, I let them talk me into playing it in high school, but how did *he* ever find out!"

He turned toward Georgie as if he would rend him apart right before the eyes of the distinguished gathering, but there was really nothing he could do about it and nothing the Commissioner could do.

THE progress of the Scarlets through the league from then on was triumphant. They murdered the Eagles in two crucial series which were marked by clear attempts at murder on the person of Mr. Georgie Kellar, and coasted down to the finish line with a five lengths margin over all opponents. They looked forward with the greatest confidence to the World Series against the Panthers—and then they made a mistake.

Mr. Swatsy O'Hara came running to Art Slagel when he heard about it.

"You mean to say those dumb lunks decided on the Series money split and only put Georgie in for a thousand bucks?" demanded Swatsy, heatedly.

"Well, he was only with the team six weeks," answered Art, just as warmly.

"He was with them long enough to win the pennant for them," said Mr. O'Hara. "Art, you're in trouble."

"Listen," said Mr. Slagel darkly, his pride touched. "We can take care of those Panthers without any help from you or that little runt or anybody else."

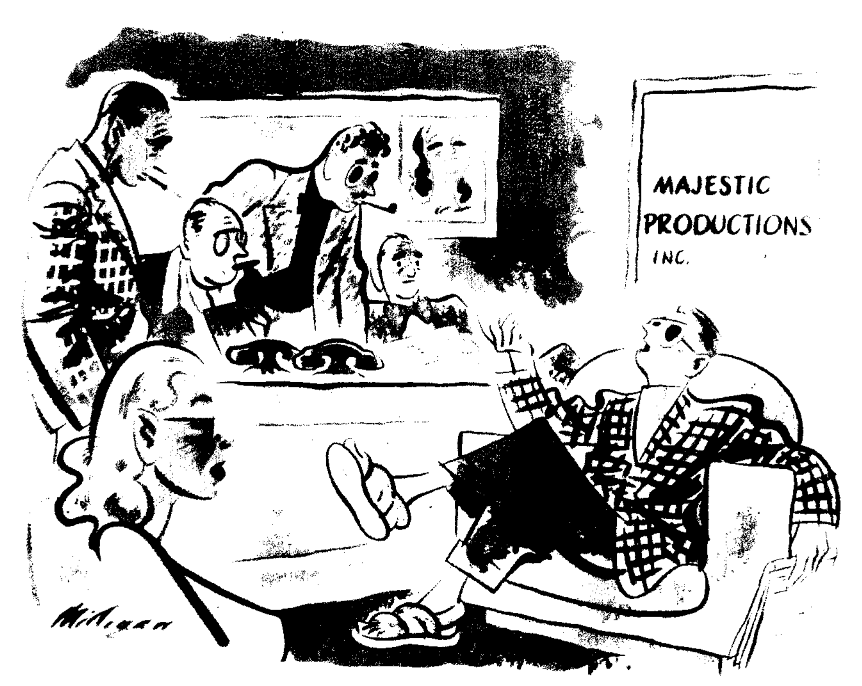
"All right, Art," said Swatsy. "If you say so."

Mr. Slagel said so right up to the second inning of the first game. At that point where there is always a lull after the opening excitement, a loud, piercing, carrying voice of a woman came from somewhere behind first base.

"Che-e-e-e-e-p skates! Che-e-e-e-e-e-p skates!"

The game was being played in the West at the Panthers' home grounds, and there had been quite a bit of newspaper discussion about Georgie Kellar's share of the Series money. Many writers had hinted that the Scarlets had been a little less than magnanimous with Georgie. The cry rang through the stadium and was now taken up by the happy Panther rooters.

Mr. Slagel recognized it immediately as a disaster, which it most certainly turned out to be in a Series of four games,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SO SIS FINALLY GAVE YOU THE GATE! I WONDERED HOW LONG SHE WAS GOING TO PUT UP WITH A BAD BREATH DOPE LIKE YOU!
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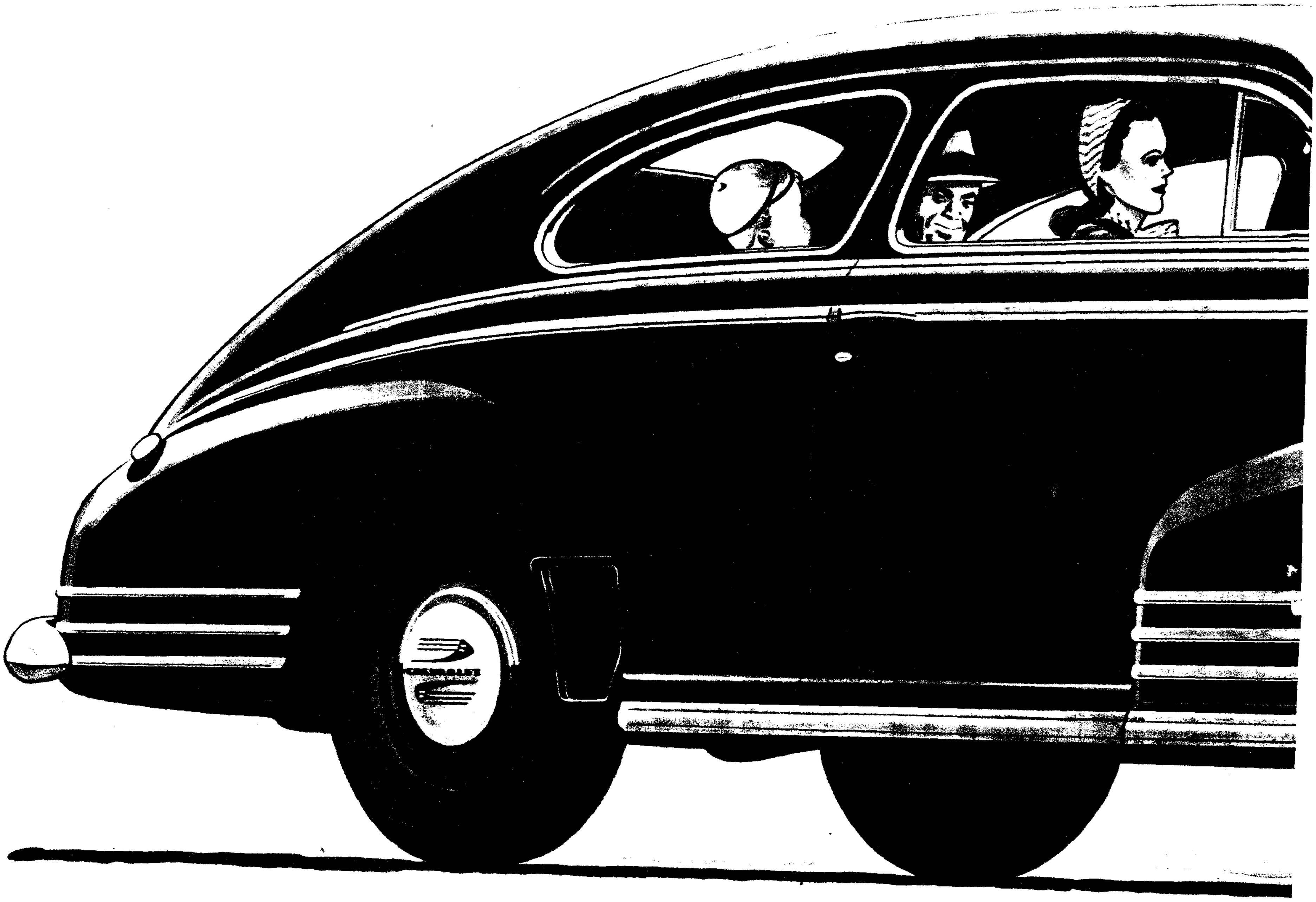
TO COMBAT BAD BREATH, I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM! FOR SCIENTIFIC TESTS PROVE THAT IN 7 OUT OF 10 CASES, COLGATE'S INSTANTLY STOPS BAD BREATH THAT ORIGINATES IN THE MOUTH!
COLGATE'S ACTIVE PENETRATING FOAM GETS INTO HIDDEN CREVICES BETWEEN TEETH—HELPS CLEAN OUT DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES—STOP STAGNANT SALIVA ODORS—REMOVE THE CAUSE OF MUCH BAD BREATH
LATER—THANKS TO COLGATE DENTAL CREAM
PIPE THE PALEFACE PITCHING WOO! THANKS TO COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. WA-HOO!
COLGATE DENTAL CREAM Cleans Your Breath While It Cleans Your Teeth!
COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
Use COLGATE DENTAL CREAM twice a day and before every date!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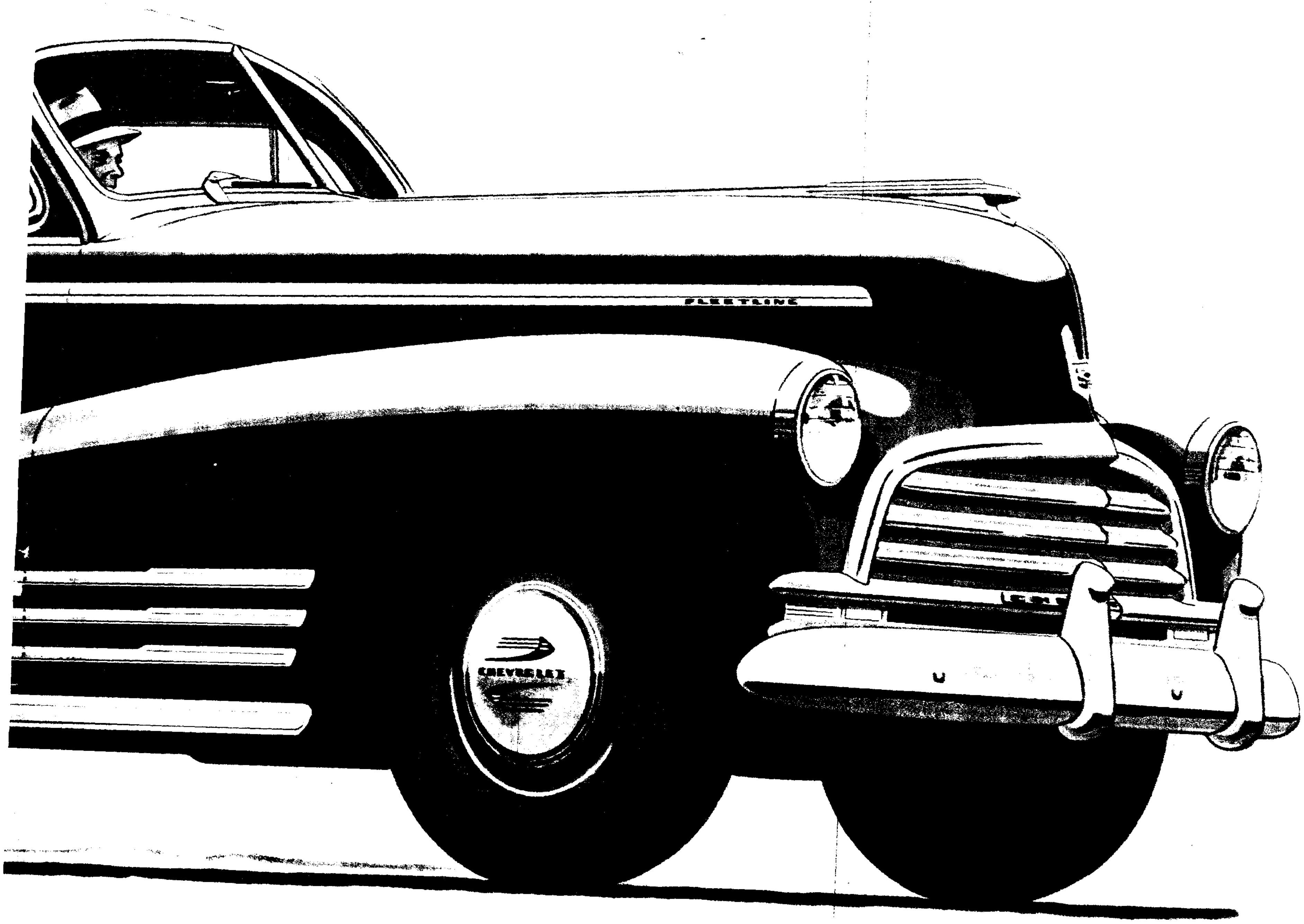
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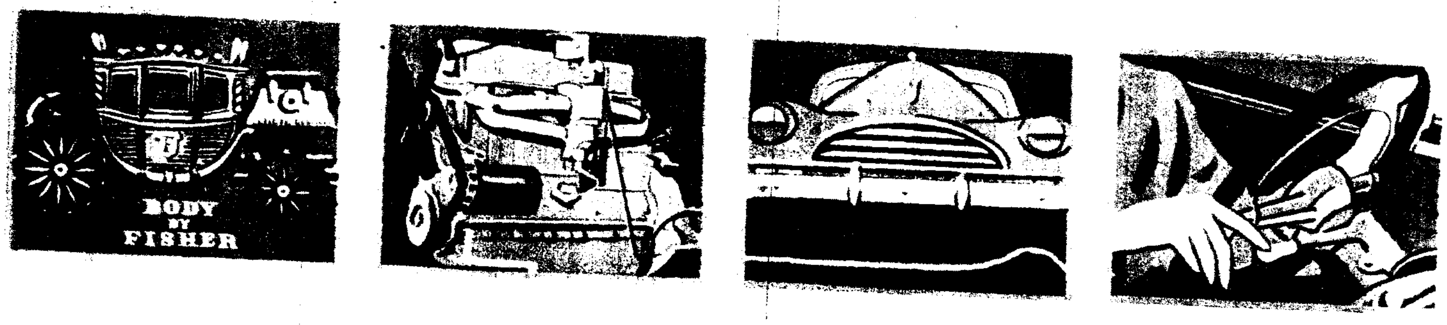
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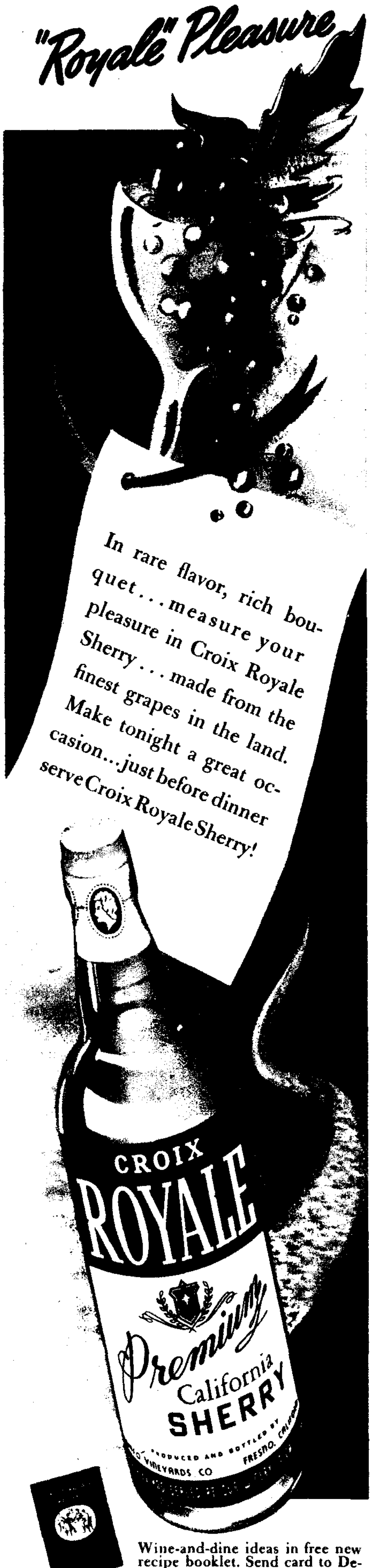
CHEVROLET

Let your taste
be the measure
for your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all of them Panther victories. The first two games were routs and when the Series came back to the Scarlets' park, the home town in derision took up the cry and added to the debacle. Mr. Slagel's feelings were not helped in a personal way when he took up his position at the third-base coaching box in the fourth game, with the hope of spurring his forces. He was immediately met by a cry from the same annoying woman.

"Look at old pig ears!" cried the lady piercingly.

Mr. Slagel most assuredly had large flapping ears, but since his days in grade school where he had almost killed a playmate, nobody had called him pig ears. The cry became popular even with the most ardent Scarlet fans. They were getting no fun from the games; they might as well have it with the unfortunate Mr. Slagel.

Mr. Slagel tried frantically to find the loudmouthed woman and also to stir Georgie into action.

"The mood ain't quite right for it," said Georgie placidly when Mr. Slagel appealed to him. So Georgie sat on the bench and looked out on the field with no interest whatever, and the sad Series ended in complete disaster for the Scarlets. Nobody noticed that Georgie left at the end of the seventh inning. It was true he was missing when the Scarlets came in at the end of the game, thoroughly deflated after a horrible Series.

THE twilight was settling over the stadium but Mr. Art Slagel still sat at his desk nursing his thoughts. The door opened and Mr. Swatsy O'Hara entered.

"Do you happen to know, Mr. O'Hara," said Mr. Slagel, "who the little lady with the big mouth turned out to be? Well, *I* know. It was the little Kellar woman."

"Mrs. Emmy Kellar," agreed Mr. O'Hara, nodding gravely.

"A fine pair they turned out to be," cried Mr. Slagel. Mr. O'Hara shrugged and pulled some papers out of his pocket. "What's the use of post-mortems?" he said. "We have to think about next year. I've got two contracts for you to sign."

He handed over one contract; Mr. Slagel looked at it and seemed about to explode. *"No!"* he yelled, leaping up. "Not *that* little runt! I'm not hiring him; I'm *firing* him! And let me tell you another thing, Mr. O'Hara. I've found out why he played with so many different teams this year: you either had to move him or lose your manager. You either move him now or you lose me!"

"And let the Eagles get him?" suggested Mr. O'Hara gently.

Mr. Slagel collapsed as if he had been punctured. He put out a pitiful hand. "All right," he agreed. "What's the other contract?"

"Mrs. Emmy Kellar."

This was too much for Mr. Slagel. "No, by God!" he screamed.

Mr. O'Hara shrugged again. "The Eagles," he said almost sadly.

Mr. Slagel looked as if he were about to cry. "What good will it do?" he asked. "Everybody in the country will be yelling 'pig ears' at me, anyhow."

"Just don't go out on the coaching lines any more, that's all," said Mr. O'Hara. "You can use Georgie there."

Mr. Slagel suddenly began to laugh. "Boy, does he drive them nuts!"

Mr. O'Hara took one of the contracts and pointed to a clause. "Right here it says that Georgie and Emmy promise to destroy all the material they have on our club," he explained. "I've seen the stuff. If the Eagles had it, we'd be in last place."

At this Mr. Slagel really began to laugh. He bellowed with joy, clapped his leg and seemed about to be apoplectic. "The season we're going to have next year! I know two things about Dan Moriarity of the Eagles that even his wife doesn't know. If you call him 'goose-pimples' he'll try to brain you with a bat. I got that from a guy in the old Tri-State league."

"Hadn't you better look at what we're paying these people?" suggested Swatsy.

"Hell, no!" cried Mr. Slagel joyously. "Gimme that pen!"

THE END

THE LEGION EATS 'EM ALIVE

Continued from page 19

done more work with my hands than those who criticize me," he says.) Later he and his father ran a wholesale dairy products business in Uniontown, Pa. They sold out during the depression, and since then Griffith has been a professional legionnaire, working chiefly in Indianapolis and Washington in various Legion executive jobs, and in 1932 he was Department Commander of Pennsylvania. Concurrently, he established a public-relations business in Washington *for private clients, in which business his* Legion connections were helpful.

Three years ago, Griffith was put forward for national commander, but at the behest of the Kingmakers, he withdrew to accept the paid post of chairman of the National Rehabilitation Committee. It was agreed he should get the top Legion post in 1946-47. It is possible, of course, that a deal will be made whereby one of the other elders with the same general characteristics will be chosen.

What seems almost impossible is that the young veterans will take things into their own hands. Some of them would like to, all right. Some joined with this idea in mind. But trying to dislodge the men who control the Legion is a tough job. They are firmly entrenched.

Successive commanders have protested that the Legion is the most democratic organization in the world.

"You elect the men you want to represent you," Stelle tells new members. *"You* decide which resolutions you want us to vote on at the national convention. Everything is in *your* hands. A fellow like me is just a hired hand, here to carry out your wishes." But for one reason and another, the Legion remains rigid in the shape into which it was cast by those who organized it 28 years ago.

The Legion's indirect election system is one reason. The individual legionnaire does not vote for national delegates or national commander. He does vote for a county delegate to represent his post at the *county convention, which, in turn,* elects delegates to the state, or department, convention, which finally elects delegates to the national convention. At each stage, delegates are so numerous—and usually so much more interested in a good time than in affairs of state—that the vote of the little fellow gets lost. Naturally, the National Executive Committee and the Kingmakers (the two groups overlap a good deal) have to straighten things out for the boys.

Take the matter of Legion-sponsored legislation. On the basis of past performance, the delegates in San Francisco may pass a hundred or more, out of thousands of proposed legislative resolutions including many of grave national and international import, in a hasty last-day business session.

Later, the National Executive Committee, meeting in Indianapolis, decides which resolutions it really wants to work on, pigeonholing the rest.

Then lobbyist John Thomas Taylor

Never neglect a pin scratch

Any pin scratch can become infected. Never take a chance.

Cleanse the scratch properly. Then put on a BAND-AID*—the Johnson & Johnson adhesive bandage. It comes to you sterile; keeps out dirt; helps prevent infection, avoid irritation.

Four times as many doctors recommend BAND-AID as any other ready-made adhesive bandage. Keep one box at home—one where you work.

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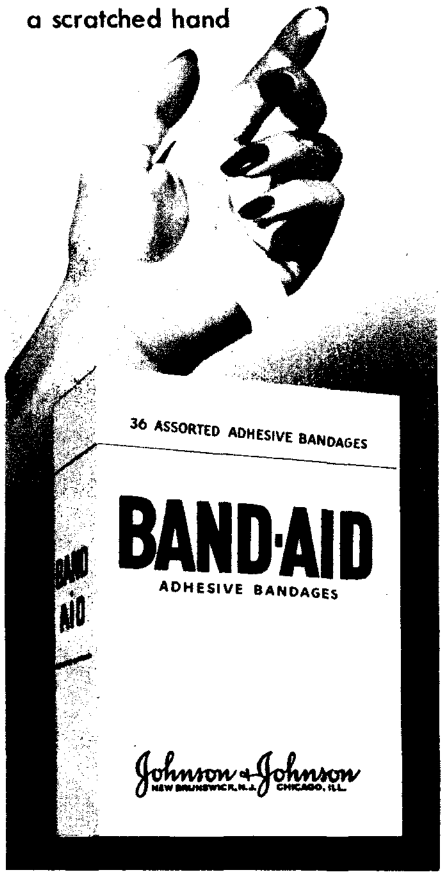
The quick, easy way to bandage a scratched hand



goes into action down in Washington to get the Legion's wishes made into law. Colonel Taylor is a part of the Legion's permanent paid personnel. Commanders come and go, but Taylor, like the Legion's Judge Advocate Ralph B. Gregg in Indianapolis, goes on forever.

In 28 years the Legion, via Taylor, has put some 700 bills through Congress, extracting 27 billion dollars from the Treasury in veterans' benefits—sometimes in spite of Presidential vetoes. It has suffered one major defeat: Congress has consistently refused to pass a universal military training law in peacetime.

Taylor is justly credited with great efficiency as a lobbyist. He is a veteran of both wars, and he wears so many decorations that a famous general is alleged to have said of him, "That man must never have known a day of peace in his life."

In Africa, he became a sort of official Legion host to the Army brass. His social handling of military situations won him the unofficial title, The Duke of Casablanca.

He has made his blunders, as when he announced that the Legion would support the Wilson Wyatt housing program, and then, on orders from the National Executive Committee, had to reverse himself. He was criticized for causing the Legion to go on record in opposition to the prohibition of the use of poison gas, at a time when he was the treasurer of a national chemical defense organization. But the criticism came from members of Congress, not from the Legion.

Taylor's power is the power of the vast Legion membership. He can bring down on Congress a barrage of hundreds of thousands of telegrams from legionnaires all over the country. The barrage effectively argues that Taylor has the entire Legion vote wrapped up.

Gag Rule Enforced

The Legion brooks no open dissension within its ranks. It is fairly successful in enforcing a gag rule on posts, denying them the right to give out statements without authorization from higher up.

The Willard Straight Post of New York has bucked the gag rule for years. It was expelled from the Legion for expressing its opposition to the bonus of the '30s—and then, by order of a New York court, was reinstated. This spring it criticized Commander Stelle for his attack on General Bradley of the Veterans Administration—and was rebuked.

Mark Wiseman, post commander, says: "We'll go right on trying to keep a spirit of independence alive in the Legion. But I sincerely hope that not all young veterans will join the Legion. The young veterans who want progress had better join another club."

The Duncan Paris Post of New York, composed of World War II veterans, is another rebel. These and other posts hope to work together to win freedom of speech and direct elections.

Such activities are frowned upon by the Legion. Miles D. Kennedy, New York department commander, warned that some posts "already are too pink," and advised careful investigation of applications for new Legion charters to guard against Communist infiltration.

Most legionnaires, of course, aren't the least bit concerned with over-all Legion policy. They joined up for fun and fellowship, for "good contacts" with the big-business legionnaires in their home towns, and for personal benefits. Colonel Taylor says the Legion is now handling about 80 per cent of all World War II veterans' claims. When a veteran gets a letter from the Legion saying, "Dear Joe Doakes— Your request for an increase of pension . . . has been granted . . ." he finds that letter more interesting than any discussion of the atom bomb.

The Legion opposes release of the atom bomb secret by the U.S. In defense of this stand, Commander Stelle tells a nice little irrelevant story:

World War III had just ended. The atom bomb had done its work. All the members of the human race had been destroyed. The only life left on earth was two monkeys, a male and a female. The male sidled up to the female, put his arm around her, kissed her on the cheek—and she seemed not unwilling. Then, suddenly, the male drew back and, gesturing to the ruin around them, said, "Do you really think we ought to start this thing all over again?"

After the laughter, Commander Stelle says, "It's just a story, you know. Of course I don't believe the monkey theory. I'm a good Fundamentalist."

Here endeth the Legion lesson on the atom bomb.

The Legion offers picnics for the children, nylons for the women, baseball for the men and boys, and excellent welfare services for widows and orphans. And it probably will offer as much bonus as any other organization.

The Legion's stiffest competition has always been the Veterans of Foreign Wars. This organization now has a membership of about 2,000,000 of which 90 per cent are veterans of World War II.

Opposition from the AVC

Greater opposition has come from one of the new outfits, the American Veterans Committee. Although its membership is only 60,000 and it is struggling to raise its first million dollars, the AVC makes an effective noise. With its motto "Citizens first, veterans second," it attacks what it calls the Legion's grab technique. The AVC voted *against* a bonus, on the theory that special favors would do veterans no good in the long run. It was a vigorous supporter of OPA, of veterans' housing legislation, of anti-race-discrimination laws—issues on which the Legion either maintained silence or gave belated and lukewarm support.

Charles G. Bolte, head of AVC, defines the Legion's famed "100 per cent Americanism" with a story which he credits to Carl Sandburg. It is about two barbers in a small town. "Business was bad, and one of the barbers put a sign in his window, '100 per cent American.' His business picked up. A few days later the barber across the street put a sign in his window, '200 per cent American.' Business began moving across the street. After a couple of days the first barber went over to see his rival: 'Hey, Joe,' he said, 'what do you mean you're 200 per cent American?'

" 'I'll tell you,' the second barber said, 'You're a 100 per cent American—you hate the niggers, the Jews and the Catholics. But me, I'm a 200 per cent American—I hate the whole goddam human race.' "

There are signs that the "grab" policy of the Legion and of most other veteran organizations is getting out of hand. The Veterans Administration operates on a five-billion-dollar yearly budget. By 1955 it will have dispensed more than $5,000,000,000 in direct benefits alone.

The last Congress (whose membership included 160 legionnaires in the House, 32 in the Senate) went all out for veterans. Through 106 new veteran laws (all Legion-sponsored) it voted 14 billion dollars in veteran benefits. This sum is one-third of all appropriations made by this Congress for all purposes.

Veterans' medical care is being extended more and more, heading, apparently, toward complete care at government expense for 20,000,000 veterans and 60,000,000 veterans' relatives.

Some day it may occur to the other half of the population that it might as well have some of those benefits, too—and we'll be on the road to one of the -isms the Legion hates: Socialism.

THE END

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STRANGER THAN TRUTH

Continued from page 47

Downstairs the servants were grouped around the kitchen radio and in the nursery the English Nannie listened in snobbish loneliness. From every part of the house rolled the Battle Hymn of the Republic, and a baritone sang one line, "His truth goes marching on." The music faded, an announcer said, "This is the Voice of Truth," and after a heartbeat's pause, my father began:

"Good evening, friends. This is Noble Barclay."

BEFORE I knew Lola Manfred, my mind had never admitted doubt. Faith was rooted in my worship of my father, not in his philosophy. I had gone through periods of rebelliousness; once when I refused to pose for any more Truth Girl photographs and once, for seven weeks, when I wanted so much to go to college. But in the end I was always sorry because I had been willful and disloyal.

Until I was six years old I had lived with my mother's people and heard my father's name whispered like a naughty word. When he came to fetch me I was as terrorized as though the Devil had come to lead me off to Hell; I kicked and fought and bit until the movement of the train had lulled me and I fell asleep in his arms.

In my father's house adoration had been the prevailing mood. There were devoted servants and doting secretaries, all Barclay followers, ex-invalids or reformed sinners restored to health and respectability by his teachings. I became chief drum-thumper in the procession of converts. Governesses read to me from my father's book as though it were the Bible.

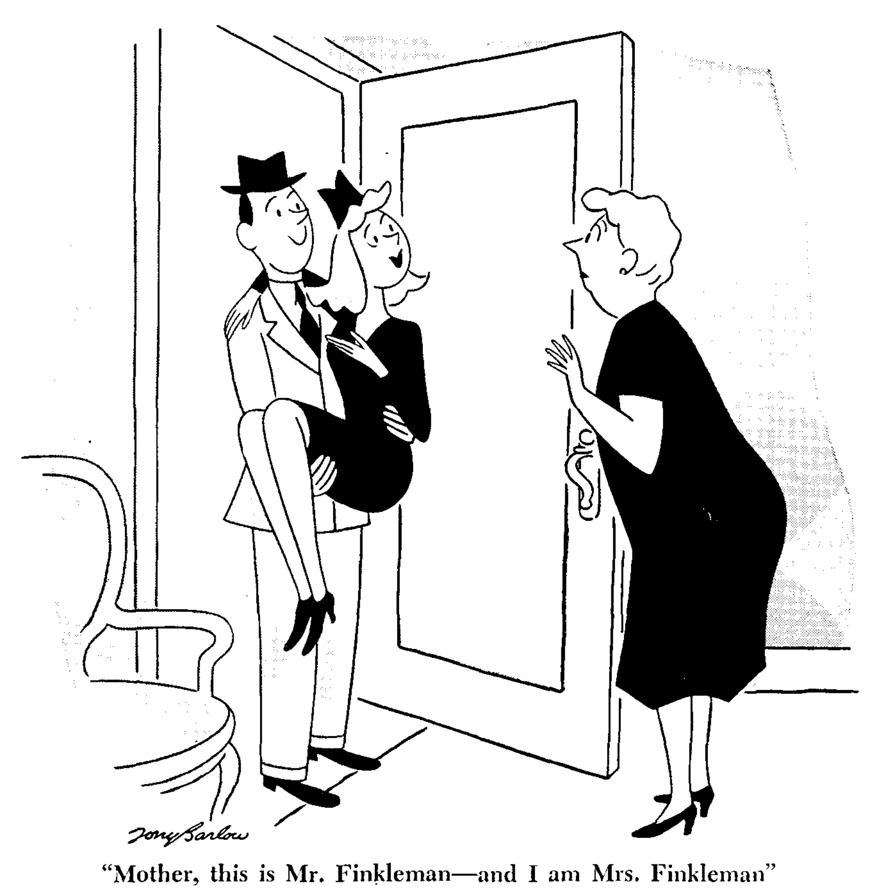
One word struck cold terror in my heart. Disloyalty. The word cast its shadow upon the memory of departed servants and secretaries. And when I was twelve, his worshipful wife, Janet, became overnight as hateful as a disloyal upstairs maid. The next morning my father had my things packed and off I was whisked with a governess and a plump, red-headed secretary to Florida. Father joined us there. The redhead remained loyal for almost a year, then she left us, too, and there was a happy interval when his daughter, the Truth Girl, had no rivals.

When I was seventeen, Father took me to California. When he was not too busy, he wooed me as though I were his favorite starlet; he had flowers sent to my room every day. Father became busier and busier with the tasks involved in launching his magazine, Truth In Hollywood, and on the way home Gloria had a drawing room on the same train.

In New York Ed Munn waited at the station to take me home in a taxi while Father drove Gloria to her hotel in the limousine. It was my loneliest year. We had a big hotel suite but Father seldom used his rooms. I had no friends, I had never gone to school and it was better to dine and go to a show with Ed Munn than to spend the evening alone. That was during one of the periods of rebellion, when I wanted so desperately to go to college. I thought that if I had a tutor and crammed hard enough I could slide through the examinations.

My education had been haphazard. Whatever I had learned I owed to Janet Ordmann Barclay who thought intelligence and knowledge more important in a governess than pretty legs which were my father's standard. He did not approve of formal education. In his unregenerate days he had been thrown out of four colleges, and felt it his duty afterwards to expose the weaknesses of modern education. Truth Magazine writers proved that college weakened moral fiber, bred perversion, encouraged drunkenness, spread degeneracy. Charts with little cartoon men mounted on ladders showed that the percentage of failure was higher among college graduates than among the untaught.

Noble Barclay's daughter was educated in the offices of Truth Publications. I was young then and believed what I read. Truth and Love editorials preached on the curse of the frigid woman, and I thought there must be some congenital cause for my apathy and disgust when my fiancé tried to hold my hand.



"Mother, this is Mr. Finkleman—and I am Mrs. Finkleman"

COLLIER'S TONY BARLOW

No one in the office was told about our engagement. I cringed when Ed's dry cautious fingers touched me, and shrank from the rubbery feel of his lips. Fortunately the man was not hot-blooded. He "respected womanly delicacy" and avoided any real conflict between us. I looked at other men, measured him against the clever young cynics who wisecracked at the Editors' Table and lost their jobs through disloyalty; I compared him with the sleek young advertising solicitors in double-breasted suits and bright neckties. Presently I began to play an elaborate game of hide-and-seek, became coy, capricious, frail, and finally deceitful in my excuses to avoid a dinner or an evening with him.

One day, in the office, Lola Manfred whirled around in her swivel chair and said, "There's no law, kid. You can say no to the jerk."

"What are you talking about?" I demanded, choking over the question.

"I'm neither deaf nor blind; I can always tell who's on the phone when you answer. And when he corners you here in the office, I sicken at the sight of your innocent agony. You loathe him, Eleanor. Why do you let him pursue you?"

I tried to be loyal. I told her my fiancé was kindhearted, understanding, my father's dear friend. Lola snorted. I had to defend myself because I was engaged to him, and I lashed out at Lola, accusing her of prejudice and intolerance.

"Do you believe in Truth-Sharing, Eleanor?"

"Yes, of course."

"Why are you blushing?"

"I love my father."

AFTER that, in my presence, Lola was less critical of Father. But I knew just the same that she continued to broadcast scorn, particularly if Ed Munn or some other "loyal" employee was within earshot. That was typical of Lola. The posturing, the dirty words, the hard-boiled attitudes were veneer over a tender and tremulous heart. She was unendingly generous and patient with poor and simple people but bitterly cruel to the pompous and arrogant.

I learned to love Lola but in self-defense I was sometimes arrogant and always too proud to let her see that I agreed with her about Ed Munn. When I finally had the courage to tell Father that I wanted to break the engagement (he told Ed for me), I celebrated by going to dinner with Lola.

It was that night, deserted by her between the entree and the salad, that I met Mr. Wilson. It was an innocent pickup and a virtuous friendship. I often talked to Lola about him and planned a meeting for them over my congenial dinner table. I thought Lola and Mr. Wilson would like each other. There seemed coincidence in their common passion for Blake who is not a popular poet, and I felt certain that we would become a warm trio. Both of them seemed to understand me in the way older people who have not forgotten youth can understand the young.

I told each about the other, tried to arrange dinner parties but never succeeded. Although Lola seemed to grow more and more petulant when I chattered about Mr. Wilson, I found nothing strange in her behavior. Lola was an unhappy woman, often irritable. So I quit talking about little things that disturbed her. And when Mr. Wilson died, the circumstances were so bewildering that I could not talk about it, and I never told Lola that the man whose murder was reported in the newspapers had been *my* Mr. Wilson.

"Now that Lola's passed away, you'll

Indian attack on railroad builders

KAYWOODIE grew up with America

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Super-Grain Full Bent $5

Contentment is our business

The KAYWOODIE organization, founded in 1851 before the first transcontinental railroad (picture shows Indian attack on railroad-builders) has been engaged ever since in enhancing the pleasure of smoking. Kaywoodies are the result of the most modern methods in existence, and of skilled hand work, long experience, special training, accuracy and painstaking effort. They are the world's best-smoking pipes. For smoking-pleasure, comfort and authentic style, see the Kaywoodies at your dealer's, $3.50 to $25. Imported Briar. Kaywoodie Company, New York and London.

Pamphlet on request

KAYWOODIE BRIAR

"You're asking for a Good Sock"
Westminster
FAMOUS AMERICAN SOCKS

probably be editor of Truth and Love," Gloria observed, looking up from the French grammar. The broadcast was over and she had returned to her schoolgirl pose.

"Shut up!"

"What elegant manners you have, Miss Barclay."

"I don't care. It's positively ghoulish of you to think about her job when she's—"

"Not cold in her grave?" Gloria looked at me sharply. "What a mess you are, Eleanor. Why do you go about without hats all the time? You'd better comb your hair and put on some powder before your father comes home."

When, brushed and docile, I came out of Gloria's dressing room, Father was sitting in one of the wing chairs with Gloria on the floor at his feet, her tilted chin supported by both hands.

"Ed's handling it for me," my father was saying. " 'Spare no expense,' I told him, 'give her a decent funeral, I'm paying for it.' She didn't leave a sou, poor soul. Hadn't even provided for a decent burial. But I want to do the right thing, she was a loyal employee."

Lola was dead and could not resent the remark. "She wasn't loyal. She hated you and you knew it," I told my father.

GLORIA looked as if I had said something indecent. The room was hot and sickening with her perfume.

"Now that she's dead," my father said reprovingly, "it doesn't behoove us to speak ill of her. Poor Lola had faults, but who that is human hasn't? Young people, Eleanor, are likely to be intolerant. You misjudge Lola. She had a bitter tongue. It probably amused her to poke fun at me, but she was never disloyal."

Gloria's voice rose and fell in enjoyment of the morbid situation. "What did you find out? Drunk, I bet."

"There'll be an inquest. You may be asked to testify, Eleanor."

"What do I know?"

"That she was emotionally unstable. That she drank too much. That she indulged a tendency toward melancholia. You were with her yesterday—what sort of mood was she in?"

I did not answer Father's question for I was thinking of Lola as I had last seen her. She had stamped on her fur coat and gone off to the ladies' room but when she had returned, she had been contrite and eager to please me. I had been too self-centered to pay much attention to Lola; I was annoyed at her childishness and concerned with trifles, for Johnnie was coming to my house for dinner.

"The tragedy of waste," my father said. "Waste of life and waste of talent. All because of alcohol." Against the fire his profile was dark and strong and sad.

"No," I retorted. "You oughtn't to say that. It was worse than just alcohol . . ."

"Worse?" shrilled Gloria. "What's worse than drunkenness and suicide?"

"Unhappiness," I said. "Whatever it was that made Lola drink. You ought to know that, Father. Look at your own experience. It wasn't until you discovered what made you a drunken bum—"

"That's entirely different," interrupted Gloria irritably. As the wife of Noble Barclay she had to believe in absolute honesty but she preferred not to think about the more sordid chapters in my father's history.

"You found out about yourself and learned to overcome your weakness and were able to give up drinking," I continued, speaking to my father and ignoring Gloria's disapproval. "Lola's trouble was worse than yours because she felt more deeply."

"Nonsense," sniffed Gloria.

"Her capacity for feeling," I stumbled on, "was too much for her. She couldn't bear the way the world is, the way people are fooled and tricked and misled when they try so humbly to be honest and happy."

"How ridiculous," Gloria snapped. "If she felt sorry for people, why didn't she try to help them like your father, instead of wallowing in liquor and licentiousness. Isn't that so, Daddy?"

My father sighed.

The glass-enclosed clock tinkled and there was Hardy, as if on signal. "Pineapple, grape or apple juice?" he asked, offering a tray.

"No, thanks," I said.

"Drink some; it's good for you."

The obedient daughter drank her apple juice and, gazing at her dearly beloved parent, pondered his reason for accusing her of murder.

Weak-kneed, pale-lipped, quaking, I said, "Father, I must talk to you."

Gloria's blue eyes gleamed expectantly.

"Privately," I added. "It's very important."

My father was not unaccustomed to such requests. An audience with the creator of Truth-Sharing was a privilege granted only to members of the family, close friends and the very rich and influential. He rose and extended his hand, and after he had apologized to Gloria, we went down the stairs to his study.

This was the room the religious young decorator had called Contradiction. It was a crazy mixture of old alabaster, a marble desk supported on the backs of three wrought iron blackamoors, modern bookcases of wood bleached to the whiteness of bone and black plush curtains held in place by white plaster hands. Above the fireplace hung a pink nude with bloated haunches and on the opposite wall there was a skillful but morbid painting of the pelvic bones of some large animal.

"What is it you want to tell me?" my father said gently.

I CLOSED my eyes. This was no time for me to be looking at nudes and skeletons. In our calendar the blackest sin was disloyalty, a danger which, I used to think, could never threaten Noble Barclay's daughter. In our office, where skepticism was rampant, I had thought I was immune. But I caught the disease from the people I liked best, those who were frankest in derision.

Disloyalty came to me, I think, in the ladies' room. Stenographers and file clerks, more than the clever critics, caused my final disillusionment. These girls would never confide in the boss's daughter, but when you have to hide in the toilet to enjoy a cigarette, you can't help overhearing confidences not intended for your ears. I heard the girls talk, I knew that two of them worked a week for the price of one of Gloria's hats, I grew hot with indignation at the injustices of petty fines and deductions. My father, who advertised his love for mankind in five magazines and a weekly broadcast, told me that I did not understand business when I asked why he paid the girls such miserable wages.

Mr. Wilson also contributed to my education in disloyalty. He had not been so noisily arrogant as the group at the editors' table, but he had asked his share of questions about my father's practice of his creed, about our home life with Janet in the old days, and Father's marriage to Gloria, and about my early days in my father's house in Great Neck. Mr. Wilson had not been outwardly critical; he had discussed my father's philosophy with the amused detachment of a cultivated bishop inquiring into the antics of a sawdust trail evangelist.

After Mr. Wilson died, I closed my eyes and my mind to clues that might have solved the mystery. I was sick with terror but my terror had no substance for I knew nothing except that my father and Ed Munn had talked in a dark and evil way about Mr. Wilson's hatred and his aching need for revenge. In the office that afternoon I had tried to laugh at their melodramatic phrases, to hide my bewilderment in humor and bravado, but I had been horrified by the suggestion of conspiracy that their silences and secret glances concealed.

Buried truths, my father's book says, are festering sores, they poison the mind and corrupt the spirit. I was guilty, too, guilty of the willful error to which my father attributed so much of human suffering. And like the rest of the fools and invalids, I blinded myself deliberately.

For a short time the blinders had been off, and the sudden knowledge was more than I could stand. I became ill, physically ill, hurried home with a splitting headache, deserted Johnnie the day Grace Eccles insisted on five minutes of Truth-Sharing in the ladies' room. It was not so much what Grace revealed as what I imagined as background for the sum of her small odd facts. Why had my father burned the calendar page on which Mr. Wilson's name had been written? Why had he forbidden Grace ever to mention the name of the murdered man? Why was his anger so fierce when Grace asked him about the gun which I had absent-mindedly carried out of the studio when I had been summoned so peremptorily to his office?

"What is it you want to tell me?" my father asked again.

I had been off in a trance. Startled, I stared up into his face. He seemed a stranger beside me on the hard gray couch. He was smooth, tanned, exercised, massaged, handsome and healthy but his face still showed the ravages of his dissipated youth. I looked at the insolent jaw and thought of that swaggering young drunk my mother had loved so extravagantly that the failure of their marriage was death to her.

He caught my scrutiny and, sure of his charm, smiled. "What do you think of that thing, Eleanor? You've got good taste." He nodded toward the painting of the animal's pelvis.

"It's repulsive."

His pleasure was ingenuous. "My taste isn't so crude, is it? I'd have thrown it in the ash can long ago, only Gloria tells me it's art."

My voice was smooth, the Sunday afternoon voice of a good child as I asked, "Why did you tell John Ansell what you told him this afternoon?"

"So he came to you and blabbed. Chivalrous, isn't he?"

"That's not the point. I want to know why you said it."

"Why did you bring the gun up to my office that day?"

I looked away, at the white plaster hands clasping the black plush curtain. "The gun had nothing to do with it. It was a mistake—you know that, Father. I was told to rush up to your office, I'd just signed for the gun, I picked it up instead of my pocketbook. That isn't the point—"

My wrist was locked in my father's strong hand. "Tell me the truth, child."

"I'm waiting for you to tell me the truth, Father. Why do you pretend that you think I killed Mr. Wilson? Why were you so furious when you found out I knew him? Why did you say all those ridiculous things about his hating you and wanting to destroy us?"

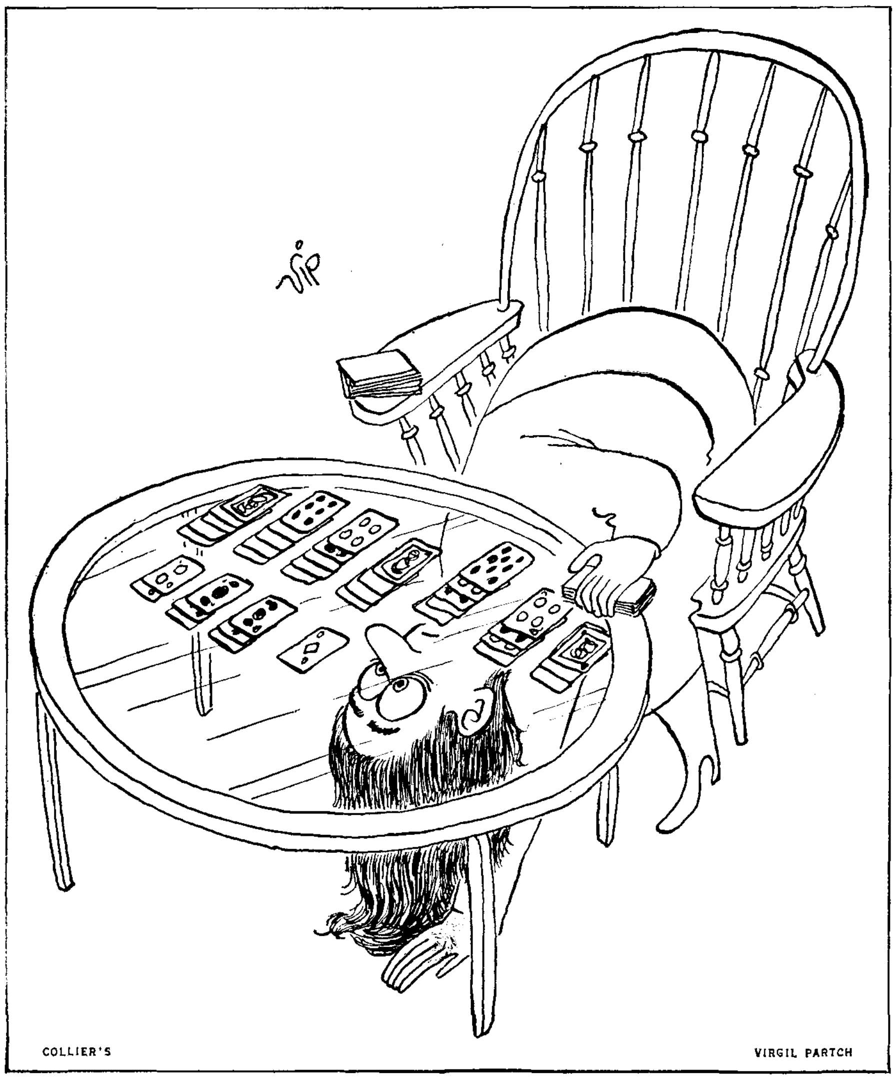
MY WRIST throbbed under his fingers. I was ashamed to tell my father that he was hurting me.

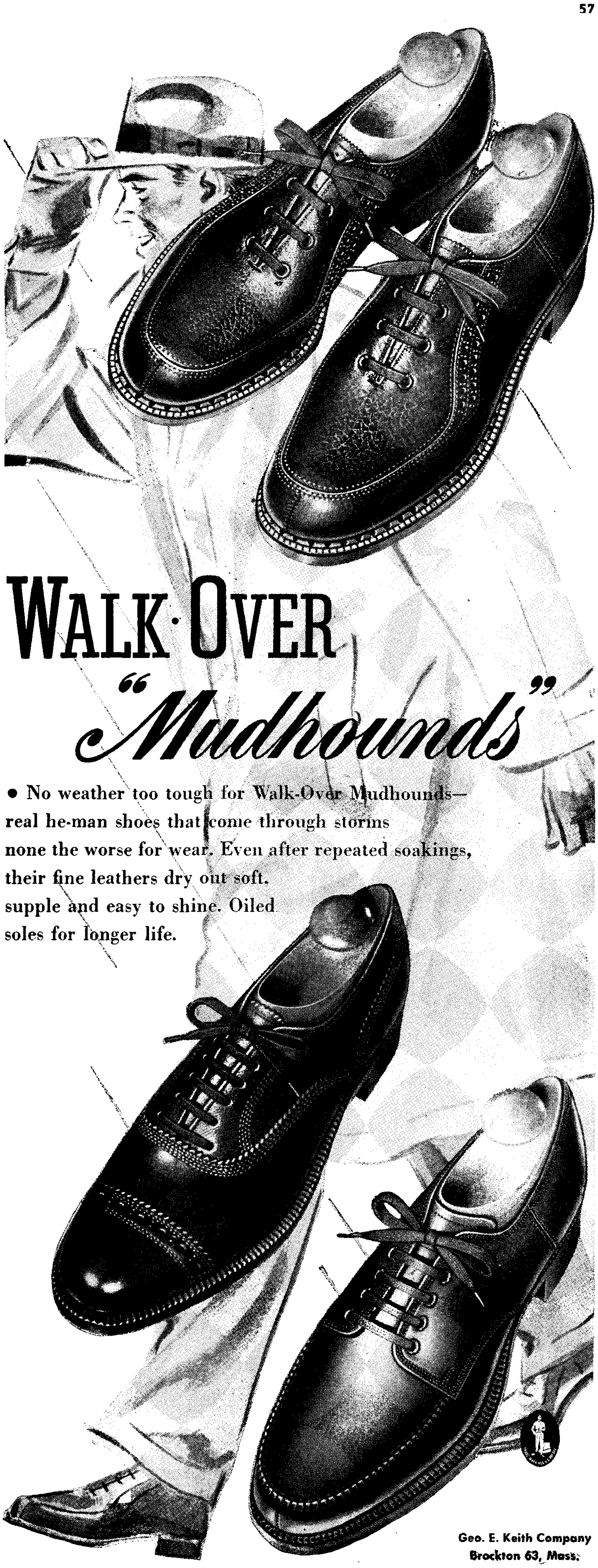
He sighed. "Must we go over all of this again? I explained it to you then, I—"

"You explained nothing," I said, forgetting that it was considered disloyal to contradict Noble Barclay. "You played the heavy father, you shouted and ordered me around and reminded me that I ought to respect you. But you never told me why, you never explained your insane fury and your unreasonable hints about my being in danger because I knew Mr. Wilson."

"He had deceived me. It was part of a plot. He wanted to use my own daughter against me."

"Why?"

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Father looked at the bones of the horse and sighed again.

"You told me that Mr. Wilson hated you and lived only to revenge himself upon you," I reminded him. "Then you said he'd injured you and because he wasn't strong enough to acknowledge the truth about his own weakness, he turned against you. But you never told me what he did and how he—"

"Stop shouting!"

"I've got to know."

"You're getting hysterical. Calm down. Sit quiet for five minutes and say nothing." His dark bright eyes shifted toward the black marble clock on the mantel. "Five quiet minutes and then we can share the truth, bitter as it is, about this unfortunate incident."

"I'm not hysterical, I—"

"Quiet!"

I sat rigid, watching the hands of the clock moving so slowly that they seemed to know my anxiety and to wish to thwart it. Scenes of this sort were not new to me. My father had often made me sit for five minutes without moving a muscle. In his book this was suggested as a preface to confession. The effect was supposed to be soothing but I had always grown more nervous during the enforced silence that preceded the hearing or telling of something unpleasant.

THE door opened silently and Ed Munn was there. He had not bothered to knock. Ed stood tall in the doorway, looking down at us, his eyes bland, his grin rubbery.

"I've made all the arrangements. The inquest's Monday and we'll have her buried the next morning. Funeral's strictly private."

Wrapped securely in the cotton wool of my own concerns, I had forgotten Lola. Recollection stabbed painfully. "Why did she do it?" I cried. "Has anything been discovered, Ed? Do you know anything?"

Ed sucked at his lips. "Drunk, of course. There were empty bottles all over the place."

"Why? She'd been drunk before. There were always empty bottles. Something must have hurt her frightfully . . ."

One insolent shoulder was lifted. "Probably discovered that one of her lovers had betrayed her."

I shivered. Ed's unctuous voice sickened me. He considered Lola a bad woman, her virtue was beyond his understanding. Lola had been capable of compassion and indignation; Ed was all oily self-righteousness.

"I didn't expect to find you here, Eleanor. It's an unexpected pleasure."

"Thanks."

"Why are you sarcastic? I'm trying to pay you a compliment."

"Am I sarcastic? You said it was a pleasure to see me and I thanked you. Nothing sarcastic about that."

"You're always sarcastic with me. You act as if I wasn't—weren't—good enough for you. Maybe I'm not a college graduate, but I'm no pint-sized runt."

"Please, Ed." My voice was querulous, too. Nothing made me more uncomfortable than the sound of a grown man's whining.

"Cut it, Ed. That's all finished," my father snapped.

"Is it?"

"I told you over a year ago she'd never have you. And I made it clear that I wouldn't force her into it. She's a grown woman, her life's her own. I'm sick of arguing with you about it."

"Once you needed something," Ed said. "And you gave me your promise that if I helped you, you'd use your influence . . ."

My father's eyes glittered. Ed leaned forward, shoulders drooping, long arms hanging loose. The lamplight illumined their hatred. I saw then that Ed Munn held some secret power which my father feared and resented.

"Please, Ed," I said quietly, "please leave us. I want to talk to my father."

Ed Munn was aware of his power, proud, showing my father how far he could go. Slowly, turning his distorted smile upon us, Ed sneered: "About Wilson's death, huh? You want to know why your father's blamed you for it, don't you? You want to know—"

"You've been spying," I said.

"That's my job." His voice was oily. "Your father's made it my business for years to spy for him. The habit's developed. How can I help it if I spy on him for a change?" The speech sounded as though it had been written and memorized.

"Okay, Ed, but get the hell out now, will you?" Father said.

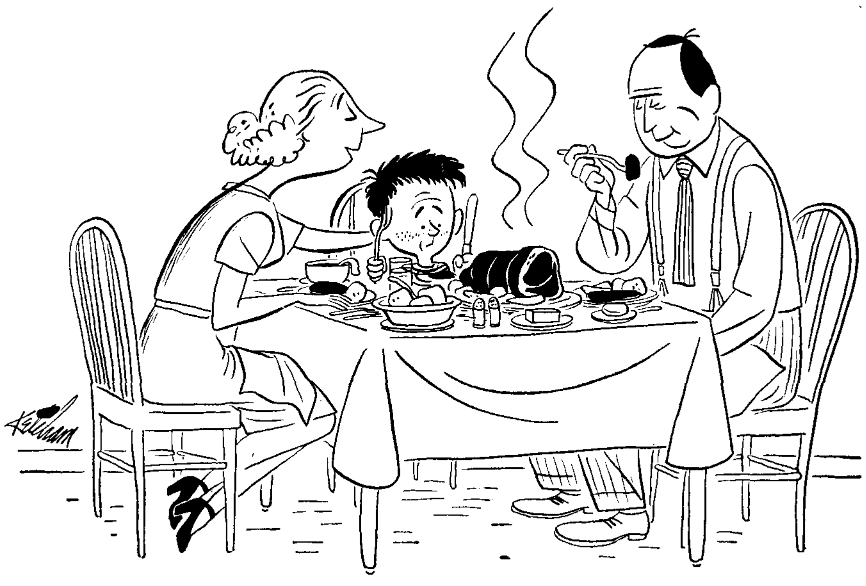
"I don't want to."

"Get out."

The elastic grin widened as Ed turned to me again. "That boy friend of yours is too inquisitive. We thought he'd keep his mouth shut if he thought you'd done it."

"Was that your bright idea?" I asked coldly. "I can see the Machiavellian touch."

"Get out," my father said again.



"It's called roast beef, dear, and it's just as good as the fish, chicken and canned meat you've been brought up on"

COLLIER'S HANK KETCHAM

Ed seated himself in one of the metal chairs and held fast to the arms with his white, thin-skinned hands. There was swagger in his movements, defiance in his voice. "I'm sick of being kicked around. I'm tired of broken promises. You're going to keep your word to me or—" The pause was heavily significant.

"I must say, Ed, your threats worry me a lot," my father said with mock joviality. "Honestly, I'm shaking in my boots I'm so afraid of you."

"Please tell me," I begged, "what's this all about? Why all the mystery? Why do you want Johnnie to quit asking questions about Mr. Wilson?"

No one spoke. I looked up at my father's gleaming dark eyes and the white crown of his hair. My father, I thought, my own father who used to walk with his hand around my forefinger and kiss my bruises. I had not forgotten the security of his arms and the strong tenderness of his caresses. These were sentimental things but memory is all slyness and deceit, and I knew that I was lost unless I rejected it. I thought about Mr. Wilson who had been murdered and I said in a clear, bold voice:

"Was it you, Father?"

He did not answer, and I said: "Was it you who killed Mr. Wilson? Tell me the truth, please."

It struck me as curious, even then, that I should demand the truth of Noble Barclay. I had been taught, nearly all of my life, that truth was his nature, that a camel might pass through a needle's eye more comfortably than a word of deceit fall from his lips.

He raised his head. "I've done much wrong in my life, Daughter. I'm responsible for the death of my beloved mother and of your mother, my sweet wife. It was my stubborn pride and my weakness that broke their hearts. I have sinned but I have not committed murder. I have not aimed a gun at a man's heart."

"Someone shot Mr. Wilson in the back," I said.

My father shook his head as though he were denying accusation, and his fists clenched and unclenched in nervous challenge. Behind him were the black curtains and the white amputated hands. "Have you believed all these months that I was guilty of murder? Why didn't you come to me openly and talk to me about it?"

"You haven't answered my question, Father."

"You were suspicious, child. You locked suspicion in your heart and were unwilling to admit the cleansing light of truth."

"I was frightened," I admitted. "You acted so strange that night and then I found that Mr. Wilson was dead. I was afraid, Father . . ."

"If you'd only had the courage to speak to me," he interrupted. "Believe me, child, I had nothing to do with the murder. As a matter of plain fact, it wasn't until the following Monday morning, on the train from Washington, that I found out Wilson was dead."

"The news must have been a blow," observed Ed Munn who had been enjoying our argument.

"Are you still here?" Father said.

ED STOOD up. He was smiling. He and my father hated each other so violently that the stench of their malice filled the room.

From the floor above came the enraged sobs of a child awakened by a nightmare. The other twin was disturbed by the sobs, and started shrieking, too. When this had ended we heard Gloria's silvery treble:

"Coming up soon, Daddy?"

"I'm busy, Lover. Go to sleep."

"Don't be long, Daddy. I'm lonesome."

The house became quiet again. Ed shifted, turning toward me with a smirk that suggested evil victory. "One thing I've always wondered, Eleanor, why did you bring that gun up from the studio? Did your father tell you to bring it?"

"Damn you, Ed, it was a mistake," I

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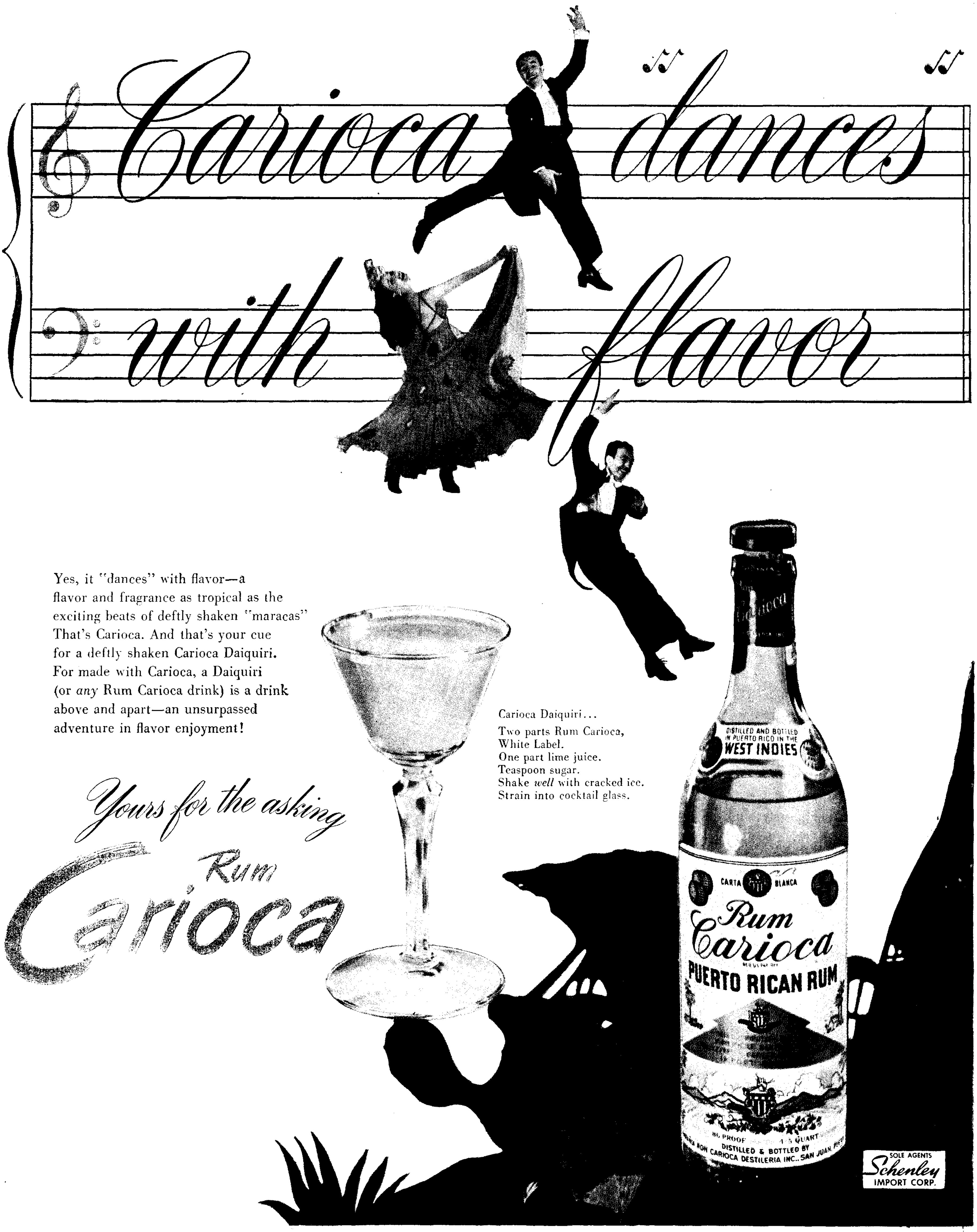

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shouted. "Father sent for me in such a rush I was upset and absent-minded. I picked up the gun instead of my pocketbook. You know that—"

"Shush!" my father said. "You're screaming. Of course it was just a coincidence. Ed's just trying one of his tricks again." To Ed, he added: "You make her nervous. If you've got anything to say, say it to me."

Once more Gloria's soprano floated down the stairs. "I'm lonely. Please hurry, Daddy."

"For God's sakes!" I shouted up at her. "He's not your daddy, he's your husband. You're a grown woman and you've borne him two children. Can't you call him by his name?"

"POOR Eleanor." Father led me toward the couch. "The poor kid, her nerves are shot. Let her rest, Ed, let her recover from the shock." Father arranged the pillows and waited solicitously, as though I were an invalid, until I had stretched on the couch. "I'll go up and tell Gloria that you didn't mean it, dear. I'm afraid you've hurt her feelings. She's a sensitive girl, Gloria. Come on, Ed. Time you were going home."

"I'm staying," Ed answered. He sat as if he had been molded into the chair.

Father left. I closed my eyes, played the shocked and weary role, hoping with idiotic optimism that Ed would respect my fatigue. A few strained seconds passed. I turned to the wall. The modern chair did not creak when Ed got up and the thick rug silenced his footsteps, but every nerve in my body knew that he had come close to the couch. I turned my head, opened my eyes and Ed, taking this as a gesture of grace, sat beside me on the sofa. He reached for my hand. I snatched it away.

"Why must you do that, Eleanor? Are you afraid of me?"

His hand encircled my arm and slid down until his clammy fingers were locked about my wrist. I tried again to pull away but his hand tightened and he moved on the couch until his leg touched mine.

"Please let me go."

His fingers relaxed slightly but he still held my wrist. "Why can't you be nice to me? I'm tired of being treated like a dog." His face was close to mine and I smelled the peppermints he had been munching.

"What's wrong with me, Eleanor? I was good enough for you once. What's wrong with me now?"

He was good enough once, he was the only man I knew, my only friend, my dinner date, ersatz for a sweetheart. I had been a lonely kid in a big hotel suite without friends or school routines to give form to my days. There were books from a Madison Avenue lending library and the movies and Ed Munn to take me out, like a grown woman, to dinner. He was adult if not charming, a suitor, and he sent beautiful boxes of French chocolates with tiny sugar violets decorating the top layer.

"I was always nice to you. Why did you turn me down?"

"Look, Ed," I began.

"Look. Look," he interrupted. "Is that the only verb you know? Are you asking me to look with my eyes, or do you wish me to listen to what you have to say? I know where you acquired that habit. From Ansell. You've been seeing him; he's your—"

I slid off the couch. I stalked toward the door. My hand on the knob, my shoulders high, my chin in the air, I said coldly: "Please go now."

"Eleanor, Eleanor, little girl," his voice was meant to be tender but it was off-key. "Why don't you like me? What can he give you that I can't? Who's he, anyway? Little runt of a writer, he wouldn't even have a job if—"

"Get out."

"I was always crazy about you," he whimpered, his voice becoming more and more soprano. "You were a cute little thing when I first knew you, in a red raincoat with a little hood. I knew then you were the girl I wanted. I made up my mind to study and improve myself so I'd be worthy. You were like a princess to me . . ."

It was hideous and ironic, after what I had learned about him that night, to hear him whine like a small boy about red hoods and princesses. When he had first come to the Great Neck house, Ed Munn had been my father's secretary, a lank white worm of a man who abased himself and flattened against walls when a member of the family passed. His hands had trembled when he sat down to dinner with us; he had barely eaten, taken small careful bites and wiped his mouth too often. I had heard my father growl at Ed, laugh at him sarcastically, give orders in a high-handed imperious way. Father had never wasted his charm on the male secretary because Ed was as faithful when he was kicked as when he was treated kindly.

"It's a good match," he said, looking at me with abject eyes. "You and I, heirs to the business. Who else could take Noble Barclay's place? The twins? It'll be eighteen or twenty years before they're old enough and the way Madame's spoiling them, they'll be polo players instead of executives. By the time they're old enough to come into the business, you and I will be in control."

"Really," I said, laughing at his false righteousness and his transparent affections, "you ought to take a course in love-making. The red rain cape was one thing and father's business another. I may be a princess to you but you've planned a morganatic marriage for me with you as the lucky commoner. If you had an ounce of intelligence in that place where you hatch your filthy schemes, you'd have had sense enough to keep quiet about the business."

"What's Ansell got that I haven't? Why do you let him make love to you? You were the cold type. You couldn't bear having your hand held, but you let him—"

"You dirty sneak, you've been spying on me."

HE MADE a show of laughter but his mirth had no foundation. It was smirking empty revenge. "I thought I'd catch you," he cried and got hold of me again, pulling me toward him and pinning me against his chest.

My hands ached with the need to slap and scratch but his arms were a jail, and all my kicking and shoving were like the writhing of a creature caught in a trap. "I loathe you. I can't bear it when you touch me. You're repulsive, you make me sick. Even when I was engaged to you, when I was so young and stupid I didn't know what I was doing I was ashamed to wear your ring or let anyone know about it."

He quivered with hurt rage. His pallid cheeks had become flushed and his eyeballs protruded.

"You're vulgar," I cried in ecstasy, for the pleasure of hurting Ed Munn had filled me with cruel energy. "You're a vulgar, revolting man. Everybody laughs at you, nobody takes you seriously. Why, if you were a leper," I went on rapturously, "people wouldn't be more anxious to shun you."

"I'm vulgar, am I? You loathe me?" His mouth twisted in such a way that I could not tell whether it moved in anguish or perverse delight. His hand had moved toward his pocket and for a moment I thought he was reaching for a gun.

He pulled out a manuscript, folded lengthwise. "When you've read this, Miss Barclay, you may change your tune."

"What is it?"

"Read it."

There was no signature on the manuscript. I recognized the paper as the yellow second sheets we used in the office for the first drafts of our stories. The title was typed six spaces above the opening sentence just as we were instructed to type manuscripts in the office: A Short History of Homer Peck.

"Homer Peck!" I said. "That's the name Mr. Wilson used in the title of his book, Autobiography of Homer Peck. Who was he?"

"You'll find out." Ed laughed. It was so false that my nerves quivered at the dissonance.

I began to read. "Twenty-three years ago in a poor sanitarium in Arizona . . ." It was hard for me to concentrate. Twenty-three years was too long ago, Arizona too far away. ". . . A young man lay dying." I read a few more sentences, and looked up from the pages at the white plaster hands grasping the folds of the black drapes. Black and white, steel tubes and hard cords gave the room the feel of a torture chamber, and the varicolored walls affected me like the pitching of a ship. ". . . had enjoyed his thirty years of living and viewed with unconcealed apprehension the approach of death."

THE door opened and there was my father. I was pleased. My father was strong and kind. When I was a little girl, he had lifted me high above his head and I had rejoiced in his size and the strength of his hands under my armpits.

"You seem to be quieter," Father said. "Feel better now?" Then he noticed the manuscript and came closer. "What's that?"

Ed bowed over my chair. "May I?" He took the manuscript and handed it, bowing again, to Father. The mock gallantry was awkward. Derision and rebelliousness did not become him. It was more natural for Ed Munn to cringe.

Father was farsighted but he would not wear glasses and he held the manuscript at arm's length. Ed Munn watched, his eyes swollen with spite.

"Where'd you get it?" Father asked.

"Aren't you grateful? Aren't you going to thank me for getting hold of it for you?" Defiant, Ed Munn lit a cigarette. He had never before smoked in my father's presence but he seemed not to care any more whether or not Noble Barclay disapproved. "I expect my reward, you know."

Father's shoulders drooped. His eyes were reproachful but the reproach was not directed at his disloyal aide. On the wall opposite him hung an unframed mirror. Reflected in it was the drooping, beaten figure of Noble Barclay. Ed reached for the manuscript and Father let him have it without protest.

"What is it?" I asked. "Why are you so frightened? Who was Homer Peck?"

"How about that promise?" asked Ed, holding the yellow pages before him like a shield. The manuscript seemed to give him courage. With it in his hand, he was Noble Barclay's equal. "Give me what I want and I'll give you this to burn, too."

"Why do you want it burned?" I asked. "What is it?"

I might have been tossing my questions at the wind. My father's color was robust, his hair a silver brush against the black drapes, but he was like a vividly colored model, a wax man in a shop window.

"She thinks I'm vulgar." Ed moved the hand that held the manuscript. The pages rustled. "She says—says people shun me like a leper. Make her change her mind, or—"

"What have I got to do with it?" I walked past my father and I looked up into Ed's swollen, bloodshot eyes. "If you think you're going to blackmail my father into making me marry you because you know some old secret—"

My father pushed me aside. "Let me take care of this." He addressed Ed in a gentle, placating manner. "Let's not kid ourselves, Ed. You and I, lad, we're playing for big stakes. Who would it help if the business was ruined? Who else is going to pay you twenty-five thousand a year?"

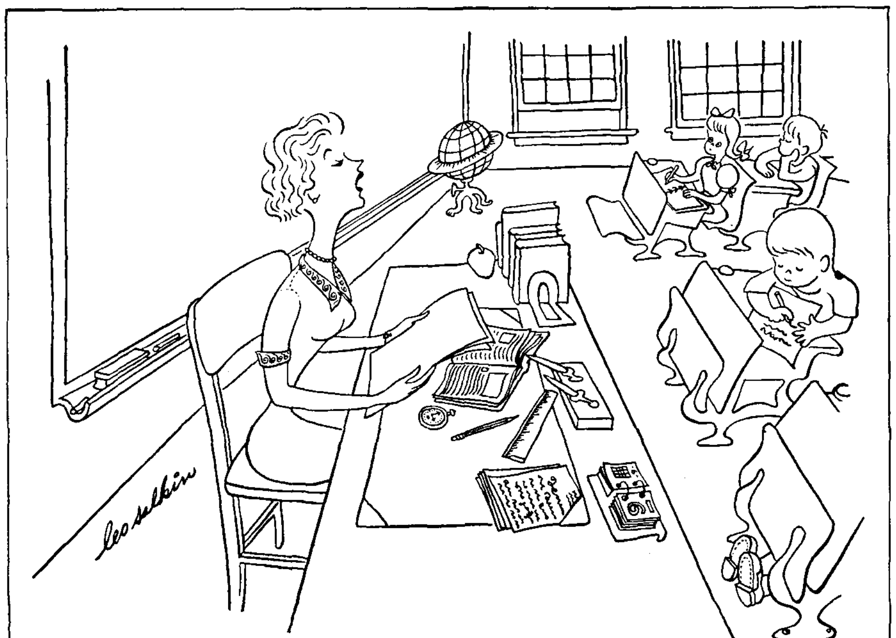
Ed's tongue crept around his lips slowly. "I have my plans."

My father nodded toward the yellow pages. "You're right, son, I made a promise. And I'm a man of my word."

Ed came toward me. Between my eyes and the lamp, Ed's silhouette had become malignant and unsubstantial, shadowy as the future, a prophecy of my tomorrows.

"No," I cried. "Tell him no, Father."

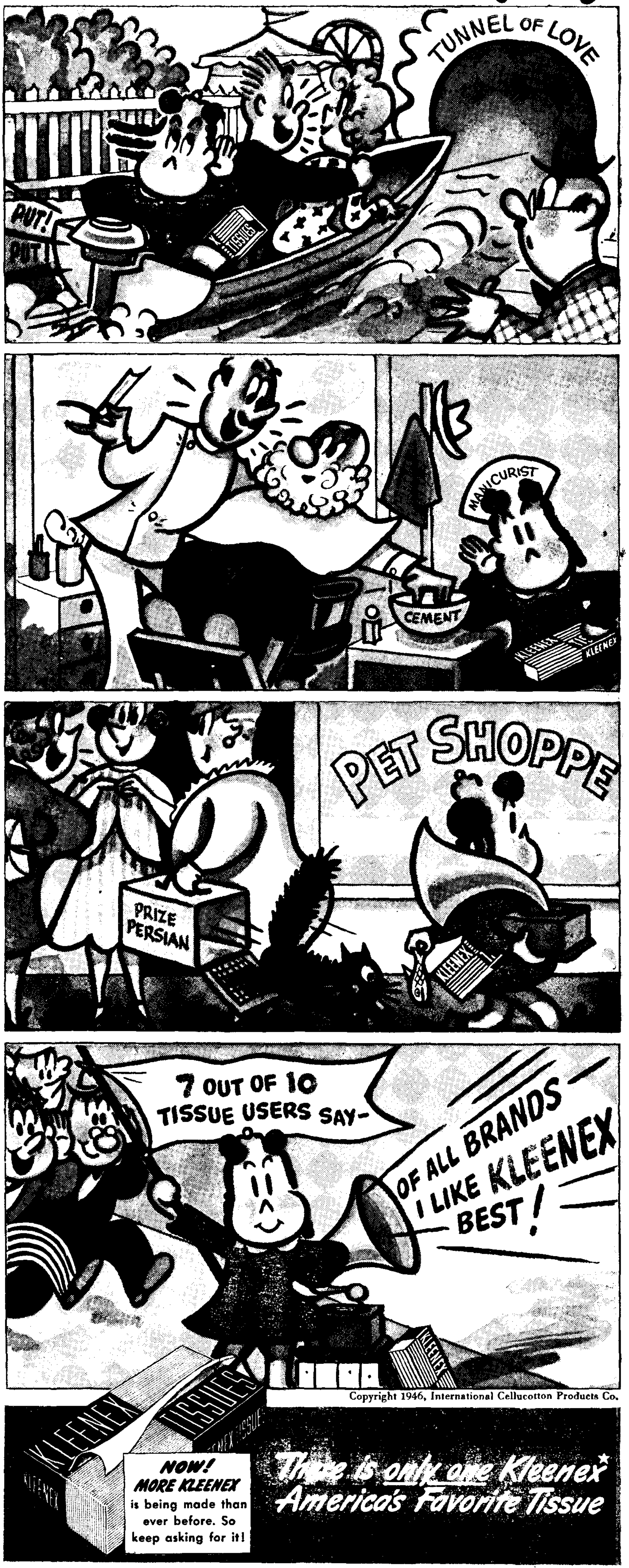
My father shook his head in warning. I was not to deny Ed Munn, not to laugh nor insult him. Ed was dangerous; he knew something, he knew the secret that Mr. Wilson had known, the shocking truth that threatened the security of Noble Barclay. That much I saw clearly. That fine confession that introduced his philosophy in My Life Is Truth was not then the entire story of my father's old sins. There was still mystery in his life, buried scandal, guarded shame that the apostle of Truth-Sharing could not con-



"C. C. D. A.!—C. C. D. A.!—C. C. D. A.!—and remember, children, C. C. D. A. means Christopher Columbus Discovered America! Yes, C. C. D. A. means Christopher Columbus Discovered America!"

COLLIER S LEO SALKIN

LITTLE LULU Gets An Earful by Marge



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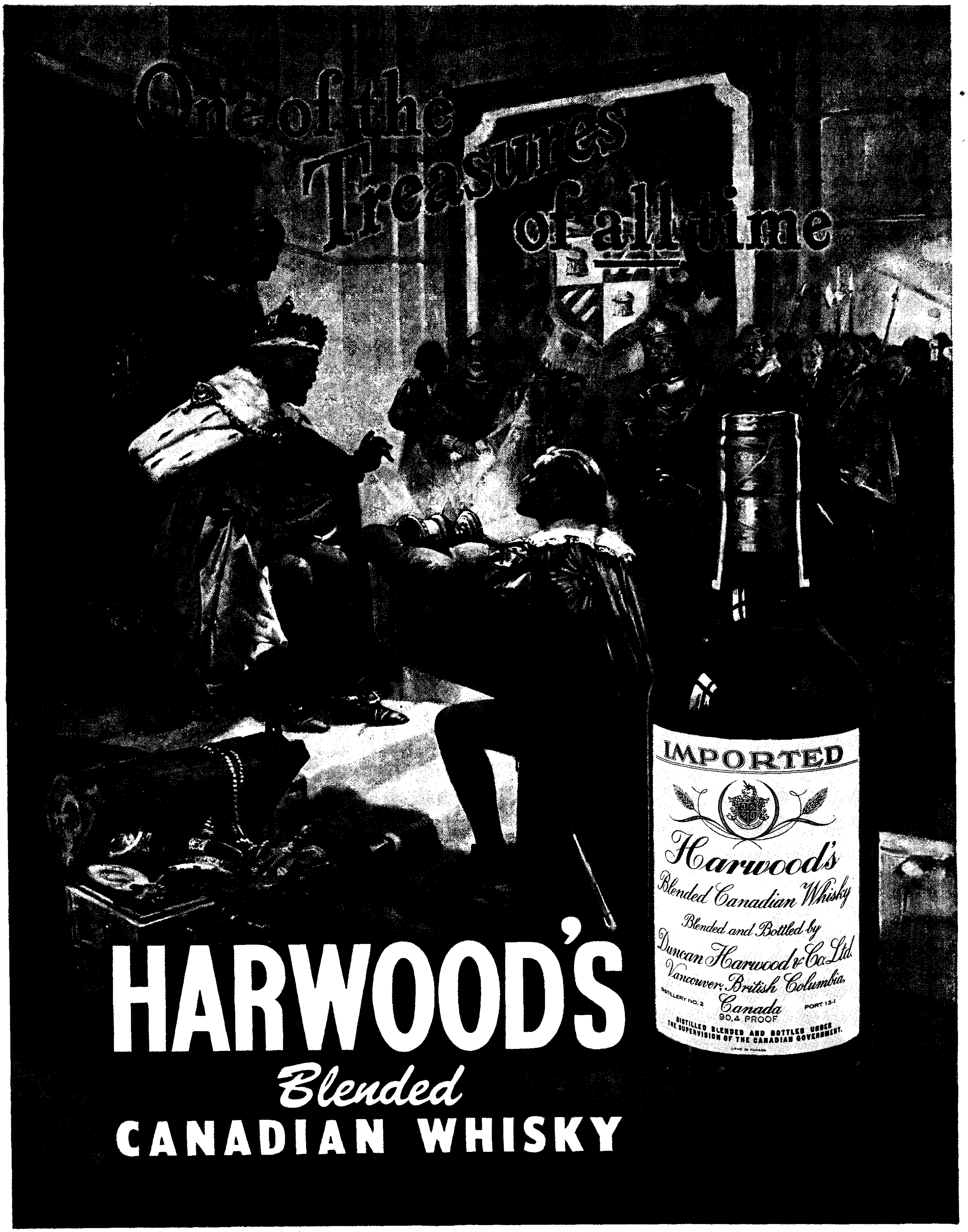
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fide to his loyal followers. A buried truth, a festering sore, a wound that had not been cleansed with the sharp, clean antiseptic of confession. My father was slave to a secret and I was to be made prisoner, too, bound and shackled to his ancient guilt.

Gently my father urged me toward him, raised my chin with his hand and looked down into my eyes. His voice was aggrieved as though his stubborn child had defied him. "My little girl, my own dear daughter won't forsake her father."

"I'll do nothing," I said, "until I know what this is all about."

The telephone rang. Its muted alarm shocked us out of the spell of self-absorption.

Father answered. "Yes," he said, "she's here."

"Is it for me?" I started toward the phone.

Ed blocked my way. "Ansell, I suppose."

There had been too much frustration that night. I could bear no more of it. My hand swung out. I heard the smack, felt swift pain flash through my hand, saw the red mark on Ed's cheek.

"You—you—" he spluttered. The rest of the epithet was lost in his throat.

Father stepped between us. "It was Ansell," he said. "He wanted you to know, Eleanor, that the police are on their way to Ed's place in Jackson Heights. He's wanted in connection with the murder of Lola Manfred . . ."

"YOU'LL have to get out of town," my father said. He had taken down the painting of the nude, and from the wall safe behind it removed an enormous roll of bills.

"Ten thousand," my father said and handed Ed the money.

He took it apathetically. His lack of greed surprised me. In the few minutes since Johnnie had called, Ed had grown smaller, older. "I didn't do it, so help me," he moaned.

These protestations went unheeded. Father did not seem to care whether Ed was innocent or guilty; he was interested only in getting Ed out of the state. Ed was to leave the building by the service exit, take the car which was parked outside, cross the George Washington Bridge into Jersey, drive to Philadelphia, leave the car, and take the first plane that was leaving for St. Louis, Memphis or New Orleans. He was to take the name James B. Thorpe. Father had a driver's license, state of California, all ready in James B. Thorpe's name. As Mr. Thorpe, Ed was to get transportation and a tourist card for travel in Mexico.

Father gave Ed the license, the car keys and the ten thousand. "You'll have about nine of it left by the time you get to Mexico. You can live like a king on it down there. In six months you get the tourist card renewed, and in a year I'll send you some more money in the name of Thorpe, General Delivery."

Father had changed, too. He was on top again, the boss, wielder of power.

"I don't want to go."

"Perhaps you'd prefer the electric chair," Father said.

"But I didn't do it."

"You must take me for a fool!" Father cried contemptuously.

Ed grimaced. "Whatever I did, Noble, I did for you."

"You went too far," Father said icily. "No one ever suggested violence. I asked you to get me something. Your methods were your own idea."

Ed moved forward. "Then why was a gun on your desk that day?"

My father left the room. When he came back, he was carrying Ed's hat and overcoat. With his pocketknife he ripped all the labels out of the coat and sliced three letters, E E M, out of the hat's sweatband.

By this time the police must have searched Ed's apartment in Jackson Heights. They would presently come here to look for him, for Edward Everett Munn was not only Noble Barclay's assistant but his best friend and a frequent guest in his home.

"Make it snappy, Ed."

"Why are you treating me like this?" Ed implored like a woman begging affection of a cold lover. "I'm doing this for you, giving up everything, my position, my place in the publishing world, everything I've worked for. The least you could do is show a little gratitude . . ."

I TURNED away. It was disgusting to witness such slavish fawning and cringing. My father was no more affected by the spectacle of human degradation than by Ed's pleas.

"Empty your pockets. Give me all your papers," he commanded.

"Why?"

"Don't be a damn' fool. Suppose the police stop and search you."

As though he were yielding a treasure, Ed handed Father a leather wallet, a pocket address book, a few letters with dog-eared corners. This did not satisfy Father. He searched Ed's pockets, removed a key case and the monogrammed cigarette box.

"Where's the manuscript?"

"Manuscript?" Ed pointed vaguely toward the ebony table.

"Come on, don't stall, give it to me."

"I haven't got it."

"Don't lie to me. I'm not going to let you get away with it. Suppose you were caught with it on you!" Father snapped.

Ed looked around blankly. "I put it down. It was there . . ."

"Hand it over, Ed."

Ed seemed dazed. Father lost patience and swung out at him. Astonished, Ed whimpered and backed away. My father struck again.

I pushed back in the steel chair, grasped the black cords of the seat. It was the only time in my life that I have ever watched men fight. Ordinarily I shrink from the sight of assault and cruelty. But this time I watched avidly. I gloated as my father's blows rained harder and faster.

Servility was a deeply ingrained habit. Ed showed little spirit in defending himself and struck out feebly against his master. When he crumpled and fell, it was like the collapse of a dummy.

The doorbell rang.

Father paid no attention. He knelt beside Ed, searching the lining of his coat, feeling for the manuscript.

The bell rang again.

"Better answer it, Eleanor. Stall them as long as you can," Father said.

Evidently the servants had awakened. I heard voices and footsteps in the kitchen. Gloria called down the stairs. I opened the door and saw Johnnie. I do not remember what I felt when I saw him, nor if I spoke a word of greeting before I fainted. All I remember is darkness and then the sudden pain of light, with Johnnie's arm tight about me and his anxious voice: "You all right, kid?"

I was all right then, secure in a world of solid people. Johnnie was there. Gloria had come down a few steps and was asking, petulantly, why no one had answered the bell. Hardy, the butler, in a black dressing gown and white silk scarf, hurried out of the dining room.

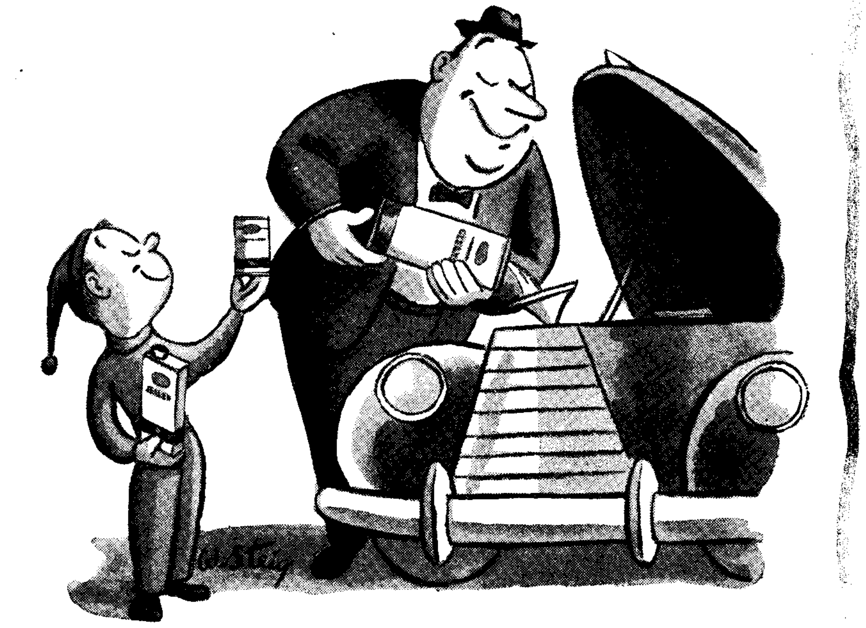
Father came out of the study. "Sorry you were disturbed," he said to Hardy. "Go back to bed."

To Gloria he called: "It's Eleanor's impetuous suitor, coming after her at this hour. Go back to bed, Lover."

"Come in, lad." Father led us to the study. This surprised me. In the circumstances I thought he would not want Johnnie to find Ed there.

The study was empty.

GET YOUR RADIATOR READY FOR WINTER



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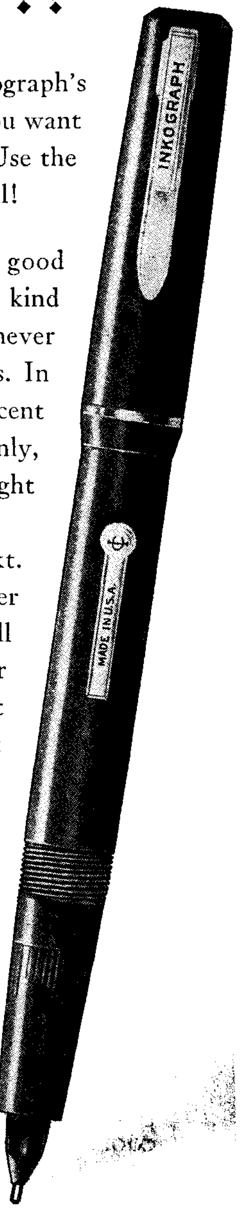


"Sit down, make yourself comfortable."

"I'm sorry if I disturbed everyone," Johnnie said, "but I thought Eleanor might be shocked at the news, so I came to call for her. Mind if I smoke?"

"Go right ahead. Make yourself at home. Why did you think Eleanor might be overcome at the news? She broke her engagement to him more than a year ago."

"Oh," said Johnnie.

In that evening of shocking revelation, nothing had shamed me more than Johnnie's startled glance when he learned that Ed Munn was the man I had once promised to marry.

JOHNNIE took a long time with his cigarette. "Just the same," he said evenly, "it must have been a shock to discover that someone so close to her father killed one of her friends. Did he kill Wilson, too?"

With his fine, swinging stride Father went to the desk. He pulled out the chair and seated himself, looking at us as if we had come to beg for jobs or a raise in pay. "What gives you that idea, lad?"

"I have my reasons."

"Reasons or suspicions?" Father had assumed his solid executive look. "I imagine you've confided those suspicions to your friends at the Detective Bureau—your old pals who gave you all those fine stories for Truth and Crime."

Johnnie had started to flick the ash off his cigarette. He stopped, stared at the crystal ash tray and flicked the ash on the carpet. "Not at all, Mr. Barclay. I haven't had enough proof."

"What did you tell them?" asked Father as nonchalantly as if he had been asking the address of Johnnie's tailor.

Johnnie smiled. "When I learned that Lola Manfred had been murdered—"

"Wasn't it suicide?" Father interrupted.

"There was a man with her last night. Neighbors heard them quarreling."

Father raised his eyebrows. "That happened rather frequently I suspect. Miss Manfred wasn't known as a celibate."

Heedless of Father's arguments, Johnnie went on, "I thought it was murder and called Captain Riordan to tell him he ought to investigate."

"Why did you do that? Had you some personal reason for getting involved in this case?"

Ignoring the question, Johnnie said, "Captain Riordan not only found evidence that Miss Manfred had a visitor last night, but certain identification."

"Of Ed?" I asked.

Father scowled at me.

Johnnie said, "It was lucky I went with Riordan to Lola's apartment, although I'd have been able to name the guy later when I read about it in the papers. Still, we got the jump on him that way—"

"What evidence, Ansell?"

Johnnie picked up the ash tray and carried it to the desk. I came and looked at it, too. There were two of my rouge-stained stubs in it.

"You don't mean to get Eleanor mixed up in this, do you?" Father said.

"Eleanor's mixed up in it already, and it's not my fault. Look into that ash tray, Mr. Barclay."

In the ash tray, beside my reddened stubs, there was loose ash, a residue of unsmoked tobacco and two minute balls of crumpled cigarette paper.

"One of your best friends doesn't believe that cigarette stubs should be left around. He thinks they taint the air, that it's not good for the health," Johnnie said. He picked up a couple of grains of tobacco and smelled it. "Turkish. Just like the Turkish tobacco found in the ash trays at Lola's. As soon as I saw those little balls of cigarette paper I was able to tell Riordan the name of Lola's visitor. Apparently he's been here, too, this evening."

A sudden gust of wind blew open the door of the terrace. A chill entered the room. On Fifth Avenue a siren wailed.

"I told Captain Riordan that when he picks up this cautious connoisseur of Turkish tobacco not to use the verb 'look', if he means listen."

The siren's echo died and I wondered whether I had actually heard it, or whether it was a whim of my strained imagination. Out of the mists clouding my mind, I heard Johnnie's voice: ". . . and I keep wondering what connection there was between Munn and Lola Manfred, and between Lola and Warren G. Wilson. Do you know, Mr. Barclay?"

My father shook his head. The movement was weary and without conviction.

The doorbell rang.

"Probably the police," Johnnie said. "Looking for Munn. Was he here when I phoned the news? Damn it, I didn't think of that until afterward."

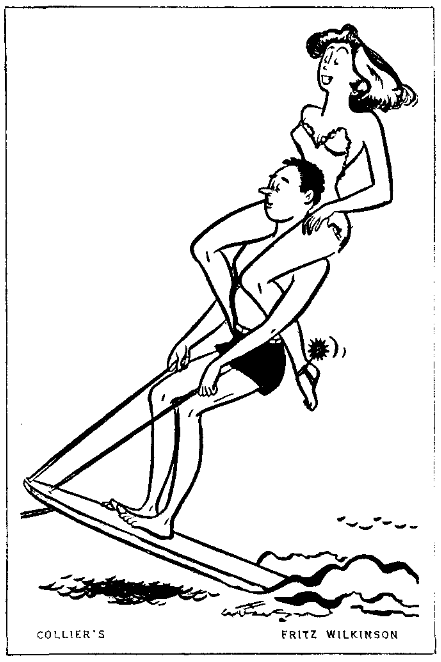
Father stood up. "Take her home, John. Get her out of here."

"The police may want to question her."

"I'll take care of that, I'll take all responsibility. Take her home, son."

Johnnie wheeled around. "Well, Eleanor?"

"I'm tired. Please take me home."



Father was pleased. "Use the service elevator. It's self-operated. Go straight to the basement. There's a corridor that will take you to Madison Avenue."

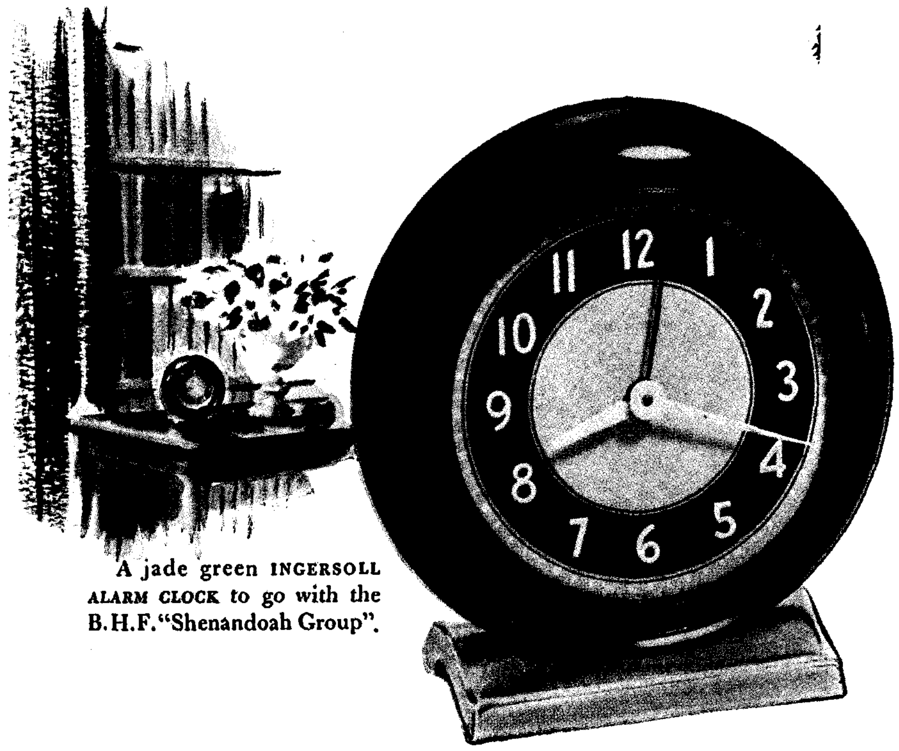
"Is that how Munn left?" Johnnie asked.

The bell rang again.

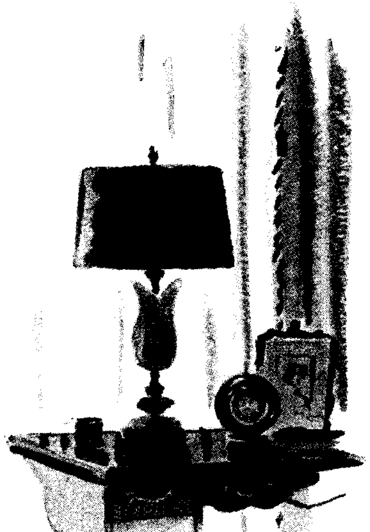
My father went to fetch my coat but I rushed ahead, pushed past him in the hall and jerked my coat out of his hands. Father tried to hold it for me but I pulled away from him and from Johnnie, too. I would not let either of them near me until I had my coat on; and on the drive home I held my coat tight around me, hugging myself with both arms, because I did not want anyone, not even Johnnie, to know I had the manuscript hidden in the inside pocket.

IN THOSE first terrified moments after Johnnie had telephoned to tell me that Ed was wanted by the police, while my father made preparations for Ed's escape, and Ed clung with bloodless hands to the arm of the couch, I had taken the manuscript from the low ebony table. While they fought, while my father struck blow after blow, while Ed lay crumpled and whimpering on the carpet, I had the manuscript tucked behind me in the armchair. And when the doorbell rang and I hurried to answer it, I stopped to hide the manuscript in the pocket of my coat lining.

I did not know at this time what the manuscript revealed but I heard and



A jade green INGERSOLL ALARM CLOCK to go with the B.H.F. "Shenandoah Group".



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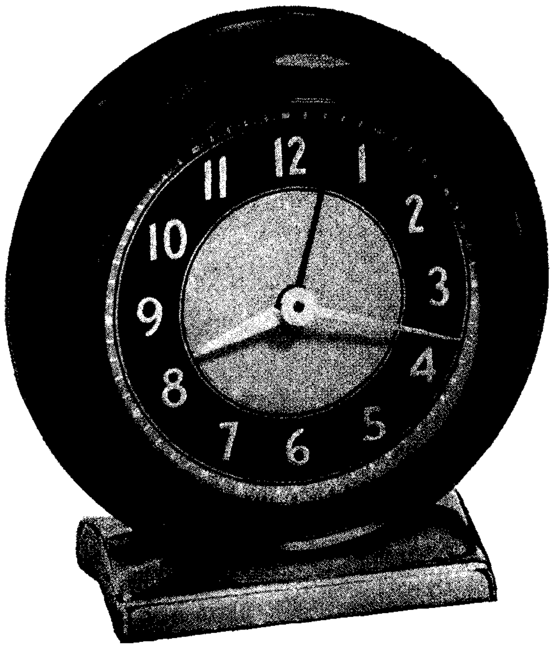

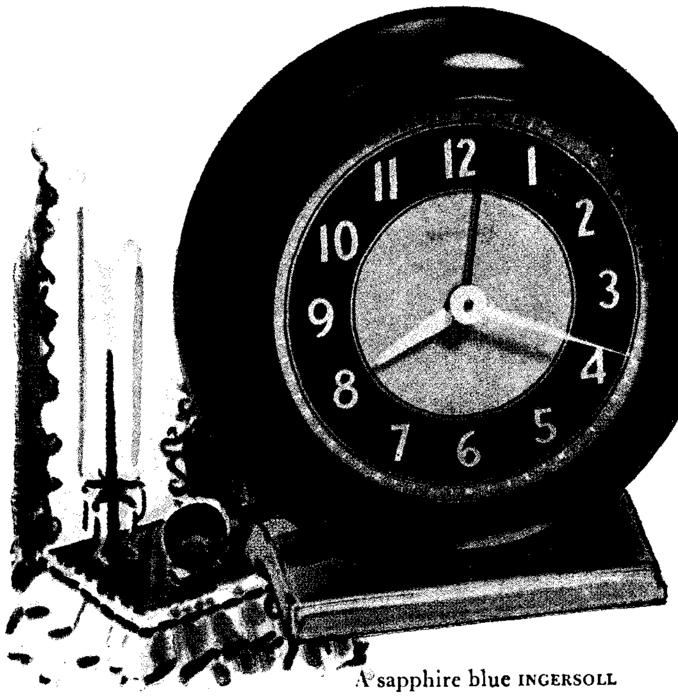

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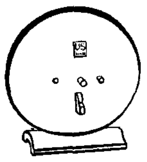
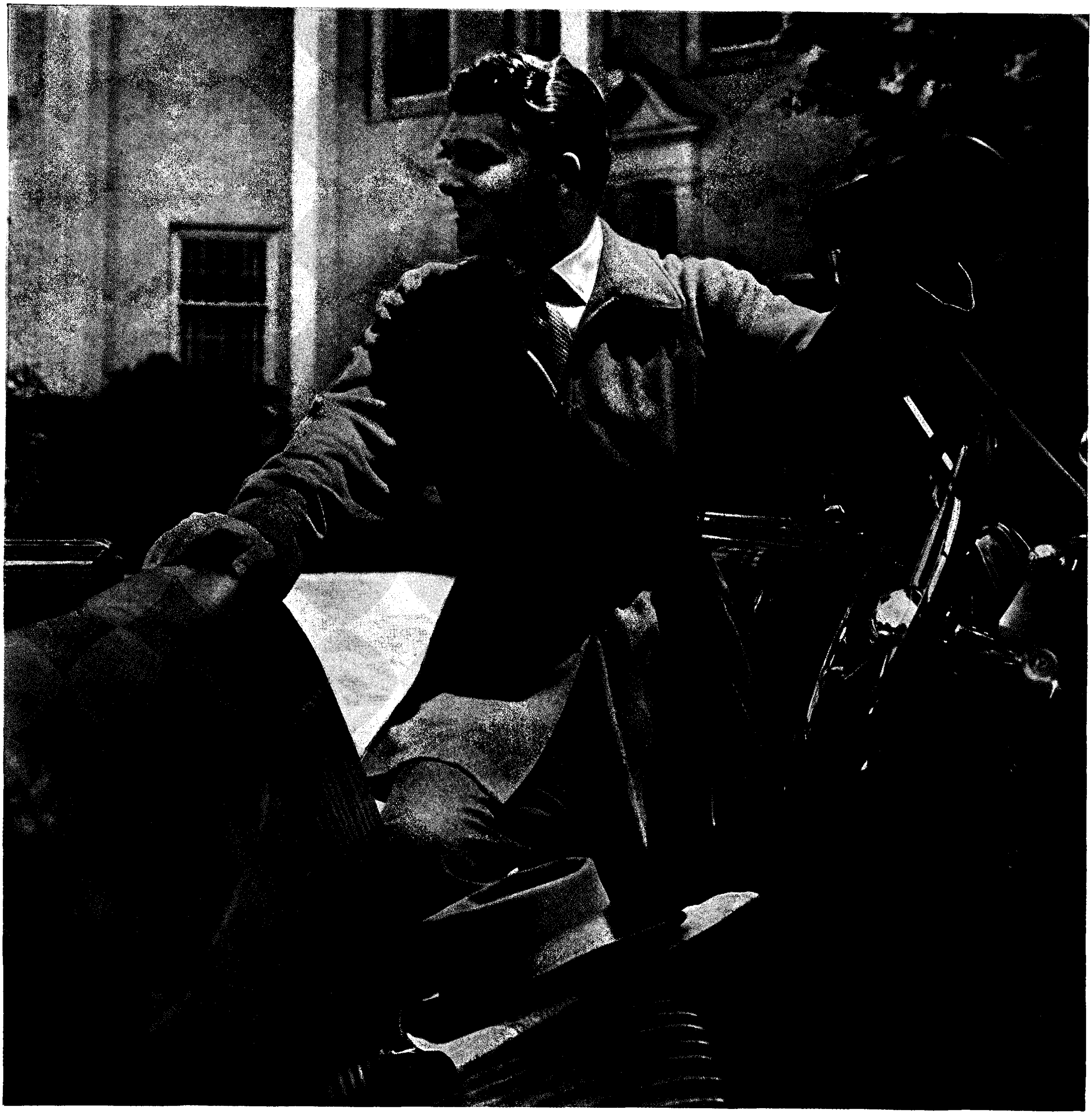


(Back View)

THE UNITED STATES TIME CORPORATION
International Building, Rockefeller Center, New York

US TIME



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$175 jacket or $2.95 jacket, the Talon slide fastener adds extra value to each

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THE QUALITY SLIDE FASTENER

saw enough to realize that it was dangerous. I had learned that night of murder and treachery, I had been shocked, hurt and disillusioned but I followed an instinct that urged the protection of my father. It was the old habit—loyalty.

"He brought her roses," Johnnie said when we were in the taxi.

My thoughts had been on other things, and I must have seemed very stupid when I asked, "Who brought roses? Where?"

"Lola. There was an unopened box in her living room. Twelve American beauties. Just like the flowers that sent her into a tantrum yesterday."

"No, Johnnie, it's impossible. She loathed him and he detested her."

"Do you remember the name of the florist on the boxes that came to the office?"

They were always the same, American beauties, a round dozen, long-stemmed, unimaginative and expensive. G. Botticelli, the Personal Florist. But Ed Munn! In my wildest dreams I could never conceive of such a romance.

When we reached the apartment, I gave my pocketbook to him and he found the key. He opened the door, turned on the lights and tried to help me with my coat. I pulled away sulkily and sat down, holding my coat tight about me.

CONSIDER THE SOURCE

One thing that is sure to
annoy you
As almost no other thing
does
Is being described as a has-
been
By someone who never was.
—Richard Armour

"What a peevish wench. I guess it's because you're worn out."

"Please don't be angry, Johnnie."

"Did you ask your father why he told me he believed you were mixed up in Wilson's murder?"

"Not tonight, please. I'm exhausted. Will you fix me a drink, a triple highball with lots of ice and practically no soda?"

The drink was an excuse to get him into the kitchen. When I heard him running water over the ice trays I stole into my bedroom, hid the manuscript between the box spring and the mattress and hung up my coat.

Johnnie spent the night. He thought someone ought to be with me in case the police came. After he had tucked me in and kissed me he made up an uncomfortable bed for himself on the living-room couch. As soon as I heard his steady breathing and decided that he was sleeping, I closed the door between our rooms, wrapped myself in an Angora shawl and, smoking cigarette after cigarette, I read the manuscript.

When I had finished, I put it away carefully in an inlaid box, locked it with the silver key, restored the box to the cupboard in the linen closet and hid both keys in the pocket of my plaid coat.

I opened the window wide to get the smell of tobacco out of my room, turned out the light and crept into bed. Under two wool blankets and a quilted comforter I shivered. A chill had settled in my bones. If Mr. Wilson were still alive, I should have doubted the history of Homer Peck.

I woke with a start. The blackness around me was broken suddenly by brightness as searing as pain. Johnnie stood beside the bed, with a blanket wrapped around him.

"What is it, Eleanor? What's wrong, honey?"

I was crying and trembling. The comfort and two blankets had slipped to the floor and I was stiff with cold.

Johnnie covered me again, sat on the edge of the bed, took me in his arms. "Why are you so frightened? A nightmare?"

I spoke weakly. "There was a man, he was carrying me, it must have been a mountain pass. It was worse than that, it was . . ." But the anguish had faded. I could not remember clearly. "He carried me to the edge and threw me over." For a split second the dream's exquisite terror returned. I shuddered out of Johnnie's embrace.

He warmed milk for me, brought a hot-water bag. When I was soothed and comfortable, he returned to his couch.

When Johnnie woke in the morning he found me bathed, brushed and combed, rouge on my lips, a yellow ribbon in my hair and a starched apron over my best housecoat. The kitchen smelled of bacon and coffee.

Johnnie kissed the back of my neck. "You look a lot better. Sleep well?"

We were having second cups of coffee when the bell rang. Johnnie set his cup down hard upon the saucer. "I wish we'd had a chance to talk," he said, "but you were so nervous last night."

"I'm all right now. I can take it."

He pushed the button that opened the safety latch downstairs. "Look, kid, tell the whole truth, no matter what. Half the truth isn't any good, half the truth's the same as a lie." Then he opened the door.

TALL and straight, self-possessed, handsome, bringing the fresh air of December morning into my overheated room, Father marched past Johnnie, kissed me and said, "Good morning," as casually as if an early call were part of the daily program.

"Good morning, Father. We're just having breakfast. Would you like a cup of coffee?"

"My dear girl!" His anguish suggested that I had made some immoral proposal.

"Milk?"

He nodded, shook hands with Johnnie, took off his overcoat, looked the room over and chose the love seat. To Johnnie he said, "Captain Riordan wanted to talk to her last night but I told him she'd collapsed. He'll see her today."

I lit a cigarette. My hand trembled.

"I wish you wouldn't smoke so much. It makes you nervous," Father said. "They want to talk to you too, John. They want to find out if you knew Munn was with us when you phoned last night. I told them I didn't know."

Father's eyes roved, took in the table set for two and the couch with the blankets and sheets.

"I stayed last night. Eleanor was nervous," Johnnie explained.

Father nodded. "He's a good lad, Eleanor. There's nothing that makes a woman so happy as a thoughtful man. You're a lucky girl. But I wish you wouldn't let her smoke so much, John. You see how nervous it makes her."

"It's not smoking that makes me nervous."

"I'd like a word or two alone with her, lad," Father said.

"Okay." Johnnie picked up his coat and hat. "I'll get the papers. Want me to come back, Eleanor?"

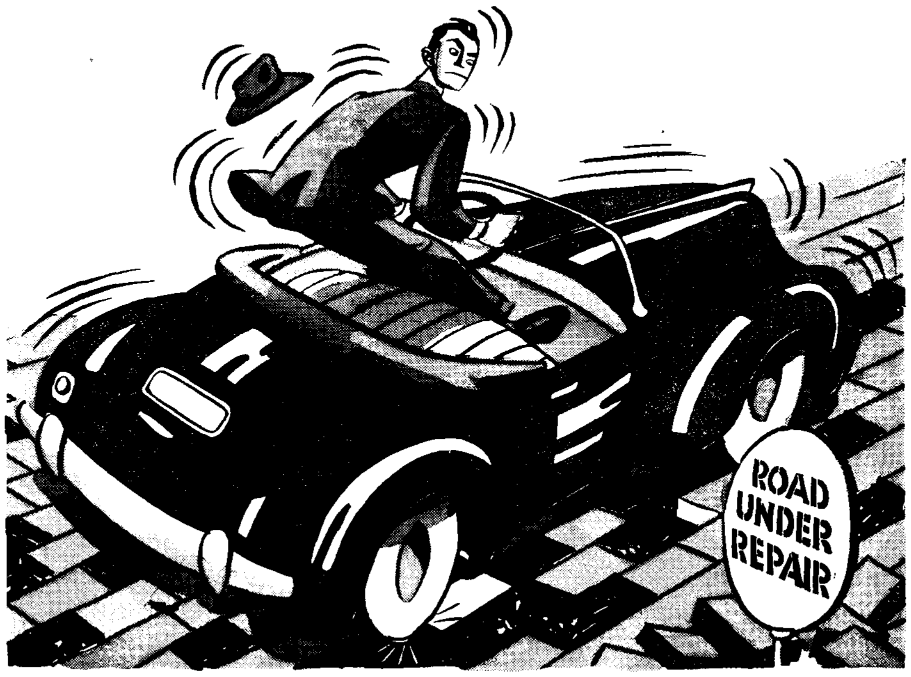
"Please come back."

"A fine lad," my father said as the door closed behind Johnnie.

"What happened to Ed, Father? Did he get away?"

Father was no longer handsome, no longer radiant nor young. The lines deepened along his mouth, the cheekbones protruded like rocky knobs below sunken eyes. I saw again the cruel peaks, the tormented paths, the endless precipice and the face of the man in my nightmare.

"What did you tell the police? You must have told them that Ed was there



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if they asked about Johnnie's knowing it."

"Eleanor—"

"What did you tell them?"

"My own daughter, my eldest, my favorite."

"How did he get away?" I persisted. "When I left the study to answer the doorbell, he was almost unconscious. Did he also go by the service elevator or was he hiding on the terrace? I noticed the door—I was afraid—"

Father sighed.

"They're going to ask me what happened, Father. What shall I tell them?"

"You know nothing," he said, articulating carefully like a man who has been ill and is just recovering the power of speech. "You left the study; Ed was there with me. You went to the front hall, opened the door, greeted John, stopped to chat, probably to kiss him or let him kiss you—"

"I fainted."

"No need to bring that up. They'd ask a lot of fool questions. I told them you'd stopped for a little conversation or love-making, about five minutes, I said. I went out to see what was taking you so long and Ed disappeared. That's what I told them."

In my dream the night had been darker than death. I had tried to call for help but I had no voice. He had carried me to the edge of the precipice and I had known his intentions, but I could not cry out for help because the man had been my father.

After a little while I said, "You didn't find the manuscript, did you?"

"How do you know?"

"I know." My smile was mocking.

"Where is it?" He waited but I did not answer. He caught hold of my wrists, jerked me toward him. "Eleanor—daughter—"

I tried to escape but his hands tightened. I tried again to pull free but the pressure increased and I was afraid that his hands would break my wrists. Closing my eyes, shutting out the cruel brilliance of his glance, I saw again the jutting rocks, the nightmare road, the precipice. . . .

* * *

By John Miles Ansell

It was Saturday morning. In the tabloids Lola Manfred had become headline news. "Greenwich Village Poetess Believed Slain."

I read about it in a drugstore on Eighth Avenue and University Place. I drank two cups of alleged coffee and learned that the police were seeking a man believed to have been with Miss Manfred the night of her death. No paper named Edward Everett Munn.

Eleanor had wanted me out of the way while she talked to her father. I hadn't needed any special lenses nor an improved hearing device to perceive that she was hiding something from me. Before she went to bed she had been nervous and later the nightmare had almost paralyzed her. She thought she had fooled me, but I knew she kept her light on and rattled papers for an hour after she pretended to be asleep.

For twenty minutes I dallied in the drugstore. Finally I bought three packs of cigarettes and started back. As I turned the corner, a long black sedan stopped in front of the remodeled brick house where Eleanor lived.

It was a police car. Riordan got out. "Just the man I want to see," he said.

The vestibule was three steps down. On one wall were mailboxes and brass-bordered cards printed with the tenants' names. Riordan gave the cards the once-over but did not immediately ring Eleanor's bell.

"When you called Barclay last night, did you know Munn was there?" he asked.

"I didn't call Barclay. I was trying to locate Miss Barclay."

"You weren't sure you'd find her at her father's?"

"No. I called here first but she wasn't at home. So I took a chance and called her father."

"He says you didn't talk to her."

"I asked for her but he seemed unwilling to call her to the phone. So I let him have it."

"What do you mean, let him have it?"

"The news that his assistant, his supervising editor, his best friend had committed murder."

"We're not sure of that," Riordan said.

"What the hell!"

"All the evidence we have is some tobacco and a couple of wads of cigarette paper."

"What about the flowers? Did C. Botticelli know Munn? Had he bought her flowers there before?"

"Doesn't prove Munn killed her," Riordan said.

"Have you picked him up yet?"

"He's scrammed."

"Doesn't that prove something?" I asked. "He knew you were after him and he skipped."

"Did you know he was at Barclay's when you phoned?"

"Hell," I said. "If I'd wanted to cover up for the guy, would I have shown you the evidence in the ash trays? You could spend forty years, Riordan, looking for a man who gets rid of his stubs that way. If I hadn't given you his name, would you have guessed that Munn had called on Lola that night?"

"Miss Barclay's your girl friend, isn't she?"

"We're going to be married."

"Maybe that's why you are so anxious to let her know that the other guy, the ex-boy friend, was mixed up with the Manfred dame?"

"Are you suggesting that I gave you the dope on Munn because I was jealous? Because I wanted him out of the way?"

"Could be."

"Nuts to that."

"When you got to Barclay's place last night, who opened the door?"

"Miss Barclay."

The answer must have checked with Barclay's story. Riordan nodded. "How long did you two stay out in the hall together?"

"Three or four minutes. When she saw me she fainted."

"Fainted? Barclay didn't mention it."

"Why do you ask me that? Was Munn supposed to have made his getaway while I was in the hall with Eleanor?"

"That's Barclay's story. Munn was supposed to have been in that room, the looney one that looks like the reception room of an asylum, with Barclay and the girl. You rang the bell. She went to open the door and was gone quite a while so Barclay went to see why. While he was gone, Munn took a powder."

"The hell you say!"

"Barclay thinks he slipped down the back way. There's a self-operated service elevator and a corridor in the basement that goes clear to Madison Avenue."

"I know. That's how Eleanor and I left."

"You did, huh? Why?"

I wondered. Barclay had been so urgent and Eleanor so eager that I had not stopped to ask questions. To Riordan I said, "It was when you came. Eleanor was exhausted and her father thought she'd better rest before she talked to you. He suggested the service elevator."

Riordan pushed the button beside the slot with Eleanor's calling card. A buzzer sounded. The latch clicked open.

Riordan pushed past me and started up the stairs. On the landing above we heard a door open.

(To be concluded next week)

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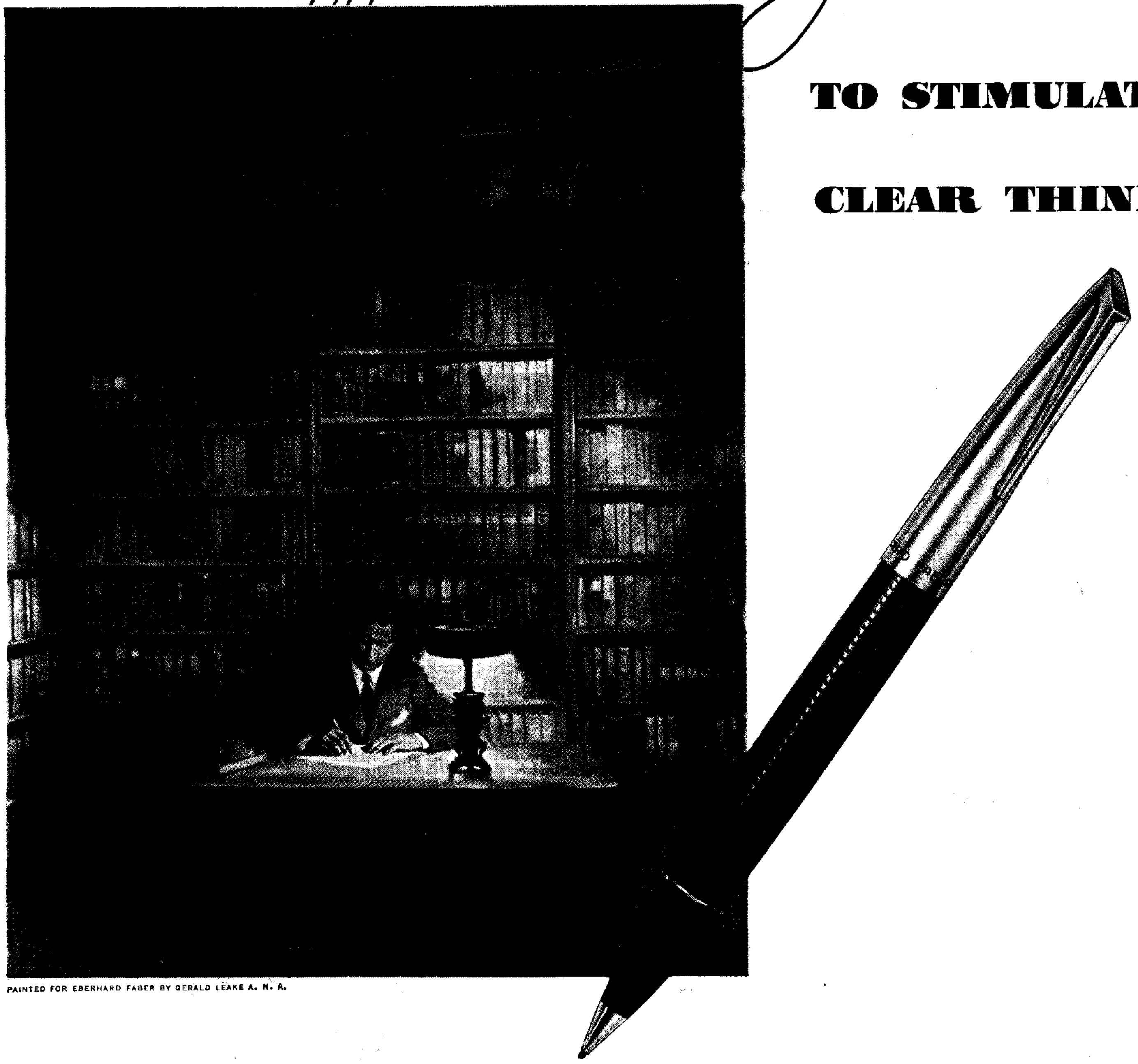

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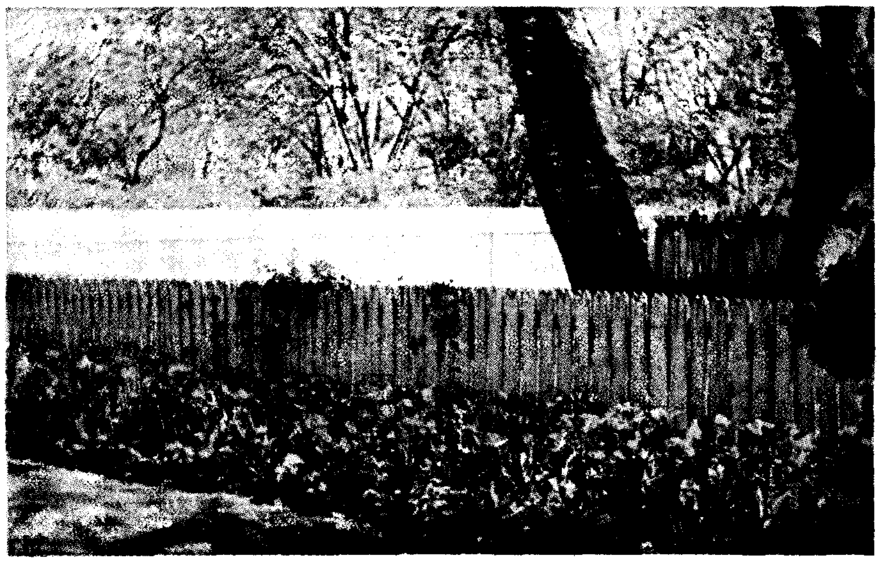

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HOLLAND WISHES YOU A LOVELIER SPRING!

MONTGOMERY'S QUARREL WITH EISENHOWER

Continued from page 13

the end, if this went on, there would be no divisions left for a later stand on the Seine.

Montgomery reminded Churchill of the plan which had been agreed upon in March. Well, then, here was the plan in operation. Let the newspapers and critics hold their hands for a moment and they would see a victory.

Convinced, Churchill returned to England and passed on what had been said to Eisenhower. The Supreme Commander, if not exactly happy, was also inclined to put his trust in Montgomery, and from this moment until the closing of the gap at Falaise, Eisenhower loyally confirmed Montgomery's control.

The controversy might have ended here but for the appearance of several popular postwar books in America. Captain Harry C. Butcher in his My Three Years with Eisenhower reports that in June, 1944, at SHAEF there were constant complaints at the slowness of Montgomery, who "waited so long (at Caen) that two Panzer divisions were drawn against him." This is set in contrast to Bradley's rapid progress on the right flank. Again, under the date of July 20th, Captain Butcher says, "Tedder says the British Chiefs of Staff would support any recommendation Ike might care to make with respect to Montgomery for not succeeding in going places with his big three-armored-division push (again near Caen)."

It seems incredible (especially as Captain Butcher was Eisenhower's chief aide at the time) that the SHAEF commanders could have had no notion of Montgomery's plan or that they could not have perceived that Montgomery was doing precisely what he had said he would do—attract the German armor to Caen so that Bradley could break out on the right flank.

Mr. Ralph Ingersoll, an American journalist who was attached to Bradley's staff, also wrote a book, Top Secret, which was published in 1946. He, too, makes the astonishing assertion that "Montgomery failed at Caen." He appears to believe (and the view was given wide currency in America) that the plan was *for the British and Canadians to* break out of Caen toward Paris, and that when this failed a dangerous stalemate developed. It is also suggested that at this point (in July) the strategy had to be changed: The feeble British were left behind at Caen while the Americans opened up an entirely new salient on the right.

As we now know from the officially published documents, the role of the British at this stage was never to break out and the strategy was never changed. The plan as laid down by Montgomery in March, 1944, was followed to the letter and with overwhelming success. Very deliberately the British with their staying powers were set to attract and meet the great bulk of the German armor in a slogging match around Caen, while the Americans with their marvelous equipment, their mobility and their ardor for quick movement were given the fast-riding role in the west at St. Lô.

However, at the time, Montgomery's plan was going ahead.

On July 25th the Americans started their breakout through St. Lô. From there, they were to race on to Paris, the Seine and eastern France. It was the end. It was also probably the last of the classic land battles ever to be seen or endured in Europe.

Montgomery had made good his word a hundred times over. The plan had been pure gold. He had fought his greatest battle. And now he was entirely master of the battlefield, and the road led on directly to the final *coup de grâce*.

It was at this point in August that Eisenhower sent word that Montgomery must step down. He must revert to the minor command of the two British armies while Eisenhower himself took up the operational direction in the field. To Montgomery the news could hardly be other than bitterly disappointing; a humiliating blow that took the edge off the whole victory.

It was a difficult moment for everybody. Eisenhower had done nothing which had not been prearranged. It had been accepted *from the first that he* was the Supreme Commander and that he must one day cross over to France and gather up the reins himself. There was no discourtesy and certainly no jealousy in the manner in which he took over the operational command; indeed he made it clear that Montgomery's future advice on the general conduct of the war would hold high priority.

To Eisenhower it seemed that he had no choice. There were now five American armies deployed as against two British. The American generals (let alone Congress and the American public) were wholly unwilling to continue under Montgomery's command—it was a slur on their own ability. Moreover an Allied Headquarters had been created to meet this very situation, and Montgomery was not the man who had been nominated by Britain as the second in command. That position had been given to Air Marshal Tedder. If Montgomery continued to supplant Eisenhower and Tedder, there would be an outcry in the United States press and Parliament.

To Montgomery these arguments were not conclusive. He had won a great victory. He had demonstrated a skill which had brought the Allies overwhelming success. Surely he was entitled to follow up that success. It was inefficient and dangerous to change horses in midstream.

As for the American press, Montgomery argued, this point was of no account. *Victories were the only thing that mattered, not public opinion.*

Disagree on Tactics

These two points of view were already irreconcilable enough, but something much more insoluble intervened. Supreme headquarters and Montgomery were radically opposed on the actual tactics of the campaign as it should be fought from the Seine onward.

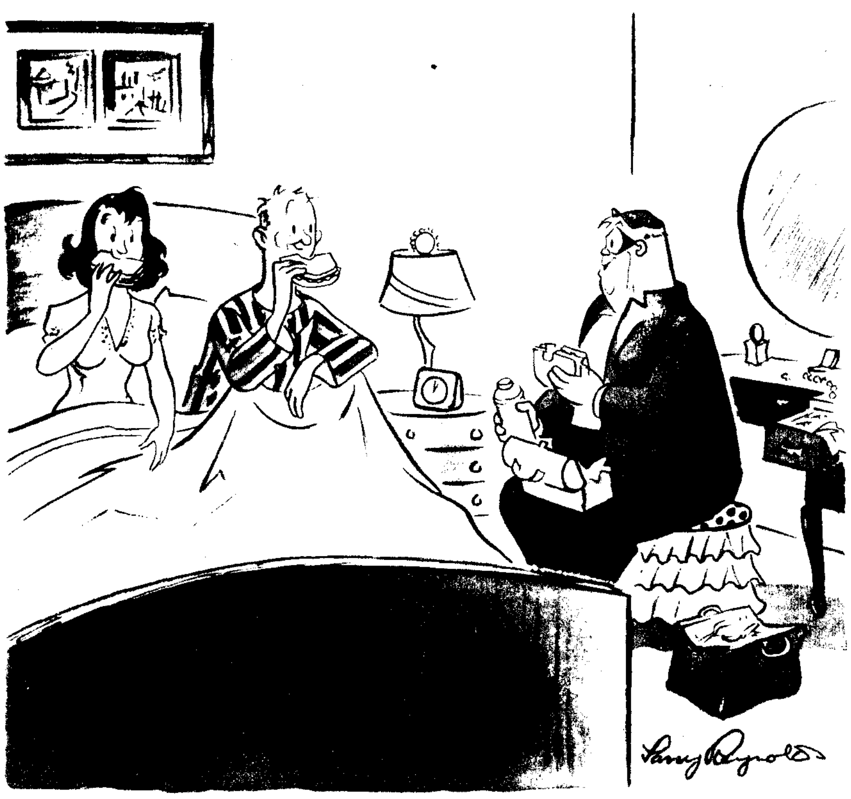
Montgomery believed that the moment had come to throw Germany out of the war with one bold and decisive stroke. Given some forty divisions, or about a million men, and the cream of the air force, he was confident he could make one major thrust along the northern coast of Europe, enter the Ruhr and bring Germany to surrender. To do this he estimated that the Allies would have to halt on the right (in central France) and divert all priorities in gasoline, vehicles and other equipment to the northern column. Indeed, with that plan in view he had already ordered Bradley to seize Paris, plug the gap between Paris and Orléans and then stop.

Supreme headquarters strongly disagreed. One could not leave all France behind and expose a flank hundreds of miles in length. The thrust could never be maintained. It was absolutely necessary to capture first a large supply port on the North Sea. All the armies (there were now seven) must move up to the Rhine together.

Montgomery protested that this would mean that the war would drag on for months; that if we presented a long thin front to the enemy then Rundstedt would hold it off and we would be nowhere strong enough to break it. Now in August was the moment when he was unable to withstand one concentrated blow.

The arguments swayed back and forth through correspondence and subordinates and were continued in a painful meeting between Eisenhower and Montgomery themselves in Montgomery's caravan. Montgomery would not and Eisenhower could not back down. And so it came to a matter of the senior man

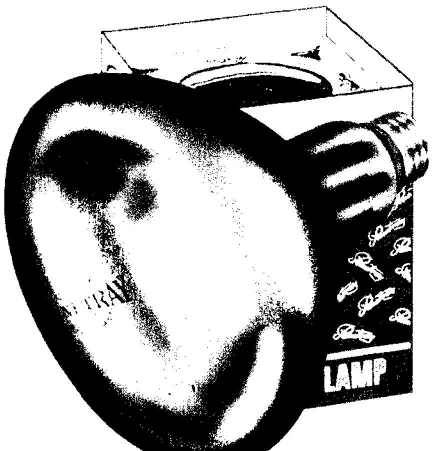
BUTCH **by LARRY REYNOLDS**



"Oh, it's nothin', really. Maw always makes extra when I go on late jobs"

COLLIER'S

Golly Ned...
LOOK!



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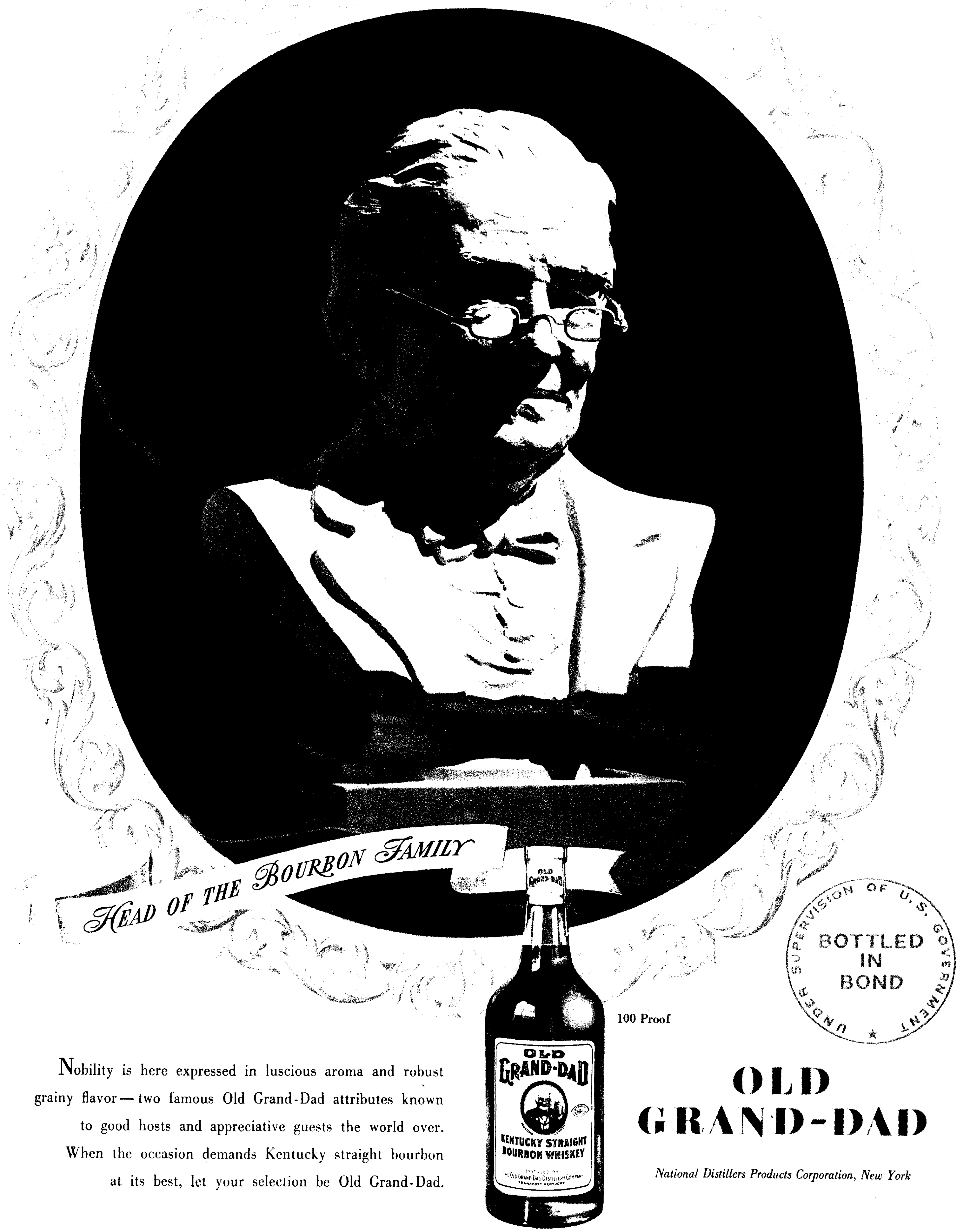
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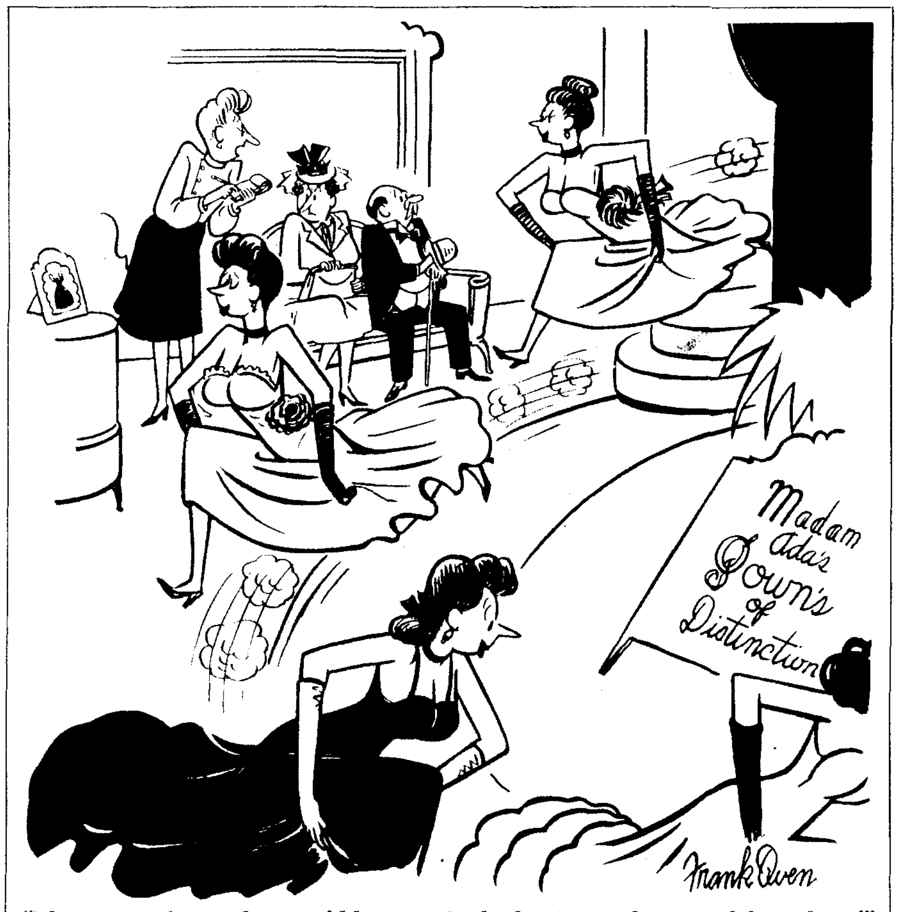
National Distillers Products Corporation, New York exerting his authority. Montgomery has summed up the issue himself:

"The Supreme Commander came to the decision that we should not at this stage stick out our neck in one single thrust deep into enemy territory, owing to our lack of major deep-water ports. The line of communications still stretched to the Normandy beaches and Cherbourg peninsula and the autumn weather was close upon us. He therefore decided that the early opening up of deep-water ports and the improvement of our maintenance facilities were prerequisites to the final assault on Germany proper. He directed that our immediate aim should be the establishment of bridges over the Rhine throughout its entire length, and that we should not go beyond this until Antwerp or Rotterdam could be opened."

Montgomery went off obediently enough to clean up the deep-water port of Antwerp. No personal animosity remained between him and Eisenhower. They had disagreed on a technical level, but each continued to respect the integrity and honesty of the other. Courtiers about the High Command whispered little stories and made the disagreement fester in secret, but Eisenhower and Montgomery reached across their heads and, for the time being, agreed to disagree. And it was at this moment that the British Cabinet made the somewhat obvious but acceptable gesture of creating Montgomery a field marshal.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Frank Owen

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COLLIER'S FRANK OWEN

Eisenhower assumed the field command of the armies on September 1st and at once put his own plan into operation. He countermanded Montgomery's instructions that Bradley should halt at Paris and urged all the armies forward to the Rhine together. Bradley was elevated to equal status with Montgomery as the commander of an army group.

Not one but two main thrusts were to be directed at Germany—one by Bradley and Patton aimed south of Paris toward the Saar and the other by Montgomery in the north through Belgium and Holland to the lower Rhine.

It is interesting to follow the correspondence between Eisenhower and Montgomery from this point onward.

On September 4th, Montgomery wrote to Eisenhower stressing his opposition to the SHAEF plan. He reiterated that we would be nowhere strong enough to get decisive results quickly, the Germans would thus be given time to recover and we would become involved in a long winter campaign.

Again Montgomery asserted that there must be under Eisenhower a land force commander who would co-ordinate the armies and keep close up with the battle. The face of modern war was such, he argued, that a battle could very quickly get out of hand unless some one commander was able to give his sole and undivided attention to it. Eisenhower himself was already involved with too many problems: political, international, financial, governmental. Therefore, let Eisenhower have an Army C-in-C just as he already had an Air and a Navy C-in-C.

The letter can hardly have made agreeable reading to the soldiers at SHAEF. But Montgomery appended a startling suggestion. "If," he said, "I am not suitable for the appointment of C-in-C in the field, let Bradley have the job."

It was an offer which was kept secret at the time and has never been published since. Montgomery pressed it strongly. Not once, but a number of times, and in writing, he offered to serve under Bradley, who was his junior both in rank and in reputation. Since the Americans had so many more soldiers than the British, he wrote, it was only reasonable that the appointment should go to an American. At all events let *someone* be appointed.

Eisenhower's immediate reply to this was: "No. British public opinion would never stand it." And, no doubt, he was right.

On September 5th, Eisenhower issued the following order from Granville: "12 Army Group (American) will capture the Saar and the Frankfurt area. 21 Army Group (British and Canadian) will capture the Ruhr and Antwerp."

Montgomery replied with repeated telegrams saying it was not possible to carry out these orders. 21 Army Group was not strong enough. SHAEF was completely out of touch with the realities of the situation.

On September 15th, Eisenhower followed up his orders with a letter to Montgomery saying, "We shall soon have captured the Ruhr, and the Saar and the Frankfurt area, and I would like your views as to what we should do next."

Montgomery received this letter at a time when he was fighting increasing resistance on the Leopold Canal and other lines. He replied that he saw no chance of capturing the Ruhr *or* the Saar *or* the Frankfurt area unless the command and the strategy were reorganized in what he considered a more professional way.

However, an order was an order and Montgomery proceeded with his attack toward the lower Rhine.

With the aid of three airborne divisions the British were asked first to seize bridgeheads at Grave, Nijmegen and Arnhem. The battle began on September 17th and reached a stalemate eight days later with the honors standing fairly even: We took two bridges and failed at the third—Arnhem. Arnhem was an incident magnified far beyond its strategic importance by the peculiar and exciting circumstances and the poignant tragedy of the standard parachutists. Actually only a handful of divisions was involved, the over-all losses were small, and apart from the magnificent outburst of courage the battle had no more significance than half a dozen actions that were fought that same winter. "During the eight vital days of battle," Montgomery reported afterward, "there were only two on which the weather permitted a reasonable scale of offensive air support and air transportation."

Stalemate on the Rhine

A longer and in some ways more grueling engagement followed in October with the reduction of the approaches to Antwerp, which was to become the vital port for the Allies. In early November the port was clear. Meanwhile, things had not gone too well all along the line; somehow the German rout at Falaise had turned into a bitter defense, and all hope of finishing the war before Christmas had vanished. There was no sign anywhere of the Allies achieving an early passage of the river. The armies had come up to the Rhine together and now they were blocked. It was impossible to deny that a great many of the dire things Montgomery had predicted about the SHAEF plan had actually come to pass.

Restless, frustrated and impatient, Montgomery wrote again to the Supreme Commander. On December 13th the letter was delivered to Eisenhower, who by then had taken up his headquarters at Versailles, outside Paris. In it Montgomery declared that the strategy since Falaise had not been successful. Things indeed had gone wrong ever since Eisenhower himself had taken over the direct command in his remote headquarters. If the Supreme Commander would not appoint a deputy to combine the battle at the front, then Montgomery had another suggestion. Let him organize the theater into "fronts" with a C-in-C in charge of each front. Resources should be allotted to each front in accordance with its problems and tasks.

The northern front, Montgomery urged, should be given to himself and it should extend southward as far as the Ardennes. This would mean placing the American Ninth Army as well as the British and Canadians under Montgomery; and thus they would proceed to the capture of the Ruhr.

General Bradley at once hotly opposed this plan. In Washington also the idea of again placing American troops under British command was strongly opposed—even resented.

In London the British Chiefs of Staff, reviewing the disappointing results of

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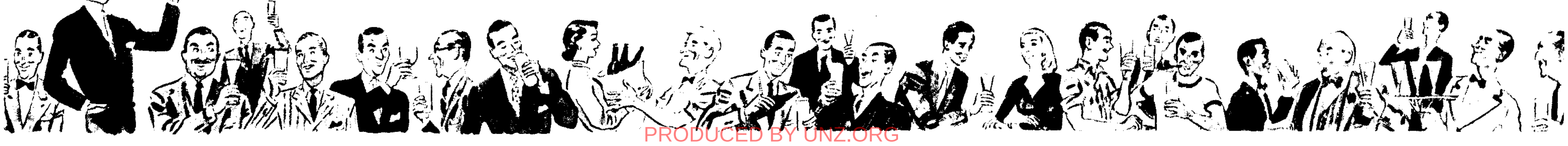

the autumn, on the whole, took Montgomery's side.

Here, then, was a disagreement running beyond personalities into the sphere of governments, and Eisenhower needed a more than human patience and tact to cope with it. The argument was continuing in a desultory way when suddenly the Germans struck in the Ardennes with the largest assembly of armor ever seen in Europe; the object nothing less than the recapture of Antwerp and the cutting of the Allied forces in half. The American armies were split down the center. Through December 16th and 17th the situation was out of control.

At Supreme Headquarters in Versailles there was a commotion as the appalling news came in. Conference followed conference. It was useless now to discuss whether in fact the general strategy was wrong; the thing was to do something quickly. Major General Whiteley, a senior British officer attached to Eisenhower, suggested that Montgomery should be called in.

At once, as though they had been waiting for this very day, the rivalries flared out. A strong faction at Supreme Headquarters (it was British as well as American) had never admitted Montgomery's skill in the battle of Normandy; indeed it believed that he had mishandled it. They had urged his replacement while the battle was on and they could see no reason for calling him in now. They disliked his personality, they suspected he would be all too ready to crow over the matter and exacerbate feelings in every direction.

Eisenhower Makes Decision

Another group, while no lovers of the Montgomery manner, were willing to admit his skill and believed that at least he could be given some measure of control. Eisenhower decided that Montgomery should have command of the First and Ninth American armies then in the thick of the fighting in the north. Bradley meanwhile should continue in control of the remaining American forces on the southern flank of the battle.

Thus began the incident of the Ardennes, which was clouded by the crisis at the time and seems to have become more clouded by prejudices and emotional rivalries ever since.

What happened in the Ardennes? The facts as we read them in the Intelligence reports and the war diaries seem clear enough. The Germans struck with two Panzer armies and made a deep penetration at a point where the Americans were regrouping: They demolished an untried American division and proceeded at speed toward Liége and the River Meuse, leaving isolated pockets of American resistance behind them.

Montgomery, acting on his own initiative as the first reports came in, canceled the mustering of his British armies for a battle in the extreme north and instead began to cover the approaches to Brussels and Antwerp.

On December 20th he assumed command of the First and Ninth American Armies in the main battle area. Judging that the Germans intended to continue toward Liége, he canceled the American plans for counterattack and instead formed a defensive line.

To continue in Montgomery's own words: "The battle of the Ardennes was won primarily by the stanch fighting qualities of the American soldier, and the enemy's subsequent confusion was completed by the intense air action which became possible as weather conditions improved. Sixth SS Panzer Army broke itself against the northern shoulder of the salient while Fifth Panzer Army spent its drive in the fierce battles which centered on Bastogne. Regrouping the First and Ninth U.S. Armies, assisted by British formations, made possible the rapid formation of a reserve corps of four U.S. divisions under General Collins. The action of this corps, co-ordinated with the drive from the south by General Patton's Third Army, pinched the enemy forces out of the salient.

"The enemy had been prevented from crossing the Meuse in the nick of time. A detailed study of the battle would show how rapid regrouping enabled the Allies to regain the initiative which the enemy had temporarily seized. Once we were sure of the Meuse crossings it became increasingly apparent that the opportunity had come to turn the enemy's position to our advantage. Hitler's projected counteroffensive ended in a tactical defeat, and the Germans received a tremendous battering." It was on New Year's Day, 1945, that the worst was over.

Those who were with Montgomery at this time were astonished at the snap and incisiveness of his orders. Under the stimulus of rapid action all his old intensity and certainty came racing back. It might not be altogether wrong to say that he was enjoying himself.

"There are 85 good reasons why you should buy Pepo Hair Tonic: One, Pepo doesn't soil your clothes. Two, Pepo smells good. Three, Pepo is inexpensive. Four—"

COLLIER'S MISCHA RICHTER

He returned to Belgium after the fray full of enthusiasm. Dressed in a red beret and a camouflaged parachutist's jacket (he had recently been made Colonel Commandant of the Parachute Regiment), he gathered the war correspondents to tell them his version of the story.

His summing up, at this press conference, was not inaccurate so far as it went, but there was a slight flavor of patronage in his references to the part played by Bradley and the other American generals.

Being human, they—and many of the staff—did not enjoy the spectacle of Montgomery appearing to come to the rescue. When Montgomery chose this moment to make his public statement on how he had fought the battle of the Ardennes with American troops, and at the same time renewed his demands to be placed in permanent control of American forces—then feelings leaped into active dislike.

General Bradley complained that Montgomery's statements were making him (Bradley) ridiculous and lowering his authority in the eyes of his men. Discipline was suffering. When Bradley put out his own version of the Ardennes battle, a version which diminished the role Montgomery had played, the British press flamed out angrily. And still Montgomery persisted that, for the conquest of the Ruhr at least, he should be given the full command in the north.

To rival American commanders it sounded as if he were saying: "There you are. Look what happened in the Ardennes. You had to call on me for assistance. I had to get you out of the mess." If Montgomery did not say quite this he did continue to indicate strongly that he felt the general direction of the campaign was at fault, and that the picking and thrusting at the Rhine was advancing nobody. Things were getting very near an open breach between Supreme Headquarters and 21 Army Group.

It was in the first week of January, immediately after the battle of the Ardennes, that Montgomery wrote to Eisenhower yet again asking for a rearrangement of the command, on the grounds that the strategical plan directed from Versailles was continuing to fail. Eisenhower replied saying he could not alter his position, and he added that the field marshal by his constant prediction of failure was doing harm to the Allied cause.

This was a much more serious impasse than the earlier contretemps in the autumn, and at length Eisenhower declared, not without feeling, that the issue had gone too far. He had exhausted every argument. He had gone to the limit of his powers in making concessions to Montgomery. Both tact and reason seemed useless. In his earnestness he thumped upon the table. Very well. If Montgomery wanted a showdown he should have it. Let the matter go back to Washington and London. Let them decide. It was either he or Montgomery. One of them would have to go.

This ultimatum arrived late at night. Montgomery heard the news silently. He had pushed his beliefs to the climax, failed, and that was that. Here was a matter in which not even Churchill would intervene.

A telegram accepting Eisenhower's authority was written out and dispatched at once. Immediately a modest and charming reply was received from Eisenhower, assuring Montgomery of the widest powers Supreme Headquarters was able to give him. At the same time a friendly letter was sent by Montgomery to Bradley saying that it had been an honor to command American troops, and Bradley received a similar note from Churchill assuring him of the respect and support of the British government.

It was at this point that Eisenhower did something which was both magnanimous and shrewd: Having established his authority he suddenly turned around and gave Montgomery what he wanted. The theater was organized into fronts and the Ninth American Army was placed under Montgomery's command. Together the Allies crossed the Rhine in great force. The crisis was over. It was never to recur.

Teamwork Brings Victory

There was never anything more in the dispute than this, and subsequent attempts to magnify the disagreements were simply mischievous and untrue. When the campaign was over Montgomery himself summed up the matter very clearly. "When Allies work together," he wrote, "there are bound to be different points of view, and when these occur it is essential that they are thrashed out fully and frankly; but once a final decision is given, it is the duty of all members of the team to carry out that decision loyally. The Allied team worked in this spirit, and by its teamwork achieved overwhelming victory.

"In June, 1945, when the German war was over and Supreme Headquarters was being dissolved, I wrote to General Eisenhower and thanked him for all that he had done for the British armies, and for myself. I said that I wanted him to know that I, a British general, had been proud to serve under American command. Ike, as I like to call him, wrote me this very charming letter:

" 'Dear Monty: Your note to me written on the 7th is one of the finest things I have ever received. I am intensely gratified that you feel as you do. In the aftermath of this Allied effort, enduring friendships and feelings of mutual respect among higher commanders will have a most beneficial effect. The team must continue to exist in spirit.

" 'Your own high place among leaders of your country is firmly fixed, and it has never been easy for me to disagree with what I knew to be your real convictions. But it will always be a great privilege to bear evidence to the fact that whenever decision was made, regardless of your personal opinion, your loyalty and efficiency in execution were to be counted upon with certainty.

" 'I hope you realize how deeply appreciative I am of your letter and the spirit that prompted you to write it, as well as of the tremendous help and assistance that you have been to me and to this whole Allied Force since it was first formed. In whatever years are left to both of us, possibly we may occasionally meet, not only to reminisce, but to exemplify the spirit of comradeship that I trust will exist between our two countries for all time.

" 'With warm personal regards,
" 'As ever, IKE.' "

THE END

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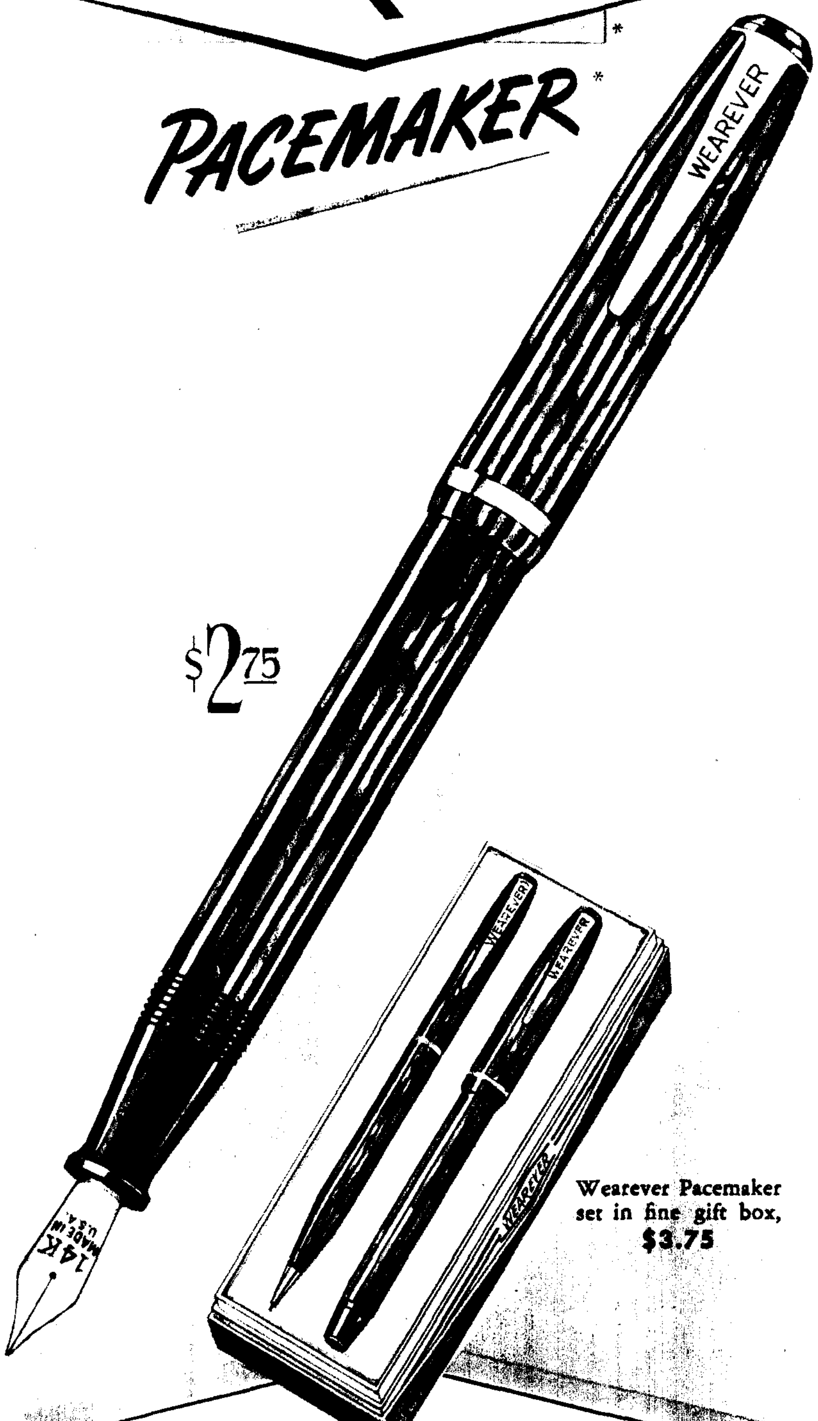

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"WEAREVER" LEADS

FOR RELIABLE [illegible] LEADS

A LITTLE NEST FOR JUNIOR

Continued from page 15

Air Corps lieutenant. He comes right on in and throws his gear on the floor.

"Hi," he says, happily. "I see you are not out of here yet, but don't rush on my account. Take your time."

"About what?" I ask him.

"About moving out," he says. "Take your time."

"What," I ask him, "gave you the idea we were moving out?"

"Why the real-estate man told me," he says. "The one who rented me this place. Mr. Charles Hackley."

Lightning strikes me. "Ha!" I say. "Does Mr. Hackley run his business from a barbershop on West Seventh Street?"

"No," says the lieutenant. "Mr. Hackley does business in a barbershop on Commonwealth Avenue. He is waiting for the lease on the building to run out."

"And he is a great big bald-headed man who is going to drop by later and give you your rent receipt?"

"Why, yes," says the lieutenant. "He is a very nice guy."

"Oh!" says Nancy, who has come to the bedroom door and is standing there mopping her eyes.

I give her a quick look. "Look here, Lieutenant," I say. "You have been taken by the meanest man on earth. He is a crook and a shyster. Do the little woman and I look like we are crazy enough to move out of this nice place? No. We don't intend to. The best thing you can do is find a policeman and get your money back."

"That dirty . . . dirty . . ." says the lieutenant. "I will just do that. Why Hackley even told me there was just an old man who was moving out of here because he was going to live with his children back East. And here you're a married couple."

"How did you guess that?"

"Easy," he says. "Your right big toe is sticking through your sock and your pretty wife has been crying. I will go now and find Mr. Hackley."

When he is gone I look at Nancy. "Well," I say, "your personalized ad service sure gets results. No doubt you are still waiting for your rent receipt from a large bald-headed gentleman."

"That's right," she says. "And that means you were fooled, too. So this is not your apartment, Mr. Jones. Why don't you be as nice as that lieutenant and get out of here?"

"All right," I tell her. "I will go. And I wish you luck, this evening, when you are running around in your nightie, trying to push guys out. Our dear friend might have sold a hundred keys to this place."

"Oh!" she says. "I never thought of that. What will I do?"

"That is for you to decide," I tell her. "Two voices are calling in the dark. Which do you choose? Me or King Kong?"

"There are some extra blankets," she says. "You could sleep on the davenport and guard the door. In the morning we will have to readjust things."

"Very well," I say. "I will guard the door. But we will have to eat in. We don't dare go out to dinner and leave this place alone. Not with all these keys floating around."

"I will cook," she says. "And now, Mr. Jones, while I do, please change your socks. If anyone gets in, I don't want to hear any more remarks like that one the lieutenant made."

SHE smiles at me again and, brother, do I have to use my will power. I go and clean up and come back to the living room and lounge around in a big chair which I move so I can watch Nancy in the kitchen.

She is not only beautiful in an apron, but also she can cook. The dinner she fixes is delicious, but it is quite a drawn-out affair because I have to take time out to convince five guys they have been gypped and that we are not moving out as some bald-headed man told them.

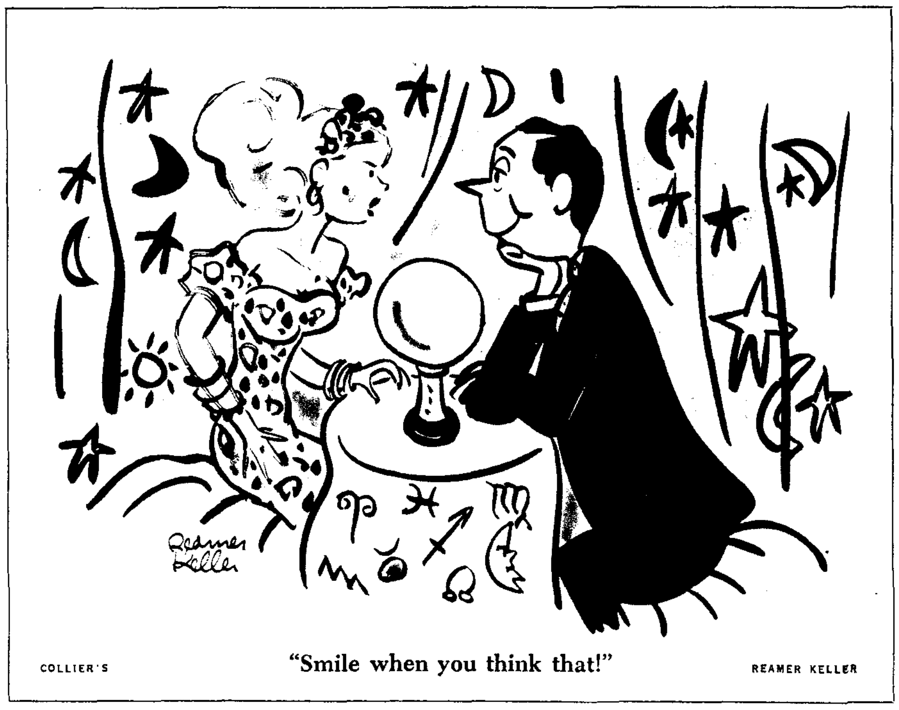
Afterward, when the dishes are done and we have settled down in the living room for a quiet evening at home, Nancy shows me what a perfect wife she would be. Instead of hogging the evening paper for herself, she takes out the sports section and the comic sheet and gives them to me.

I grab her hand and hold it. "Nancy," I say, "I can't help telling you this. I would like to make this arrangement permanent. You just watch me a while and think it over."

She takes her hand away and says, "I have been watching you and doing some thinking the last few minutes," she says. "And I think it is time I retired and locked the door. Good night, Mr. Jones."

The buzzer buzzes again. "Wait," I tell her. "Stand by to reinforce me. Here we go again."

There is a little old man, surrounded by baggage, standing in the hall. I feel very sorry for him even though he is old enough to know better than to trust people like C. Huntington Harper.



COLLIER'S "Smile when you think that!" REAMER KELLER

"You get this place from a big baldheaded guy?" I ask him.

"No," he says. "I got it from a little fat man with red hair."

"It's the same difference," I tell him. "It's a racket. You've been gypped. The little woman and I are not moving out. Goodby." I slam the door in his face.

"Well," says Nancy. "He should be the last. It's getting late."

"Yeah," I agree. "There won't be any more tonight."

I am wrong. The buzzer buzzes again. When I open the door the same little old man is standing there. Only now he has two big policemen with him. The two big policemen put their hands against my face and give a good shove. I sit down on the floor and they all come on in.

"That's him," says the little old man. "Arrest him. And that's her. Arrest them both. I'll prefer charges."

"On your feet, chum," says one of the policemen. He grabs my arm and starts to pull me up. And Miss Miller proves what a perfect helpmate she can be. She reaches down and snatches off a slipper and threatens the police with it.

"You hurt him," she says, "and your dear ones won't know you when you get home. What's the meaning of this outrage?"

"Outrage?" yells the little old man. "For heaven's sake. I come home and find you two living in my apartment and you call it an outrage. I own this building. My name is Crosset. I cleared my things out of here and took a trip while the painters were going over the place. And you have the nerve to move in. Well, you are moving again. Right into jail."

"Now wait a minute," I say. "Let me explain this." He lets me get started and that's all I need. Nancy has a paper with a copy of her ad. I have mine. We both have our letters from the crook who took our money and gave us the keys to this place. Mr. Crosset swears a little.

"Why, that dirty, low-down crook," he says. "And you children going to have a baby. I have never heard of anything so awful in my life and I have lived a long time."

One of the officers says, "I'll bet this louse is the same one that lieutenant told us about tonight."

MR. CROSSET scratches his head. "I apologize," he says. "Of course, I can't send you to jail, but I don't know what to do about tonight. I can't turn you out into the street at this hour. I tell you what. I'll sleep on the davenport tonight and you children go right ahead and use the bedroom."

"No," says Nancy, firmly. "We wouldn't think of imposing on you." She looks at me. "Would we, dear?"

"Well," I hedge. "It's a generous offer."

She shows me her pretty teeth and says, "Yes, I know. And we can't be less generous. We are leaving this minute."

Mr. Crosset tries to argue with her, but Nancy stands her ground. In the end, he says, "I tell you what. I have a mean tenant on the second floor who hasn't paid his rent for two months. You wait here while I go down and talk with him. Maybe I can scare him out of the place."

He goes out and he comes back looking sad. "It didn't work," he says.

I look at Nancy. Her shoulders are sort of slumped down. It is no fun having to walk out into a chilly street this time of night.

"Let me talk to this tenant," I say. "I am a pretty good talker. Maybe I can get him out, or at least collect a little rent for you, Mr. Crosset. You have been generous, not putting us in jail and all."

"It won't do any good," says Mr. Crosset. "He knows his rights and the law. On the other hand, you are a big man, son. Maybe you can scare some rent out of him. I'll give you half of what you get. He lives in 215."

I know I am crazy, but I keep telling myself a man should never give up. I knock on the door of 215 and it opens. I look at the man standing there and I say, "C. Huntington Harper, I presume."

"No," he says. "The name is Smith. Robert J. Smith."

"You don't know me, Mr. Smith? You don't remember Gordon Jones to whom you rented Mr. Crosset's apartment, this afternoon?"

"What are you trying to pull off?" he says. "I never saw you before in my life."

I smack him on the chin and I am very enthusiastic about it. All in that one punch I smack him for Nancy and myself and the lieutenant and all the other guys. By rights his neck should have curved up in the shape of a stovepipe elbow. But it doesn't.

"Oh," he says. "One of those guys. All right, chum."

I FINALLY figure out that what I think is a loud buzzing in my head is really a squad-car siren. I am in the back seat and a big policeman is sitting beside me.

"Where are we going?" I ask him.

"Now that," he says, "is a very interesting question. You have been a bad boy, Mr. Jones. You tried to evict a tenant from his lawful home without first obtaining the legal authority to do so. In other words, you are in a jam, Mac."

They finally lead me through a lot of barred partitions and tuck me in. I have slept on worse cots and the blankets are warm. If I hadn't been worried about Nancy I would have enjoyed it. I sleep anyway.

The next morning they lead me back out the barred doors to the desk in the front office. A man in a blue suit hands me my things and says, "All right, Jones. You can go."

"Thank you," I tell him. "May I come back tonight?"

"You pull off another job like you did last night," he says, "and we'll see a lot of each other. Be careful."

I walk on outside and Nancy is standing there. She is radiant and fresh as the morning sun.

"Hi," she says. "You get a good sleep?"

"Wonderful," I tell her. "How about you?"

"Me too," she says. "I put our apartment back together and slept there."

"Our apartment?"

"Number 215," she says. "Crosset Arms. Of course, Mr. Crosset is going to have to fix the gouges on the floor and repair the walls and ceiling, but he doesn't mind a bit. You are a wonderful man, Mr. Jones. Mr. Smith finally confessed when they found the Short Snorter bill the lieutenant gave him. Mr. Crosset brought me right down to the jail to get you out, but you were sleeping so peacefully I insisted we shouldn't wake you up. I told him you were a savage man when you didn't get your sleep out."

"He still thinks we are married?" I ask. "And going to have a baby?"

She looks at me and then looks at the sidewalk. "Yes," she says. "That's the trouble."

It doesn't seem like any trouble to me. I figure anyone who can get an apartment nowadays can do anything. "Look," I say. "See that tall building down there?"

"Yes," she says.

"That is the Hall of Records."

"Yes," she says.

"That is where people get a license to get married."

"Yes," she says.

I put my hands on her shoulders and make her look up at me. "Look me right in the eye," I tell her.

"Yes," she says.

"Now," I say, "you can say that again."

"Yes, dear," she says.

After a while a guy in a blue suit is tapping me on the shoulder. "Not here," he says. "Please."

What we need in this country are policemen who are romantic.

The End

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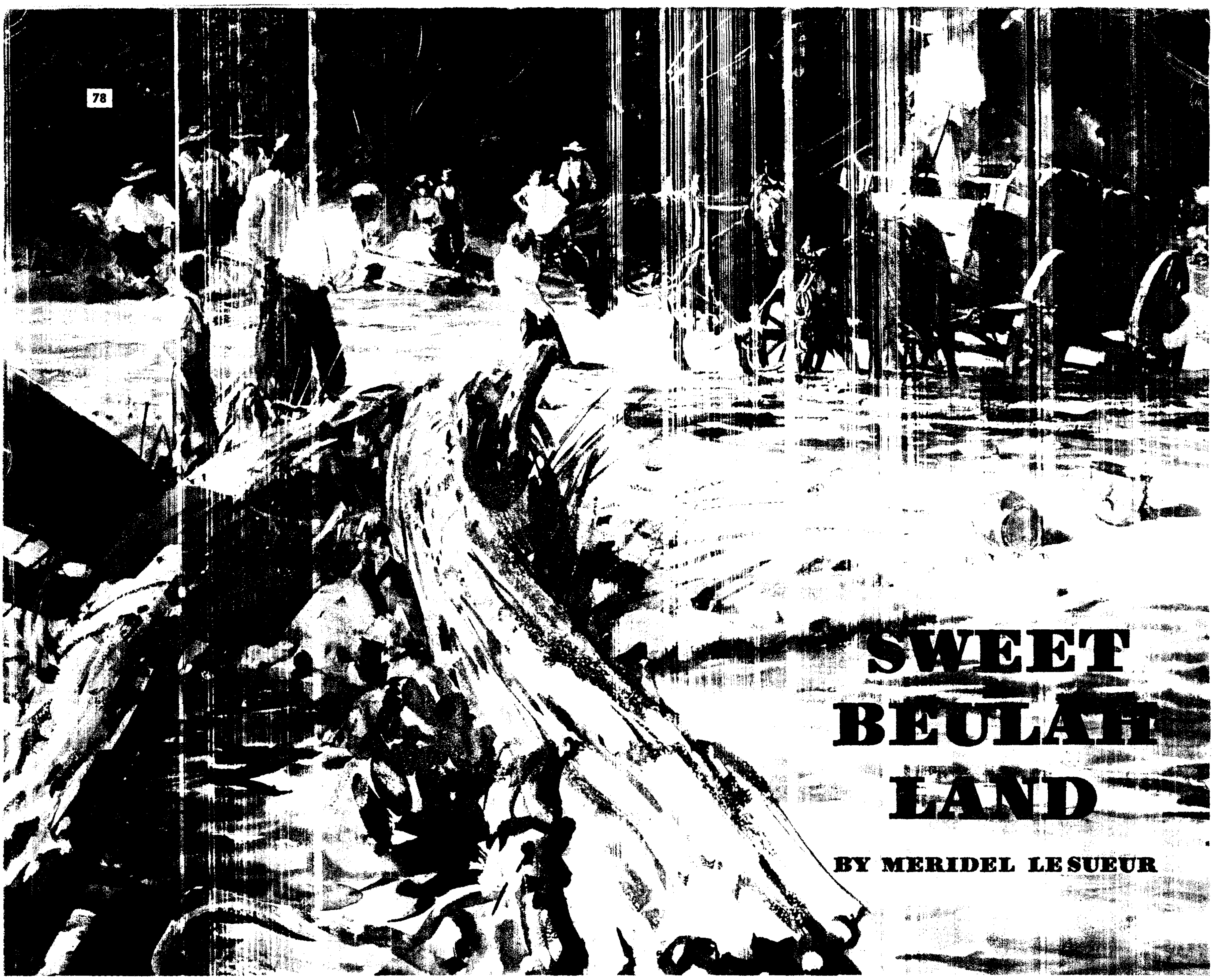


The kids and Mrs. Craw piled out to lighten the load and again the horses strained forward, but the wagon seemed to sink lower into the muddy river

SWEET BEULAH LAND

BY MERIDEL LE SUEUR

A story of remarkable beauty and dignity—of human suffering and courage and faith, of the cruelty of death and the promise of new life

THE first sight we had of the Craws, Jane Bean and I were quilting at my house, the spring before the grasshoppers came, and we saw them drive up to the old deserted hotel and pile out, the whole kit and caboodle of them, from that ramshackle old wagon which was drawn by two of the skinniest, wall-eyed hunks of horse meat I've seen in many a day. Jane counted them: Mr. and Mrs. and five towheaded kids. "Land o' livin'," Jane said, as we watched them force open one of the doors to old Silas Steel's hotel that hadn't housed anything but mice and tramps since the old man died. "They're movin' right in, without a by your leave."

I always blamed Jane Bean a little for what happened that summer. And believe me, nobody in our village has ever been proud of what happened, but sometimes folks just go berserk, like grasshoppers, who aren't so vicious either except in seasons where there's too many of them or there's not enough to eat, and then they get nervous and vicious and will destroy everything they can set jaw to. It isn't an excuse for humans to act like our village acted toward the Craws, that summer, but we had had two years of drought, and not a living soul was able to sell anything, and we got down to barter amongst us.

Speaking only for myself, I was glad that day to see the Craws move in across the meadow. To tell the truth, with my children all gone I get mighty lonesome sitting here thinking of my babies—sometimes, at night, getting up in my sleep, thinking I hear them crying. And there hasn't been a baby in this house since Tommy, and he's twenty-one now and in the Army. So I said to Jane Bean that day, "A little new blood wouldn't hurt this village a mite. Looks like the youngest tyke ain't a day over two. That property don't even belong to a person any more. Belongs to a holding company. Seems like land ought to belong to a person. Maybe he's a good farmer. From the back of his neck, at this distance, I'd say he's followed many a plow."

"I have to do some shopping," Jane said.

"I'm going right along with you, Jane Bean," I said. She didn't think she was going to spread the news of the first people that had moved into Spring Valley since the sawmills had moved out.

Besides, I'm correspondent for the Stillwater paper. It's my duty to report all news.

IT WAS one of those first spring days when everyone gets kind of crazy to be planting something, and Old Man Sweezer and Silas and Andy Dugan were out in their field fixing to plow.

"What's the matter with your nag?" I said. She was flat in the spring mud and they were all three pushing and gee-hawing trying to get her up, and they were swearing and beating her so she was plumb disgusted.

"Just like a woman," Silas said. "She don't want to plow when we want to plow."

Then I saw Mrs. Craw coming down the road, limping a little, and five towheaded kids Indian-fashion behind her. She stopped and they stopped behind her and she kind of stood there with proper respect for menfolk, and she was smiling, sort of, and she made you feel very pleasant. She kept looking with her clear sun-beaten eyes at the three old men stewing around that mare. She said howdy to me and I said howdy to her and tried not to look at her leg, which was like a stick, about as wide as two fingers, and dead-looking. The foot kind of swung out like an old blind. It was her being crippled had something to do with it.

Finally she said in a clear voice, "The horse can't get up."

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWIN DAWES

Old Silas said, "Of course she can get up. She's a good horse, but she's stubborn as my old lady."

"No," Mrs. Craw said, "she can't get up." And the kids all looked at the horse with their blue eyes.

The men hawed and geed, and old Silas got a board under the horse's hips and was trying to jack her up like an auto, and finally Silas said, "Why in tarnation can't she get up?"

He didn't look at Mrs. Craw, he just kind of said it to the air, and Mrs. Craw said in a clear, knowing voice, like she knew everything that happens in the world, especially about suffering and sorrow. "The horse can't get up because that horse has a bad leg."

Silas said to the hips of the mare, "Well, she's got a little sore on her leg."

"Yes," Mrs. Craw said. "It's quite a little sore and it hurts her. You will have to get a rope and pull her over on her other side. Then she can use her good leg to get her up."

Well, sir, I knew she was right and they knew she was right, but those consarned men fooled around another ten minutes and then Silas said as if the thought just dropped down upon him from heaven, "We might get a rope and pull her over on her other side."

They got the rope out of my buggy and they got the mare turned over. She got right up without any trouble, and you could see then that her fetlock was swollen three times its size. Mrs. Craw turned away without saying anything, and she and the kids started down the field Indian file; and Silas said, "Ain't no good goin' to come of that tribe in this town."

"I like to know why," I said. "She's a smart woman, if you ask me."

"I don't like her," he said, "nor none of her kind. The sooner they get out of here, the better."

"A hard-workin' lot they are," Sweezer said. "The Mr. came over to get me to share crop with him on my lower forty—said he would plant and do all the work and give me half."

"Say, he offered me the same," Andy said. "He must be a son of a gun for work."

"And I suppose you all took him up so you can lean your backsides against the tavern the livelong summer and not lift anything heavier than a beer bottle."

And Silas mumbled something about woman's place, and I left them there, the old scarecrows.

JANE BEAN kept me posted every week what the Craws were doing, as if I couldn't see as clear as day from my own window. Before I was up of mornings I saw the Mrs. and the kids coming single file through the meadow to hoe the corn down under the hill on the piece of land that old Judge Bardwell gave them. Jane Bean said, "That makes 'em five pieces of land now, all in different parts of the village. Some of 'em are a good two miles apart. Looks like they're singlehanded goin' to make this village prosper again."

What made me mad was, she said it like it was a major crime. "What's the matter with that?" I said. "If some people in the village was more like the Craws, we wouldn't be practically tax broke this minute."

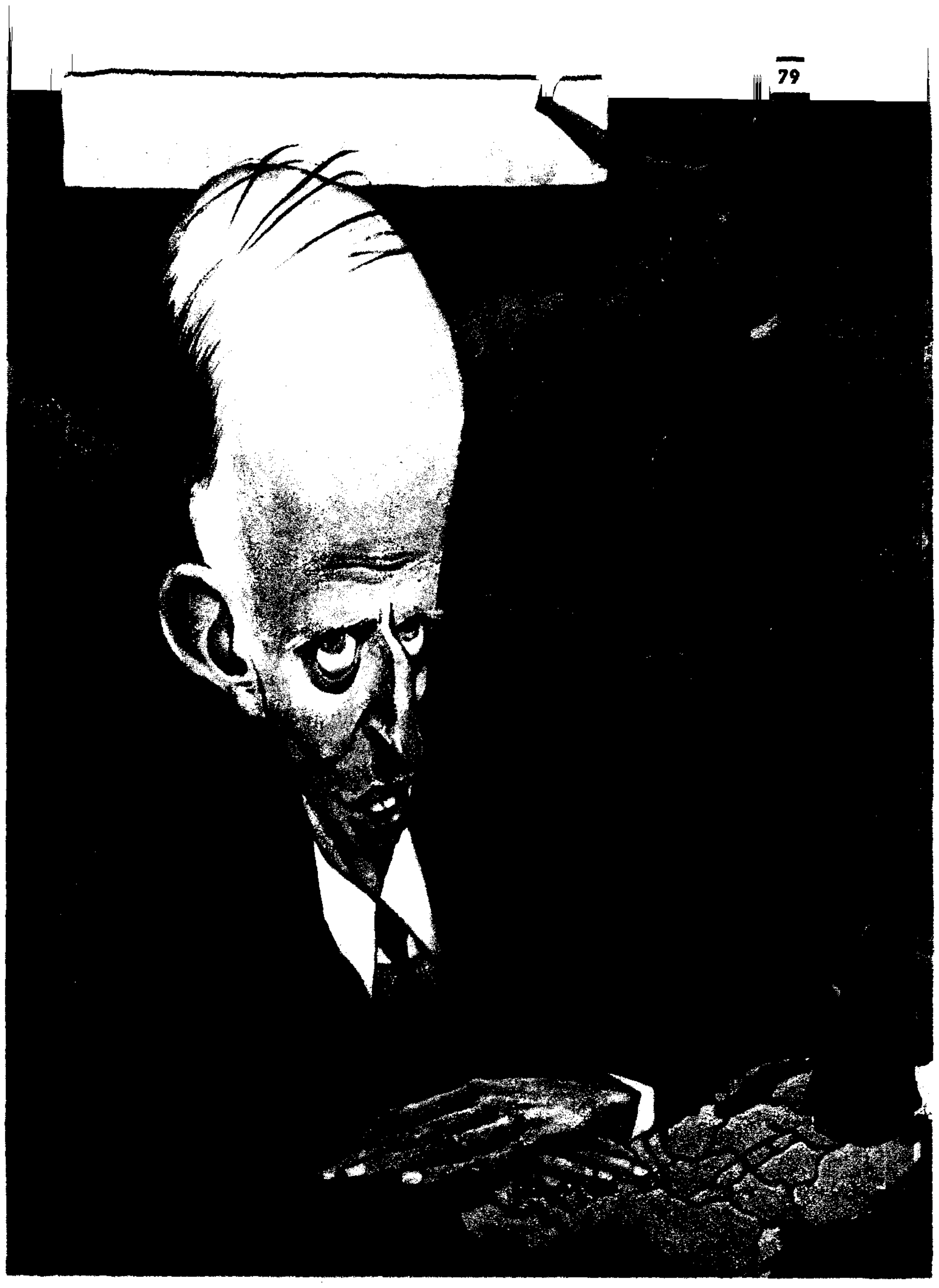
"They got a early patch of potatoes down in the hollow," Jane said, "and corn in the hill patch, and melons and squashes on the other side of Coon Hollow; and they're putting my place in truck stuff."

"I suppose, Jane Bean," I said, "you are takin' half like those three old men."

"Well," she said, "I'm takin' half the vegetables. I thought I'd can 'em myself this year."

"A good thing," I said. "What this village needs is more people like the Craws around here. I ain't seen nobody

(Continued on page 81)



UNITED NEIGHBORS

IX: HOLLAND'S VAN KLEFFENS

ON 99 days out of 100 the sea slugs the Dutch coast with heavy rollers. But this was early morning of the hundredth day. The sea was as calm as cold, gray soup off Scheveningen and it was possible for two hydroplanes of the Netherlands' Air Forces to taxi up to within wading distance of the sandy beach.

The absence of surf on the dismal spring day in 1940 was a circumstance of considerable importance to Dr. Eelco van Kleffens, then Dutch Foreign Minister. Total occupation of Holland by the Germans was imminent and further formal resistance seemed useless. It had been decided at The Hague that Van Kleffens, with his wife Margaret, should try to reach England, participate in Queen Wilhelmina's government-in-exile and continue the fight from London.

German fighter planes had spotted the Dutch hydros and had strafed them both. One was damaged beyond repair. The other had been hit but was still serviceable. Onto it clambered Van Kleffens and his wife. Two minutes after they took off the Huns returned and sank the other ship. Van Kleffens' plane reached England safely and today the tall, blond, blue-eyed, awkward-looking Frieslander—a man with a huge Adam's apple—is Holland's permanent delegate to the United Nations.

It would have been difficult for the Dutch to have found a more representative delegate short of having sent their Queen herself to the U.N. Like all Dutchmen, Van Kleffens has a strong sense of personal and national independence but also, like his countrymen, he is cautious and conservative in international relations. Both characteristics have been reflected in his arguments to date on important issues before the Security Council on which he sits.

Natives of Friesland are given, Van Kleffens says, to "intellectual exercise," rather than emotional activity. As he perches at the edge of the curved table of the Security Council, he imparts the impression, in fact, of being composed largely of brain. He has a large, round, domed head sparsely covered with thin hair combed to cover some of the baldness. A lawyer by profession, Van Kleffens appeals constantly to his colleagues to find solutions on a "legal, dispassionate basis." Words, he confesses—because they sometimes come from the heart rather than the head—are "apt to confuse." Typical of his approach to most controversies was his position on Spain when the U.N. sought to devise a formula for uprooting Fascism there.

"The question of Spain," said Van Kleffens, "seems to me a very disturbing one. It arouses considerable passion and very understandably so. Yet, and although I trust this body will never lose the human touch, I suggest that we must adjudge this question submitted to us coolly and dispassionately."

He did not consider Spain a threat to international peace and saw the question of whether Generalissimo Franco remained in office or not as a "purely domestic matter" for the Spanish people to decide. Holland for many years had so regarded the Nazi State in Germany, yet when German Minister von Zech called upon Foreign Minister van Kleffens to demand surrender of all Dutch forces on invasion day in May, 1940, Van Kleffens was so angry that he didn't dare reply verbally. He wrote his reply with a blue pencil on a piece of paper.

"It is obvious," the answer said, "that Holland and Germany are at war."

He opposed, of course, Russia's efforts to have a U.N. commission appointed to ascertain whether British troops in Holland's colonial possessions in Indonesia constituted a threat to peace in the Pacific. Such action, he cried out in one of his rare outbursts, might make the U.N. an "obnoxious tool of international ill-feeling."

Van Kleffens is 51 years old and as meticulously conservative in dress and appearance as he is in his politics. He received his doctorate in law from Leyden University in 1918, but since 1922 has been a professional diplomat. He speaks an Oxonian English and likes to quote English authors. He smokes and drinks moderately.

He is probably one of the hardest-working diplomats in the U.N. and one of the most frugal. He has only one secretary and an aide and does much of his speech writing and record keeping himself. He is, according to his colleagues, a difficult man to know and Adriaan J. Barnouw, Queen Wilhelmina Professor of Netherlands History at Columbia University, says of him:

"I had him among my pupils at The Hague Gymnasium a generation ago. I cannot say that I knew him, for I never succeeded in breaking through the boy's reserve. That quality must stand him in good stead as a statesman."

Behind that reserve there is a tremendous capacity for work. There is in almost all Dutchmen. Their country was among the first to be invaded by the Germans and the last of the Nazis' European victims to be liberated. But Holland has emerged from the devastation and gloom of defeat more quickly than any other conquered country.

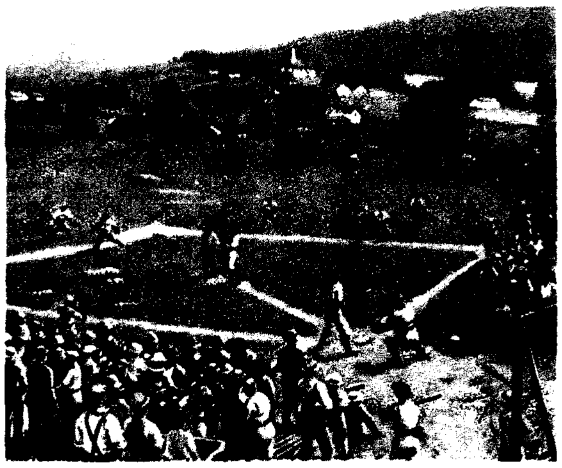
The Nazis, for example, stole 516 of Holland's 866 railroad locomotives and 25,000 out of 29,000 freight cars. All of the country's numerous railway bridges were destroyed along with a fifth of the railroad stations and nearly half of the signal and control installations. Within six months after liberation 2,000 miles of Holland's railroads were functioning. By the end of last May, there was electric light throughout the country, streetcars and electric trains were operating and 90 per cent of wiring destroyed by the Germans had been replaced. Without help from UNRRA, the Dutch have raised their diet from 450 wartime calories a day to nearly 2,000.

In the midst of their almost frantic efforts to restore the nation's agricultural and economic life the Dutch find time to remember Americans who helped to liberate them. Some 19,000 Dutch families have appointed themselves the guardians and caretakers of as many graves of American soldiers at the huge Margraten cemetery. Last Memorial Day, American graves were covered with flowers over their well-trimmed grass. You simply can't beat the Dutch, in war or in peace.

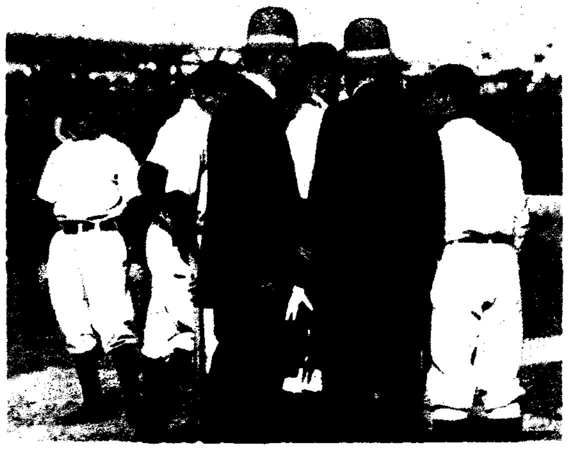
FRANK GERVASI

CARICATURE BY SAM BERMAN

Tie on your bonnet...it's the World's Series!

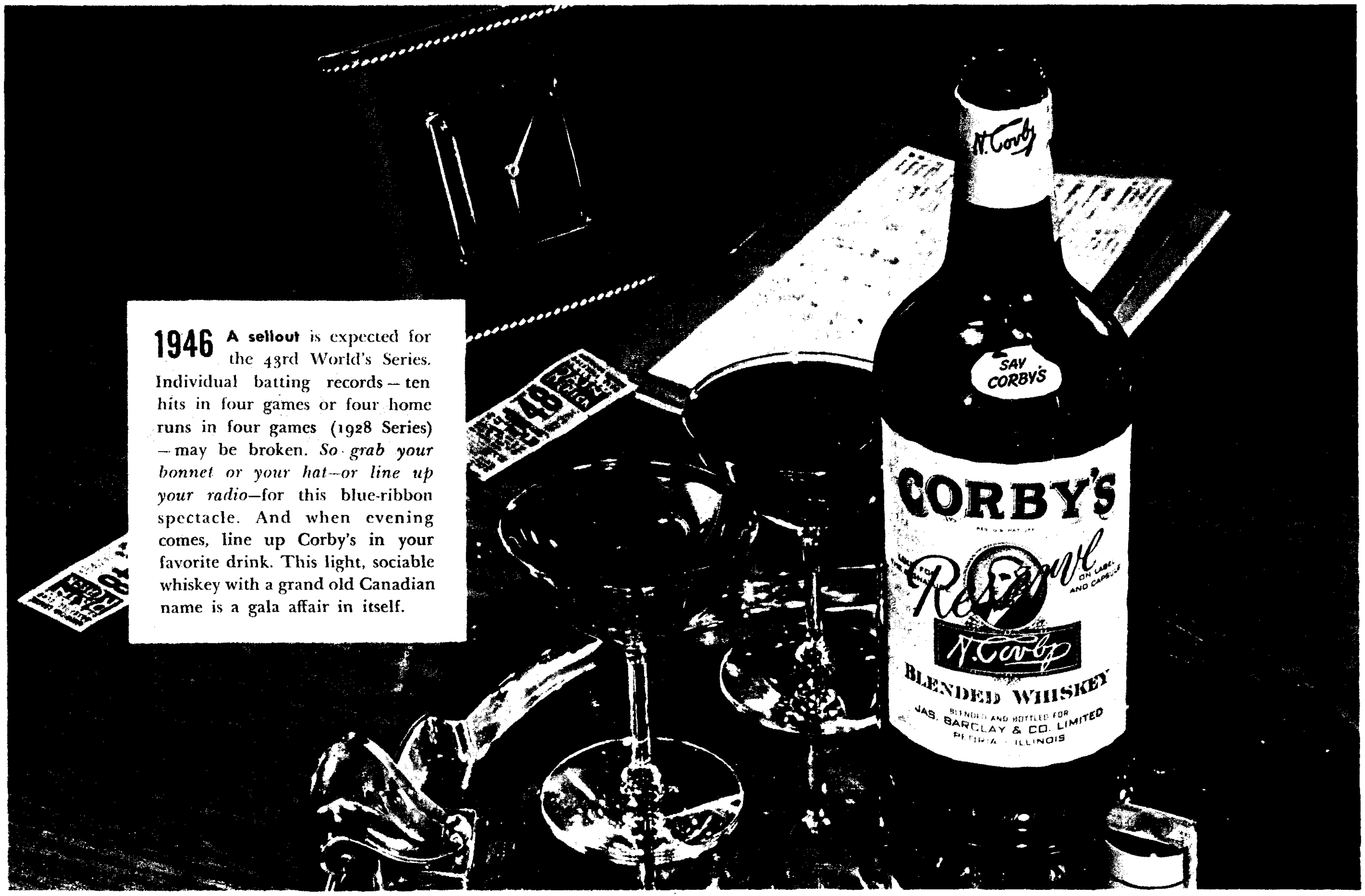


1869 **Invented in America,** baseball has advanced from country pastures to the glamor spots of the nation. The game first began to attract attention when a professional team went on an extended tour in 1869—Corby's 11th year as a great Canadian whiskey name.



1903 **First World's Series** drew 100,459 people; Boston defeated Pittsburgh five games to three. Next year the winning manager in the National League nearly cause a baseball "war" by refusing to play "a minor league club"—Boston, American League pennant winner.

1945 **Baseball's classic** hit a high last year, Corby's 87th as a famed Canadian name, when 333,457 people saw seven World's Series games. But the 1905 hurling record of three shutout games by one pitcher in a five-game Series has yet to be broken.



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SWEET BEULAH LAND

Continued from page 79

walk across a field with that much getup since the depression. There they come now."

Jane said, "It beats all how they use everything. They went to the cannery and got that stuff that's rottin' in the back and put it on all five patches. It's a good thing to have those pea hulls out of the way. Nobody thought to put them back on the land. And she got two runts from Jensons' litter and the Mrs. fed them by hand and now I'll swear they're bigger than the others. She's got a way with growin' things of the flesh, all right."

I didn't tell her I took them over a settin' of eggs and loaned them my best cluck. To my surprise the Indian file stopped outside my door, and Jane and I went out on the porch. It was warm spring now and my flags were beginning to bloom, and the lilacs were fragrant, and the Mrs. said, "What pretty flags," and I said I'd give her some bulbs in the fall when I thinned them out. All those blue eyes behind her were looking at us. And the girl started around the yard filling her basket with dandelion greens. She had some mushrooms in the basket and several kinds of roots and herbs. I didn't feel very good seeing them. It looked like they were eating anything in the woods that was edible.

MRS. CRAW saw us looking in the basket, and she said quick-like, "My man can't eat nothin' but green things."

The girl looked up from the grass laughing, "So we got to gather all the greens there is."

I looked at Jane and her face said clear as crystal, *they're hungry.*

"He doesn't feel good without his potatoes," the Mrs. said. "You know how men are."

"Well, he likes dandelion greens." The girl laughed and all the kids laughed, and the mother laughed, and they all looked at one another as if to say, "A man *would* have to live on dandelion greens when they are only tender a couple of weeks in the whole year." There was something catching and warm about their laughter, and we all stood in the spring sun and they all had torn straw hats on that made warm, dark shadows over their burned faces.

"He likes ripe tomatoes," the girl laughed, "but they won't be ripe for two months." And the three little boys laughed after her like magpies.

"That's true," the mother said, laughing into her girl's eyes. She was dry as a stick but there was something warm and tender in her, and I saw Jane looking at her very close. You can't keep anything from Jane.

"Peas will be twenty and thirty cents a can next winter," Jane said, as if she was enjoying it.

"If it only rains," Mrs. Craw said.

"It won't," Jane said.

"How do you know, Jane Bean?" I said. "You ain't got any inside track to the dispensations of the Lord." And I brought out some fresh cookies I'd made that morning, and I knew Mrs. Craw wanted to ask me something. She was very shy, but you couldn't feel sorry for her, the way she stood there with Jane Bean looking at her. She was brown and slim and hard-looking, and yet strong and dignified, as if she would take care of her own and that's all she asked of God or man.

Finally she said, "I came to ask you if, since it looks like you ain't going to plant that four acres there yourself and it seems like a right fair piece of land, that maybe you would go shares with us planting it in late potatoes. The early potatoes ain't goin' to be much lessen' it rains soon."

"Why," I said, "well, I don't see why not. I ain't got the money to help plant—"

"We got our own potato cuttings," she said. "We got a real good kind we always carry with us from year to year. My husband is real good with getting the drought rot out. He's got a real good hand with potatoes."

I said, "Well, it don't seem fair to take one half the crop just for land."

"Why, it's fair," she said. "Whoever owns the land owns the main thing. It's the land," she said, looking out over the valley; and you felt the way she said it, like I feel sometimes in church when we are singing Beulah Land. Yes, sir, she looked at the poor overworked land of our valley like it was the promised land, like the sun of heaven was shining on it and the cherubim and seraphim guarded the west and the east wind. I tell you it gave me a start, and I thought, this is our land, this is the land we love.

I said, "Sure, Mrs. Craw, tell your husband to plow up that land. It ain't been plowed since my husband died, and my husband used to be mighty fond of that land. He took the timber out himself the year my first baby was born; I sat right here at this window and watched him do it while I was waitin'. That was Johnny, the one was killed in the war."

"Oh," she said, looking at me; and she put her hand out on my arm. I hadn't cried about Johnny now for many a year, and it seemed like the sunlight went dark around me, and I put my hand over hers.

When they were gone single file across the meadow, Jane Bean said, "I know it's the truth."

I said, "It's the truth we forgot in this village how to feel for each other."

She said, "Mrs. Craw's going to have another baby; imagine that."

I knew it was true. We hadn't had a baby in this village for a long time. I saw Jane putting on her hat at that angle she always wears it when her news is very choicy, and I didn't bother to go with her.

I sat a long time remembering the year Tommy was born and all the lace I made for his christening dress, which was three feet long and had eighteen yards of hand-made lace around it.

After a while I went up to the attic and began looking for it.

TO UNDERSTAND what happened, and how we acted, you have to feel how it is in a summer that no rain falls. It's hot and still, and you feel like someone is walking invisible in the heat, some murderer. You carry water to the plants and you can see them, day by day, wither and die. The river dries up and the fish die and rot on the shore. The gardens, upon which we all depend for a living, die before your eyes.

Everyone in the village had canned stuff in their cellars, but we knew that the Craws came in a spring wagon without a thing, and we didn't know what they would be having for food.

They had *all* this land under cultivation, and it seemed like they went even in the night to hoe it down and keep the moisture in. The whole town got to watching, to try and see what they lived on. It looked like they were working against time. Mrs. Craw's time would be coming at harvest. And winter would be coming. Early morning, I could see her with the five kids following her with their hoes, going to the corn patch. Judge Ray gave her an old cow that was sick, and she nursed it and took it out wherever there was a patch of green grass by some spring or under a tree. Sometimes I met the little boys coming

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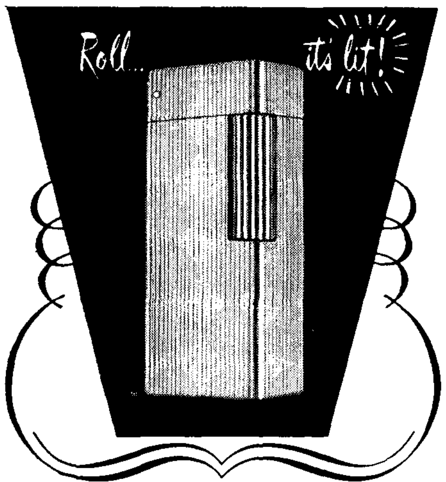
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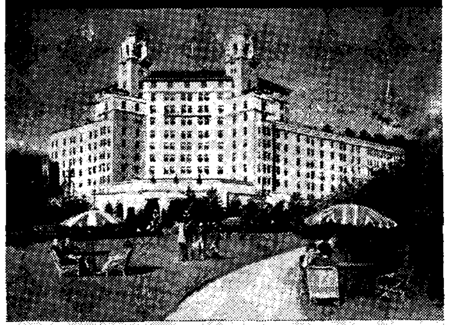

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with their fishing poles from the river. And when I saw they had no fish, I had to look the other way.

Late in the evening, hot as blazes, with the sun going down red, I drove my old nag out to see if there were any pockets of cool air. I had heard I had a stand of hay down in the hollow, in the marshland, and I thought I'd take a look at it. But I stopped at the top of the hill, for there were the Craws, sitting in their wagon behind those two mouse horses, and they were just sitting there looking at that stand of hay that was ready to cut. I was going to go down and tell them they could have it for the cutting, but I couldn't stand those seven pairs of blue eyes looking at me that hot night. I couldn't stand the look of hunger, and me with not a hog to butcher, and not a can of anything in my cellar, with only the allowance my children sent me, which was little enough.

If I had told them, maybe the rest wouldn't have happened, and maybe it would have happened anyway.

For they had come to stand for all the disaster in our lives. Those lean horses, the hungry blue eyes, seemed to become the sign of our own bafflement, and the sight of them put us in a frenzy. Everyone got to looking out the window to see them go by, got to waiting for the sight of them like you wait for a pain to come again.

We knew that every evening they drove down to the river to fill three barrels with water; and then they would start out in the fields, and the kids would all get out with cups and old pots, and they would run from barrel to bean and cornstalk, and they would water each stalk by hand with a cup of water. There was something terrible in it.

THE sun had just set and the fishermen were coming in, and everybody kept looking up the hill to see if the Craws were coming that evening—if they'd still water those dry-as-bone fields. Jane was gabbing as usual about the Craws, and I knew we were all waiting for those two scarecrow horses to come dragging the wagon, and the Craws, down to the river. Jane was saying, "Why, I seen him with my own eyes—a mean man, I said from the first. A man gives a woman six children and not a morsel to put in their mouths."

"Right nice children they are, too," I said, thinking of having a baby once again in my hands.

"A mean man," Jane was repeating. "I saw him hit one of his horses right in the face with his fists."

"Why, any man that would hit a horse ought to be hanged," Silas said. I just snorted. I could tell a few stories about Silas myself, knowing his poor wife like I did, but I just listened and watched the boys fishing and wishing for some nice tender bass for supper.

"Here comes Andy Dugan," Jane said. "He's hurrying like he's got some news of the Craws." And sure enough, before Andy had fair got on level land he said, "You know what happened to your marshland?"

"I saw it last night; a good stand of hay," I said.

"Well, it ain't now," he said. "I just saw it, and every smidgen of that fine hay has been cut down in the night."

"Why," I said, and held my tongue to keep from saying that I had seen the Craws looking at it like the promised land.

"Why," Jane cried, "they cut it down in the night." Nobody bothered to ask who "they" were. "They ought to be punished for this."

"Jane Bean," I cried, "the Lord will punish his own."

She said, "I doubt the Lord ever looks at the Craws."

I said, "You're wrong. The Lord not only looks at the Craws but the Lord loves them."

A big crowd had gathered now. Silas said, "I don't see how you can say that when they stole in the night and cut down the finest stand of hay in these parts."

"Why, Silas," I said. "You don't know they did it."

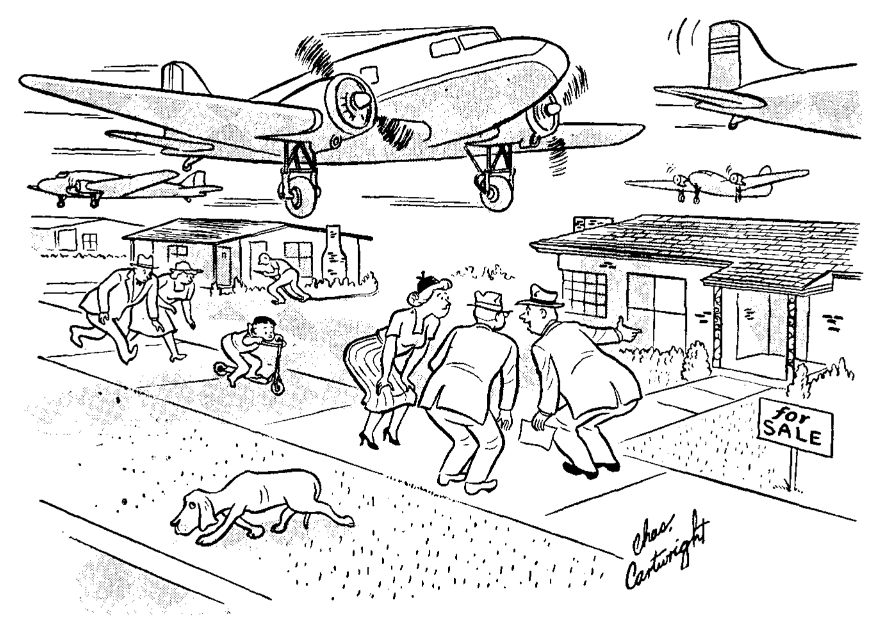
"It must've been them. Jane here sees him hit his horse. He don't talk to no one. He's a bitter man. No tellin' what he is liable to do. I've said that from the first, that no good would come of their bein' here. Everybody can bear witness I said that the very first day."

I was real mad. "I'll bear witness to that to the judgment day. You certainly have done what you could for them—figurin' out to get yourself a good crop off their labor without turnin' a hand!"

"Why," he said, "I give them the land. I knowed he warn't no farmer the minute I laid eyes on him. I gave him that land out of the kindness of my heart."

"Here they come," a boy yelled; and everybody turned like to a magnet and there they came over the hill, the kids peeking out from behind the empty barrels and those little horses trying to hold the wagon back from their bony rumps. I knew something was going to happen the minute I saw them, and I wished that it wasn't going to happen.

Not a word was said as the wagon came toward us; even the kids were quiet. When they came closer, Mr. Craw's face was hidden under his straw hat, but I saw his hands grip the reins; and Mrs. Craw kind of nodded to me. The silence was thick as butter as they backed the wagon down into the river, and the kids all sat still, looking over the sides, and the Mrs. sat with the youngest child on her lap, while the Mr. filled those barrels, bucket by bucket; and nobody offered a hand to help him and I sat ashamed looking in my lap. When the barrels were full, the Mr. climbed in the wagon and gee-hawed and the little horses dug their hoofs into the sand. The wagon did not move out of the river. They tried again, straining forward with all their weight.



COLLIER'S "I said—it's handy to the airport!" CHARLES CARTWRIGHT

"Why don't you hit them in the face?" a boy yelled in a loud voice. The Mr. just sat there for a moment and did not move. Nobody moved. The kids and Mrs. Craw piled out to lighten the load and the Mr. yelled at the horses, and again their back legs buckled and every muscle stretched along the bones like bands. But the wagon seemed to sink lower into the muddy river, the back wheels miring deeper.

"Hit him in the face," the boy yelled again, and this time somebody laughed. I could see the Mrs. drop her head down, and the Mr. yelled to the horses as if he was yelling back at the boy. They reared, their red pelts foaming and the bit cutting back from their teeth. Mrs. Craw stepped forward then and took hold of the bit, and the horse reared in confusion and pawed down the front of her dress, and the Mr. jumped down and grabbed her. Angered by this danger, he began to beat the little horses with a stick, and one reared pulling one way and the other reared pulling another, straight up into the air, pulling nothing and their eyes rolling back in the bony sockets.

MEN were standing with poker cards in their hands, and the women formed a ring of derision, and nobody lifted a hand to help. The red horses were rearing and crying wildly, the madman ripping at the reins. Mrs. Craw was pushing, up to her knees in the water, and the children were pushing. And I was watching, too, with the same cunning eye as the others. I had not moved, either, to help. Caught in this evil circle, I stood there too with all the people of my whole life.

Mr. and Mrs. Craw looked wildly at the ring closing around them and both began to beat the rumps of the frightened horses, who rose like two skeletons, fantastically and horribly trying to move the earth's weight. The Mr. ran to beat the horses, ran back to push the wagon. But now the Mrs. stood apart, the children gathered around her skirts, watching with pity the terrible angered man, her husband. Her whole body, with the unborn child, bent with compassion and I thought she was speaking to the maddened man who beat at anything he could see, as if the horses and the sinking wagon stood for the immovable world that would not yield one inch to him or his kin.

He threw his little energy against the wheel, against the rearing horses; he ran around the wagon, held out his arms to all of us for help; he battered himself against flesh and wood and iron and water and sun. We all stood avidly watching him, knowing this was the movement of our own madness, our long futile and heroic struggle upon the earth, under the sun, in the merciless wind of disaster and cunning and terror.

Andy stepped up and grabbed Mr. Craw and began to hit him, and Mr. Craw hit him back. Then, as if everyone became tired to death, they stopped and stood ashamed. Mrs. Craw stood beside the Mr., very quiet-like. I said, "You'll have to take all the water out of the barrels again."

The men went back to their poker game and the women sat under the elms

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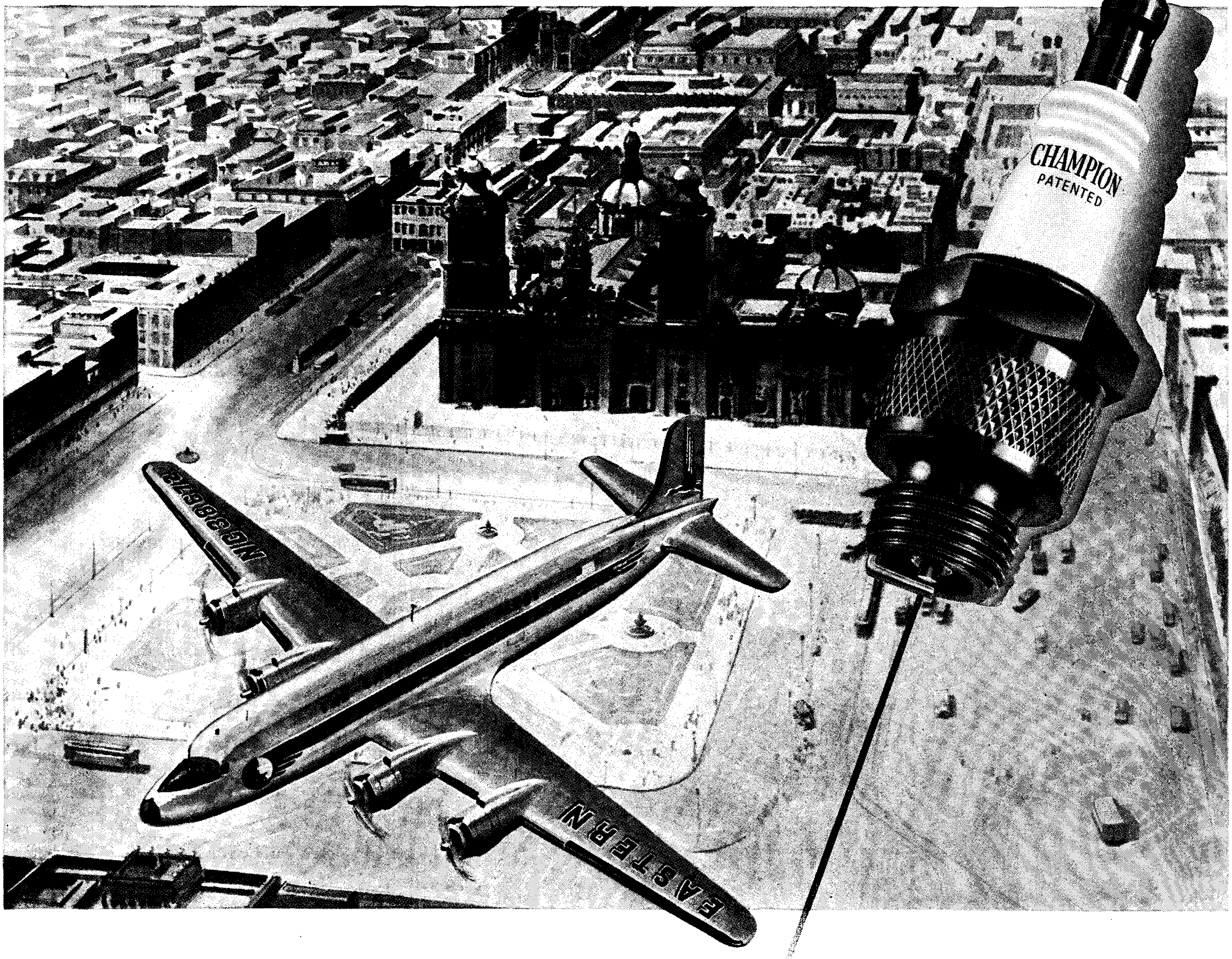

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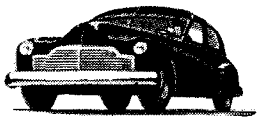

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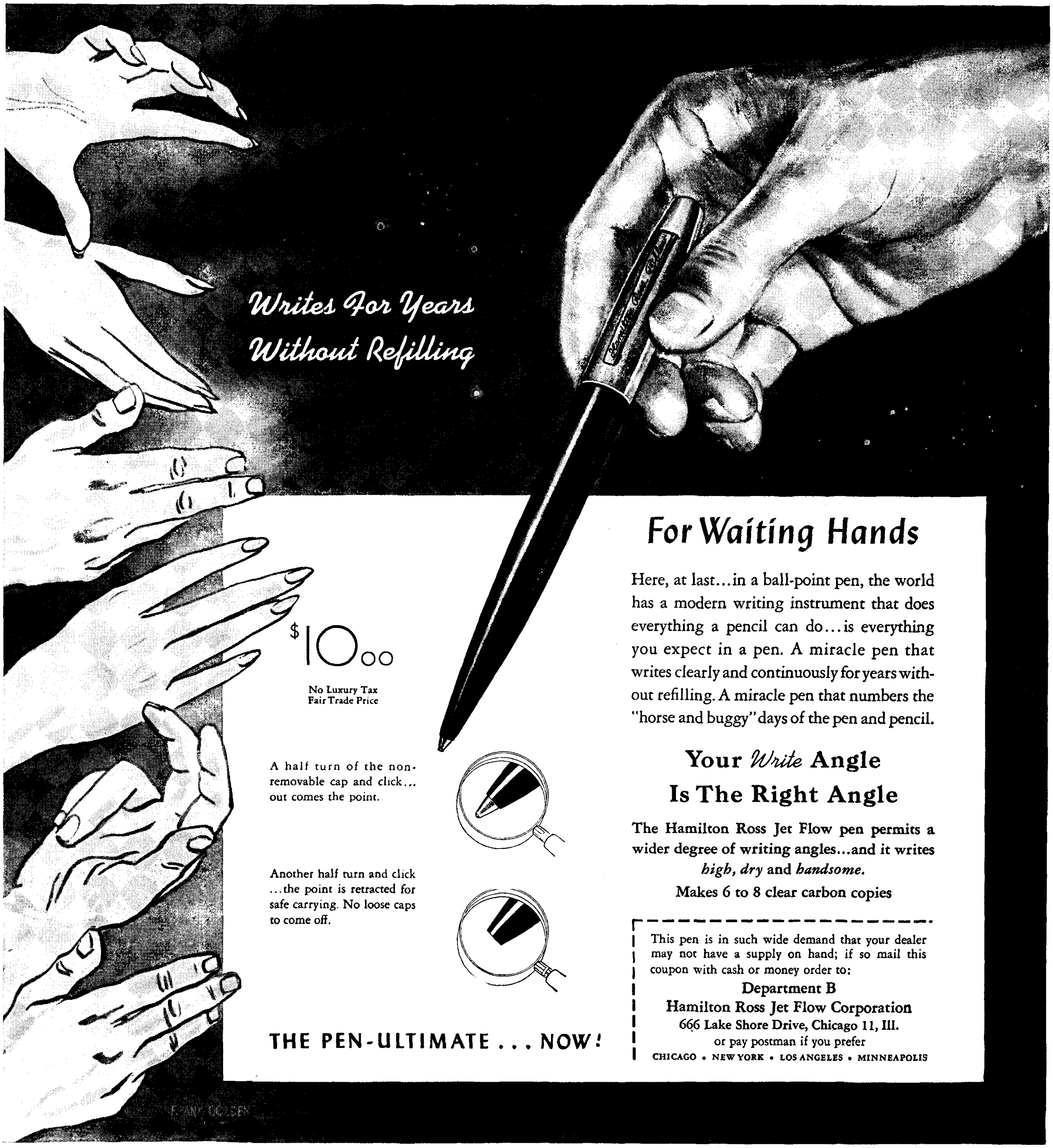

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watching, and I went down to help them, feeling ashamed for my people.

When the barrels were empty, the horses easily raised the wagon out of the mud, and nobody said a word as they drove up the hill, and it was all the lean horses could do to rise out of the river valley. I walked after them in the heat, and the sun hung as if it would never go down, and you could hear the grasshoppers eat through the dry cornstalks.

IN THE middle of the night, nobody could sleep, and the little cooked moon burned in the sky and the grasshoppers hung on the windows like shrouds. There was a knocking on my door. It was the oldest girl and she said, "Come quick. It's Mama."

We ran into the dark night under the dying trees. She ran ahead of me. The old hotel was dark except for the lower part in which the Craws lived. Mrs. Craw was walking in the small cellar room. It had stone walls and a dirt floor and was clean as a pin. She held out her hand and smiled at me, and we both got to work. She went about it like she did everything, as if it was her work and there was a good way to do it and it was worth doing. She seemed as eager for this baby as if she lived in a land of milk and honey and it was her first. She said the Mr. was out in the barn. She said, "He feels bad."

I said, "Don't you worry. I know the O'Sheels acrost the river stole my hay."

She said, "You don't think we'd cut your hay. Next year we got it all figured out to plow under this dried grass. All my babies is right pretty and round."

"Sure you got plenty of hot water on now?" Just then we heard an awful sound from out by the barn, and I looked out the window and saw the barn rising to the sky in a roaring flame and the sparks lifting like the wings of archangels in the black sky. "Go on," I yelled to her. "You got work to do. I'll tend to this."

I ran out, and Silas and Andy were running up the hill yelling that the whole village would go, dry as tinder as it was. "You consarned old fools," I yelled, "Get in there and drive the horses and the cow out." Then I thought of the Mr. and I ran behind them and I saw him right away because I was looking for him. He was swinging clear of the ground in the roaring light. I got under his feet and pushed up yelling for Silas to get him down. Then I heard him give out a groan and I knew we weren't too late. We got him out onto the ground. The flames were lifting, shingles sailing into the still air, and, wherever they lighted, the fields semed to rise to meet them and they burned together and spread quickly in the dry stubble.

"All the fields are going," I cried to the Mr. "You get up from there and all that foolishness and get as many gunny sacks as you got. I'm goin' in and help the Mrs."

As I went into the house, I saw people running up from the darkness and I knew now there would be plenty of help. "He's all right," I said to Mrs. Craw, answering her eyes from the bed. And in the light pressing against the window, we worked.

She had it easy as a heifer. I swung it up by the heels, slapping its back till it let out a bawl, and I lifted it in my two hands, marveling how fat and round it was, as if it had grown all that terrible summer in some climate of its own. It was good to feel a baby again between your two hands.

"What is it?" she said, smiling at me.

"It's a girl," I said.

"A girl," she said soft-like. "I wanted a girl."

When at last I went out, the barn had burned to a cinder, and I said to the women, "There's a new baby in the house, a girl." They all looked at me ashamed-like. I said, "I 'low you could maybe see it if everyone brought a mite for it to wear. You know babies are usually born naked as jays."

Well, sir, they all snuck off, and before I got the coffee made they were trickling back with something, a pair of shoes, an old sheet for diapers, a kimono of a baby that died, or one that had long since grown up. And they all tiptoed into the room and looked down at the new baby and said a word to Mrs. Craw.

WHEN I went out to hang up the first diaper, the men were squatting on the ground in the last light of the fire. I heard Mr. Craw telling them about a plan he had for raising foxes on that sandy land until they could get it built up again. He said ladies valued fox very highly and you could get a good price for them, and the right people were surely going to make a fortune out of it. And there was Silas and Andy and all of them, I haven't seen so peppered up since they had the idea of raising fryers for the roadhouses. And they were all talking loud and together about how to get a stand of foxes—or whatever you call a mess of foxes to start out with. And they were slapping each other on the back, the way men do when they got something to look forward to.

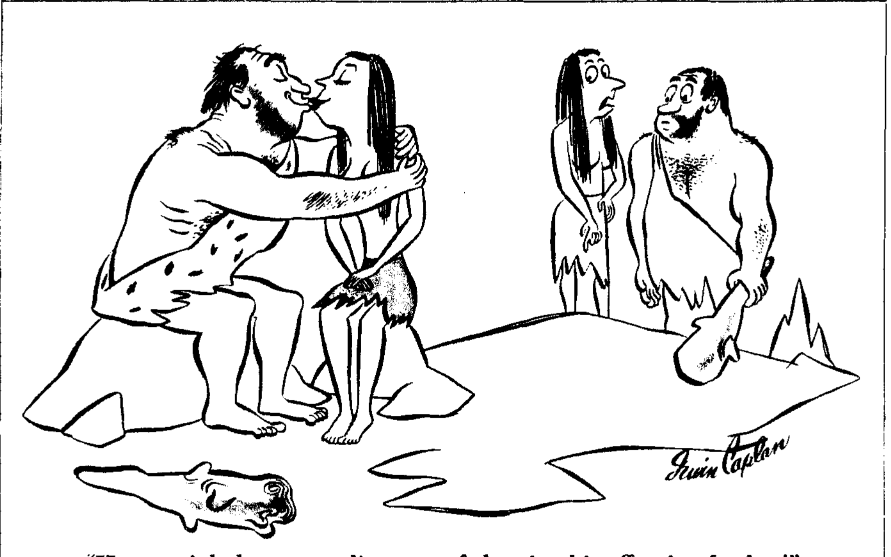
I cried out from the doorway, "Coffee's on. Come and get it!"

I went back to give the baby to her mama for the first feeding, and I was singing, "Beulah land, sweet Beulah land."

And I hadn't forgot how to hold my hand under its head and turn it on my arm.

And the Mrs. looked at me and smiled.

THE END



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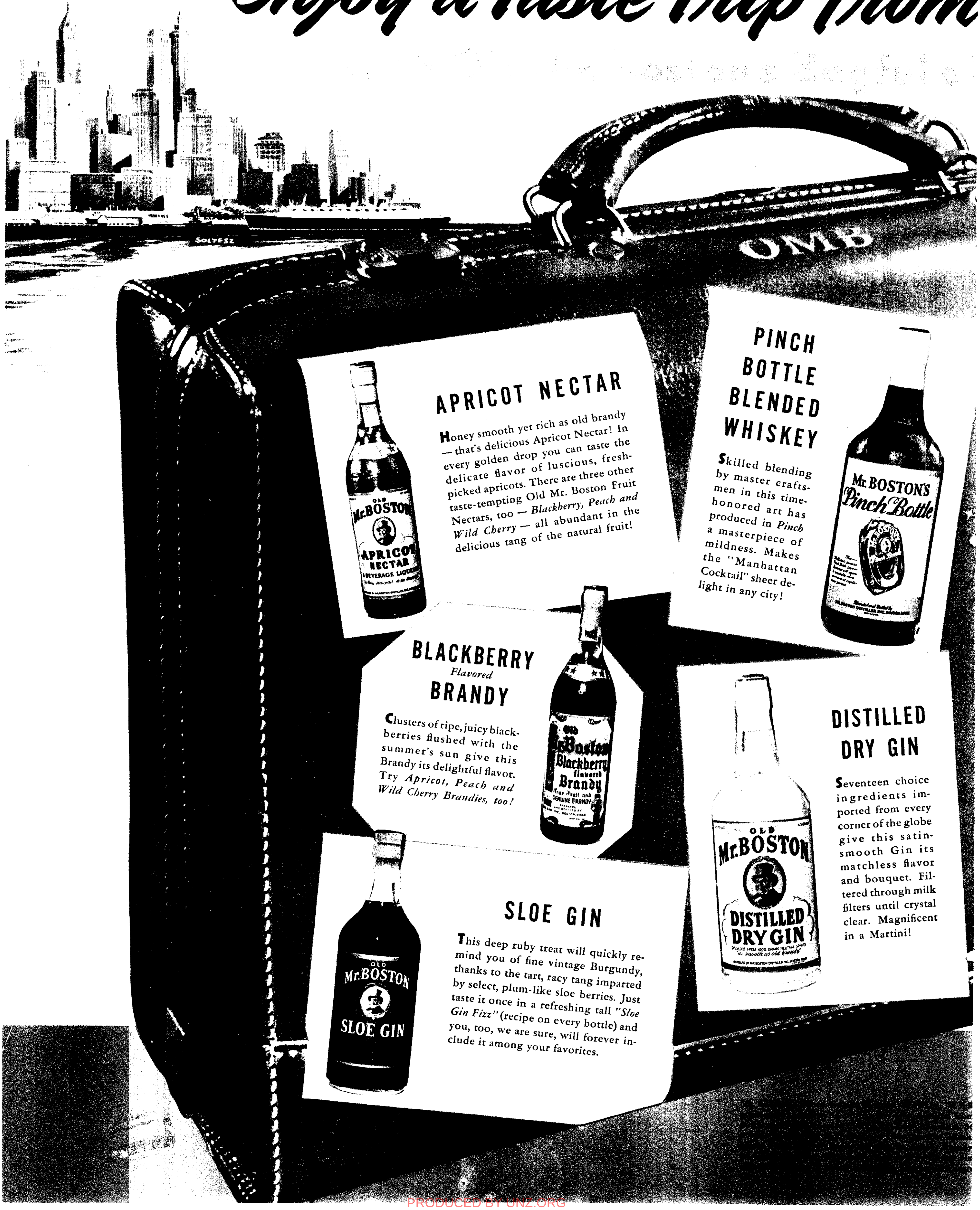
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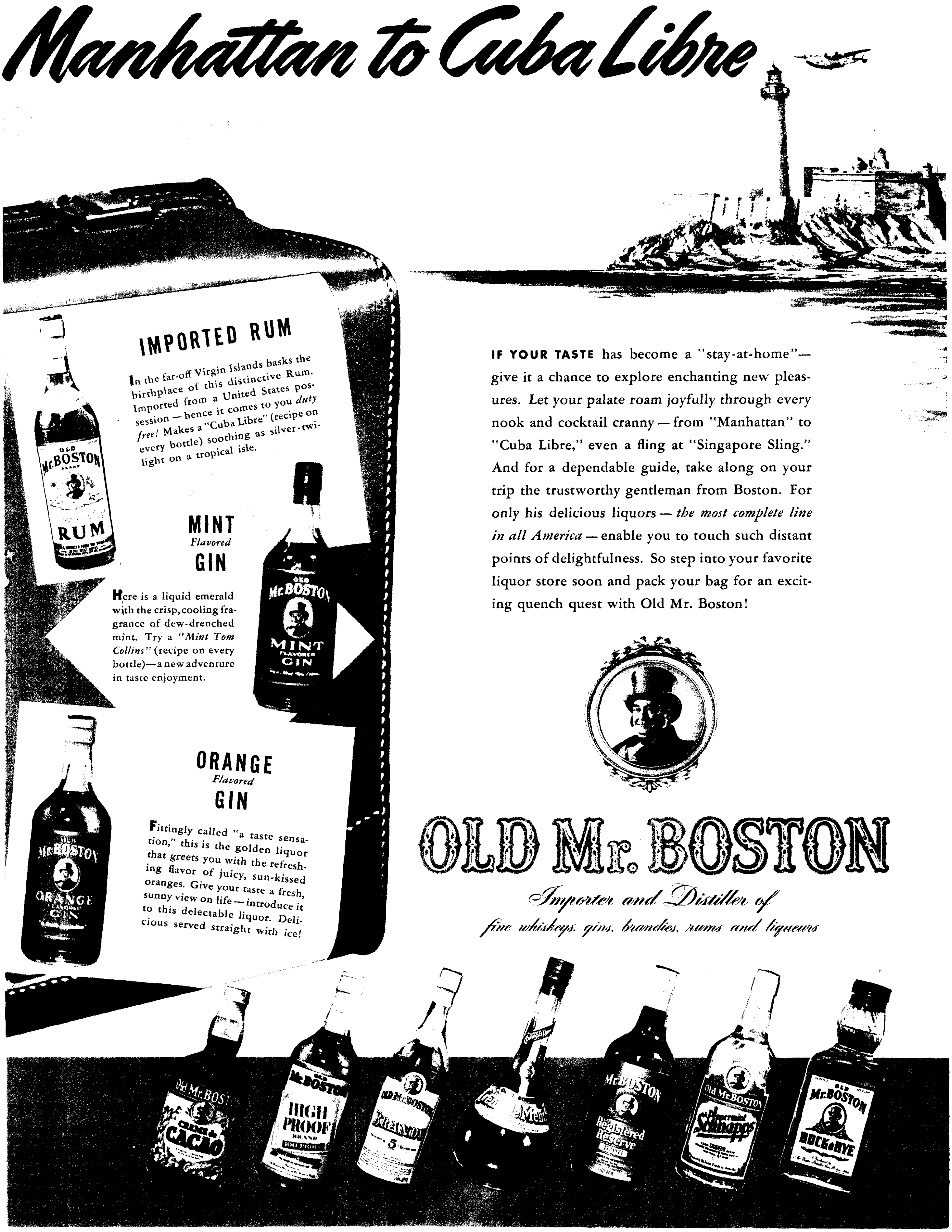
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RED SKIES OVER THE WATER FRONT

Continued from page 17

"wants strikes," Ryan has said to gatherings of his union members., "Remember that we are a vital part of the steamship industry." A representative of one of the largest stevedoring firms in New York has described collective bargaining relations with Ryan as follows: "Once a year or so, we call in Ryan and say, 'Joe, how much of a raise do you need to keep the boys in line?' "

For Ryan has known how to keep order, after his fashion, among some 75,000 dock workers along the turbulent water front. "What does I.L.A. stand for?" ,he once exclaimed. "Why it means 'I Love America!' " And he adds: "If not for the I.L.A., the Reds would control shipping."

Joe Ryan receives one of the top salaries in the labor movement: $20,000 a year plus $5,000 for expenses. He sits in a tastefully decorated office, at the international headquarters of the I.L.A., which, from the top of a tall building on West Fourteenth Street, New York, offers a magnificent view over the busy river front.

Politicians like to consult Ryan. He is in frequent demand as a speaker at public dinners, or at ship-launching ceremonies. No new passenger liner of importance arrives in the harbor but Ryan is one of its welcoming committee.

The I.L.A. is an old union, founded in 1894. It came into the Port of New York in strength around 1906, and for almost ten years, under the leadership of T. V. O'Connor, fought with rival labor bodies for control of the harbor, which it won by 1915. It was around that time that Joe Ryan came into prominence as head of one of the largest locals and an international officer.

He came up from the ranks in the bad old days, thirty-five years ago, when hungry, casual laborers, who had landed on the "beach" sometimes fought each other like wolves for possession of the brass checks that meant work and food. In those times, it was said, if a man picked up by the police for drinking or vagrancy merely admitted being a longshoreman, he was sure to get thirty days. Ryan, during his rough-and-tumble career, has shown that he knows his people well, knows how to run them with a harsh hand.

Son of Irish Emigrants

Joseph Patrick Ryan was born, not on a Hudson River pier but in suburban Babylon, Long Island, the son of James Ryan, a gardener, and Mary Shanahan Ryan. Both his parents were emigrants from Tipperary County, Ireland. But his mother died in giving him birth; and his father, who had remarried, also died suddenly, when Joe was a boy of nine. His stepmother, with six children, removed to a tenement in Manhattan.

Because of his family's straits, Joe, like the other children, was forced to leave his parochial school and seek odd jobs of all sorts when he was little more than a child. He swept floors, served as a stock boy in shops, then in 1904 became a streetcar conductor on the Twenty-third Street trolley line. After six years he decided to go down to the docks for work. One of the boys in the I.L.A., Walt Holt, today its first vice-president, initiated him into the "Irish Local," Number 791. "For $2.50 I got in," Ryan reminisces, "and look at me now!"

Slim in youth, Ryan grew massive, barrel-chested and quick with his fists. But the work of stevedoring has probably the highest accident frequency in all industry, for men must move great weights by hand. One day, in 1912, while Ryan was working down in the hold of a ship, a sling bearing a "draft" of 500 pounds of lead ingots, suddenly broke and showered its load upon him. Joe was carried out in a "crate" with a broken arm and shoulder. During the long weeks when he was out of work—with a wife and two children to support—his union brothers came to his rescue by electing him financial secretary of Local 791. From the start, affable Joe Ryan showed skill in labor politics.

When President T. V. O'Connor was appointed a member of the U.S. Shipping Board in 1921, Ryan was already in line for the union's top job; but he was only thirty-three and was persuaded to wait until the convention of 1927, when he was elected to the office he has held ever since.

During the 1920s, longshoremen suffered from the shipping depression that followed the war boom; in the 1930s more than a third of the water-front workers were on the soup lines or relief rolls. Their trade was notorious for its casual and seasonal character and by 1931, Ryan reported, even the regularly employed dock workers were "lucky to earn $15 a week." That year they were forced to accept a cut of 10 per cent in wages.

At this time the union convention raised Ryan's salary from $6,000 to $8,000 a year. Thereafter, the I.L.A. delegates, who meet in convention only once every four years to elect international officers and render financial accounting, regularly voted increases of salary to Joe Ryan.

Elected President for Life

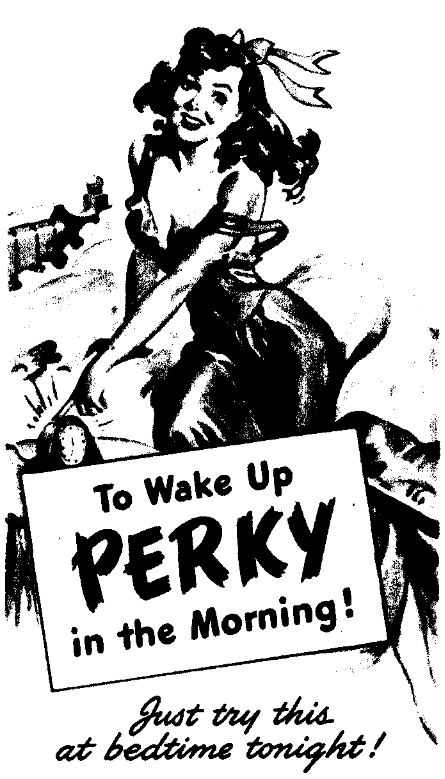
At the 1943 convention with only moderate heart-searching, Ryan consented to his election for a *life term* as president at $20,000 a year. This step toward what one might call constitutional monarchy, he admitted, would doubtless be severely criticized by ill-informed persons; but "when a man has come up every step of the ladder," he exclaimed, "his one thought is to hold the organization together."

For he had welded his following into a strong machine—based on the Port of New York locals—that supported him with stolid loyalty. Ruthless in business, Ryan is charitable in private life, never forgets a friend, and does many a favor for "longies" who are down on their luck. Often in the morning he walks along the West Side docks near his home in the Chelsea section and freely hands out dollar bills or fivers to old gaffers who hail him with: "Hello, Joe!"

Ryan, looking like a man mountain because of his 220 pounds of brawn, likes to stand up at union meetings and talk to his men about his humble beginnings: "I left school to go to work at the age of nine, but thank God, I can talk a language that the President of the United States can understand." And the delegates know that more than one President, not to speak of governors or senators, has listened to Joe Ryan's ready tongue that is not without its cunning. For ten years, from 1928 to 1938, he served as chairman of the A.F. of L.'s central labor council in New York City and worked in close contact with local and national politicians. Back of him also stood the Joseph R. Ryan Association, a "private social club," founded in 1923, which wields much political influence.

Ryan's followers in his union even like the touch of brass in him. He dresses with splendor, wearing painted neckties and pin-striped, elegantly tailored double-breasted suits. "Next to myself, I like silk underwear best," he has said with a defiant laugh.

Under Ryan the I.L.A. was strong



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enough to win gradual increases in wages for its members, especially under the New Deal. He himself had once worked at 35 cents an hour in 1910; in the first World War his men earned 75 cents an hour; by 1946 they got $1.50 an hour, and 50 per cent more for overtime. This is relatively good pay for semiskilled work—though it is so irregular that during the 1930s the average longshoreman worked only about 24 hours each week.

And higher wages have been Ryan's answer to the insecurity of the longshoreman's life. Otherwise essential working conditions have changed little since the 1900s. Those union members who wished to urge further improvements found that their locals held few meetings and their officers were invariably men chosen or approved by Ryan. Recently the members of Local 895 in New York quit work on their dock, principally because they wanted an officer chosen by themselves and not at a meeting packed with three hundred strangers. But though the men have sued the union in court, Ryan stands his ground.

There is a tradition around the New York harbor that union members who are rebellious, or refuse to play ball with the union machine are apt: (1) to lose their jobs, or (2) to get conked on the head. And worse things than that have happened, especially along the bustling Brooklyn water front.

But stronger than the union machine itself, in its control over the water-front laborers on the Atlantic coast, is that institution for hiring casual workers that has existed unchanged since the 1880s and is known as the "shape-up."

Go down to the docks at 7:55 A.M. or 12:55 P.M. and, at the entrance to the principal piers, you will see scores of longshoremen gathered in a great semicircle or "shape-up," waiting to be hired. This is done by the stevedore company's foreman, standing in the center of the horseshoe. At the appointed hour he blows a whistle, then begins to shout the numbers of the gangs he is hiring: "Number Three! Number Seven!" and so on. Each of the gangs, numbering twenty men and headed by a gang foreman, is assigned to load or discharge cargo at a given hatch of a vessel. After he has called the gang, the stevedore foreman sometimes walks around the shape nodding or calling to an "extra" here and there. Those who are left out go shuffling off to a bar or diner along the river to wait for the next shape-up, or "slave market," as they call it.

How the "Shape-Up" Works

As the system actually works out, the gang foreman fixes in advance the list of the twenty men who are to work at his hatch, in agreement with the hiring foreman. Thus, between them, they have absolute control over the jobs available; at their word a man eats or starves. As a further check, one of the union's local officers or shop stewards usually stands at the pier gate as if watching to see that the "right man" is hired.

Over the years the longshoreman has learned that at a great many piers around New York and other Atlantic ports, a man seeking regular work is practically forced to pay a kickback out of his wages either to the gang boss, or to some shifty union officer. Otherwise he never knows, while being turned down, say, at Pier 45, that there may be a shortage of hands at Pier 50, a few blocks away. And twice a day he must appear to be hired, every day of his working life.

Ryan himself has admitted, apologetically, that "the kickback racket is an old custom in this port. We tried to stamp it out, but we couldn't."

But many reports by U.S. Labor Department investigators and legislative committees state that it is this antiquated hiring system—such as exists in almost no other industry—that nourishes favoritism, graft, extortion, poverty and crime along the water front in the East. In the great European ports, as on our West Coast, considerable regularization of dock labor was introduced long ago.

Leaders of the steamship industry, along with Joe Ryan, defend the shape-up system as being more economical or convenient than the central hiring-hall plan for rotating dock labor that has been used successfully on the Pacific Coast. Along the Atlantic, they say, the shape-up is best adapted to the uncertain movements of tides and ships. And besides, it ensures a surplus of casual labor at moments of peak demand.

But these same shipping people deplore the racketeering that stems from the shape-up. Privately some of them have voiced the suspicion that "the rackets are used to strengthen the position of the union officers."

Violent Struggle for Control

The police record for the water-front population has long been rich in crime. In a period of ten years, five officers of Local 824, whose members work at the Cunard and French Line piers, have been killed one by one, in a struggle for control of the rackets flourishing in their bailiwick.

Some years ago, Tony Romeo, delegate of Brooklyn's I.L.A. Local 929 was questioned by the police in connection with some underworld crime:

Q: What happened to the man whose place you took?

A: He was shot and killed.

Q: And what happened to the man whose place he took?

A: He was shot and killed.

Q: Well, what do you think is going to happen to you?

A: I don't know.

Later, Romeo's body, riddled with bullets was found floating in the river.

During the late 1930s the dock workers in Brooklyn lived under a veritable reign of terror. Most of the Brooklyn laborers, making up the biggest contingent among the Port of New York longshoremen, are Italians or Italian-Americans.

Toward 1937, six of these "Italian" locals, with 8,000-9,000 members were, in Ryan's words, "amalgamated together in one office on President Street, Brooklyn," under the direction of one officer, the late Emil Camarda, a general vice-president of the I.L.A., without benefit of popular election.

Emil Camarda and his numerous brothers and relatives, who also held offices in the locals, were a powerful clan in the Red Hook district, with strong political influence, and even a political club of their own, called the City Democratic Club.

In 1939, in the Brooklyn union, a young firebrand named Peter Panto appeared. He harangued the Italian longshoremen and called on them to force free elections in their locals and throw out the crooked officers and "goons" who plundered them. Soon he had gathered a following of some 1,200 and constituted a serious threat to the gangsters' organization. Thereupon Emil Camarda called Panto to his office. "The boys," he said, "don't like what you're doing."

Four days later Panto disappeared mysteriously; he was last seen entering an automobile with several union officials. The mystery and scandal of his death—almost a year later he was found to have been strangled and buried in a "suit of quicklime underwear"—broke upon the old longshoremen's union like a storm. The Amen Commission investigated the union's affairs and threatened grand jury proceedings.

Then District Attorney—now Mayor—William O'Dwyer, who was tracking down gangsters, took over and raided the union locals, arresting several union officers as material witnesses. Partial disclosure in the press of conditions un-

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covered by O'Dwyer's men showed that the Brooklyn water front had become a racketeers' jungle run wild; gunmen had taken over the treasury of at least three locals. They gathered in dues, sold union books, and distributed large sums to the collectors of the underworld organization headed by Albert Anastasia, who presided over the water-front branch of Murder, Inc.

The gangsters' take, O'Dwyer estimated, amounted to $600,000 a year. In addition to that, he said, the extortion practiced among the ignorant Italian dock laborers, in the form of kickbacks and usurious loans—interest on which ran as high as 10-20 per cent per week—was "terrific." The books of the union had been forged, he found, money had been embezzled on a grand scale, and various union officers were on the lam. O'Dwyer said that Panto had been slain by the hired killers of Murder, Inc.

In this emergency, which shook the I.L.A. to its foundations, Joe Ryan was called down to O'Dwyer's office and asked by the district attorney: "What are you going to do about all this?" Ryan promised a thorough cleanup of the crooked locals, and election of new, honest officers, and averted a prosecution of his union officers for crimes of embezzlement, forgery and extortion. But after a slight shake-up the old regime continued.

The coming of war at the end of 1941 distracted public attention from the Brooklyn water-front troubles—though much the same personnel continued to direct the union locals there. The rank-and-file opposition, led by successors of Panto, became dormant. Ryan always believed that this opposition was directed secretly by Harry Bridges, who, by this time, had built his West Coast union into a threat to Ryan's empire.

Abuses on the West Coast

On the West Coast, as far back as one could remember, thousands of longshoremen had been victimized by irregularity of employment, insecurity and the extortion of racketeers. But water-front institutions were quite different from those in the East. By 1919, in San Francisco, as in other Pacific ports, the shape-up had been replaced by the central hiring hall, through which dock work could be regularly rotated. But the hiring halls, located usually in pool parlors on San Francisco's grimy Mission Street, had fallen under the complete control of steamship company or stevedoring foremen who were mostly grafters.

As for the union, it helped little: after 1918 the Pacific Coast division of the I.L.A. broke away and formed a company union, known as the "Blue Book" system. With the tolerance of the Waterfront Employers' Association up to 1933, the "Blue Book" and its grafting foremen controlled maritime labor on the West Coast. Management, union leadership and politicians all seemed indifferent to abuses that grew up under this system. But when abuses are too long uncorrected the way is opened to extremists.

In 1933, among the ranks of the unemployed workers, new radical leaders appeared. One of them was Harry R. Bridges, an Australian emigrant, who brought about a vigorous revival of the longshoremen's union movement and led the Pacific Coast maritime laborers back into the fold of the I.L.A.

Bridges, a lanky, homely fellow, with a long, thin nose and a shock of dark hair, had been earning as much as sixty dollars a week and paying graft to do so. No shrinking violet, Bridges has admitted: "I was a damned good longshoreman for twelve years in San Francisco, and everyone on the water front knows it."

Bridges was born in 1901, in a comfortable Melbourne suburb, the son of a prosperous real-estate agent. Attending the State School up to the age of fifteen, he showed himself well above average as a student. At sixteen, though a well-paid clerk who was promised rapid advancement, he suddenly threw up his job and ran away to sea. He sailed in a ketch to Tasmania, then to India and Suez and back across the Pacific to America in 1920. During three years, he experienced two shipwrecks; in one of them he saved only his mandolin by tying it around his neck with a strip of his underclothing.

In San Francisco, in 1923, Bridges married and settled down to work as a longshoreman. He took to the labor movement naturally; in 1921, in some labor dispute, the cheeky, aggressive Bridges had served as picket for the I.W.W.s. Later, in the 1933 labor-union revival fostered by the N.R.A.'s labor code, he quickly rose to the top, probably because he could think faster and talk faster than anybody else. After becoming head of his union local Bridges was elected chairman of the strike committee which in May, 1934, launched a general maritime strike in San Francisco Bay, with the purpose of winning full control of the central hiring halls for the union.

That strike, in which thirty-two-year-old Harry Bridges showed himself an iron-fisted leader, turned into one of the bloodiest labor conflicts in our history. Joe Ryan had opposed it from the start, but was unable to head it off. Finally he flew out to San Francisco and tried to negotiate a settlement directly with the shipowners. As usual, he didn't tell the rank and file or their strike committee very much about what he was doing. Then he announced that, as president of the union, he had reached an agreement and the "strike was ended."

The San Francisco workers were intensely dissatisfied with his agreement, which had included no control of the hiring halls. But Ryan fearlessly presented himself before a mass meeting of the strikers and urged them to go back to work. The men raged over what they termed a sellout; they called their president "labor rat," and howled for his blood. Some even climbed to the platform to assault him.

Bridges, presiding at that meeting, has claimed that only his firm intervention saved Ryan from a beating. And the locals, under Bridges' command, continued their struggle for two months longer, until the first week in July when large detachments of state troops were brought in to open the port. This produced a climax of violence, including the famous four-day general strike, which ended with the issues still unsettled. However, a year later Bridges won effective control of the hiring halls.

To many folk in San Francisco, Harry Bridges, ever since those days, has appeared as a revolutionary "devil," who would stop at nothing in achieving what they call his Marxian objectives. To his followers he was a hero; even after federal hearings were held in an attempt to deport him as an alleged alien Communist, they would greet him with wild cheers and confetti. Meanwhile the racketeers took flight from the San Francisco docks, terrorized, as it has been reported, by Harry Bridges' "Red Guards."

Within the I.L.A. Bridges now tried to lead a reform movement against Ryan. But the union's international convention of 1935, in New York, calmly voted Bridges down on every motion. In 1936 Ryan fired him from the I.L.A. staff of organizers, and urged the Pacific Coast division to oust him from office. They responded by electing Bridges president of their division. A year later, all the Pacific locals—with the exception of 700 men in three small ports on Puget Sound—seceded from the I.L.A. and joined the C.I.O., after reorganizing as the International Longshoremen's and Warehousemen's Union.

Conflict Between Leaders

Joe Ryan, a devout Catholic and prominent layman of his church, holds Communism and all other alien "isms" in horror, and to him Bridges has been a "tool of the Communists." To Bridges Ryan is an "ally of racketeers." Bridges' viewpoint tends to coincide with that of the New York Herald Tribune, which, in a recent editorial characterized the older longshoremen's union as an "undemocratic organization," which violated its own constitution, gave no voice to members and was a "perfect instrument to the hand of an unscrupulous labor despot."

By contrast, Bridges, in his union, ostentatiously uses democratic processes that flatter the rank and file. He says: "Any guy has the right to get up on the floor and call Harry Bridges any kind of a bum, and I got to take it."

Bridges, something of an actor, poses as a plain man given to plain talk, and often puts on quite a show for his rough-and-ready followers. For the benefit of his men, he has conducted a remarkable educational, publicity and political program. He has reorganized the hiring halls which are maintained jointly in each port by the union and the employers. All longshoremen are registered at the hall and they elect dispatchers, usually every six months or year. The dispatcher receives calls for gangs of longshoremen from employers and dispatches gangs in rotation from a complete list of them posted on a huge blackboard. He also notes the time each is to report for work, so that a man may drop into the hall at any time and see whether and when he is to work. In assigning gangs to jobs, the dispatcher is supposed to make the earnings of all about equal. If members are dissatisfied, they can vote to fire the dispatcher.

Today the I.L.W.U. has expanded until it boasts 40,000 members, including men in various maritime and warehouse jobs in all the ports on our Pacific Coast, from San Diego to Seattle. But the restless Bridges is possessed with vast ambitions; his most persistent hope is to march East, throw out Ryan, and win control of all longshore labor in America.

Bridges fumbled a chance to do just that last year when Ryan was faced with the most perilous revolt yet known in I.L.A. ranks. Ryan had negotiated a new contract with shipowners which called for a wage increase of 10 cents an hour, from $1.25 to $1.35. But he had not settled the longshoremen's bitterest gripe—a reduction in the slingload. During the war the slingload had gone up from an average of one long ton per load to as high as three tons. This made their hazardous work triply dangerous; the breaking of a rope would shower three times the load of crates or ingots onto the men below. Nor had he done anything about another gripe, the shape-up.

When the story of the agreement appeared in the papers, bedlam broke out in Ryan's old "Irish local," Number 791, and 1,500 longshoremen walked off the job in a spontaneous, unauthorized strike. The strike spread until the whole New York water front was paralyzed, but still no leader appeared—in public—to head it up. Finally a Rank-and-File Committee came into the open, headed by a personable 32-year-old longshoreman named William E. Warren, and voiced its purpose: "We are sick and tired of the dictatorial attitude of the I.L.A. officers."

After the revolt had lasted about a week longer, during which Ryan toured the water front with loud-speaker trucks and squads of organizers to prod the men back to work, the strike was ended. The opposition movement had been poorly organized and poorly led. It had been a fine chance for Bridges to move in, but the spontaneous walkout had caught him as unprepared as Ryan. He and other C.I.O. men tried to build up the revolt against Ryan, but their efforts were too little and too late.

Gains in New Agreement

The sequel to that moody rebellion of the longshoremen was a lengthy process of arbitration between regular I.L.A. heads and the shipowners. The Rank-and-File faction, far from disappearing, intervened actively in the arbitration proceedings, and at one point gained a temporary injunction restraining President Ryan from signing any agreement without submitting it to a vote of the union members. The final award granted gains in wages of 20 per cent; from $1.25 to $1.50 an hour, and a forty-hour week, though there was no reduction of the slingload weight, nor elimination of the shape-up system. The wage rise was twice what Ryan had agreed to accept before the strike. But, though badly shaken, he was still in the saddle, and claimed credit for this settlement as "a full vindication of my policies."

For Bridges that strike was a golden opportunity missed. Will it come again? In many a leaflet showered along the New York docks by his faithful agents he had trumpeted promises of aid: "The fighting longshoremen of the West Coast are with you to a man in your struggle." Often he has vowed that he would leave no stone unturned until Ryan was eliminated, and with him the shape-up and the racketeering he attributes to it. Now, what is most galling to him is the effect of recent awards of wages which show a differential favoring the A.F. of L. workers of the East over the C.I.O. longshoremen on the Pacific.

Bridges' cherished plan for "one big union" for the whole maritime industry and merchant marine remains unrealized. He cannot stop; and Ryan fights for his life.

THE END

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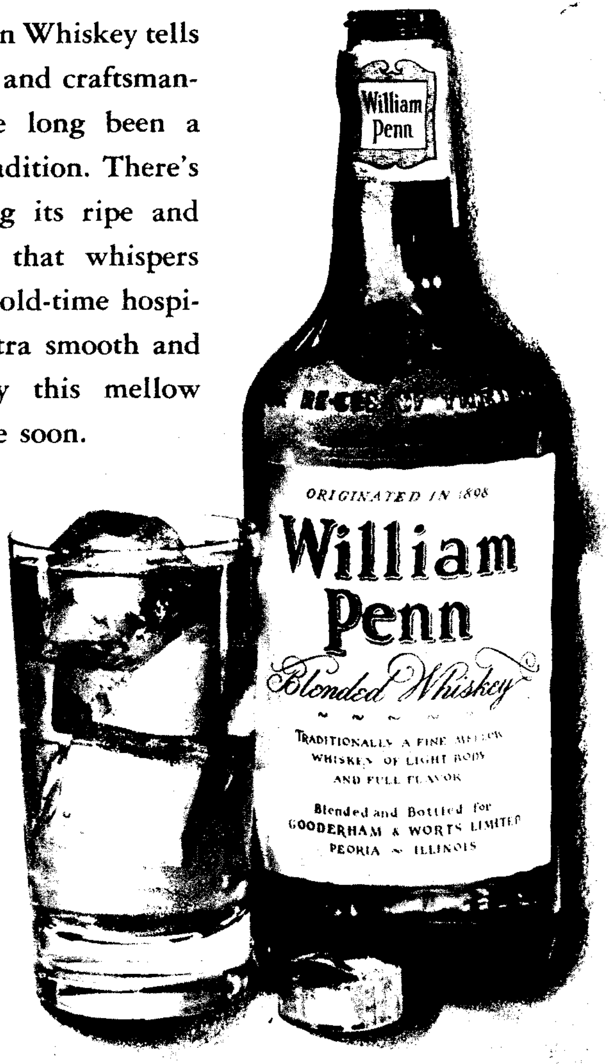
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THE WEEK'S MAIL

Continued from page 4

DEAR EDITOR: The owl's-face butterfly isn't found *only* in Mexico. My husband caught one right in our back yard, which measured five and a half inches.
(MRS.) ROSE HIRSCH
Chicago, Ill.

DEAR EDITOR: Recently I found two fine specimens of the owl's face in our coreopsis bed, but would not have recognized them if I had not read the reference to them in Collier's.
J. PAUL MOORHEAD
Leechburg, Pa.

Many other readers report they have found owl's-face butterflies in Rhode Island, Kentucky, Minnesota, Montana, New York, Michigan, Utah, Oklahoma, Iowa and Kansas.

DEAR EDITOR: Your cover of August 31st is much the rage of Southern teen agers. Such simplicity has a great meaning.
A. OESTRINGER
New Orleans, La.

Collier's
★SQUEAL, NAZI, SQUEAL!
by Douglas M. Kelley

DEAR EDITOR: Jon Whitcomb's cover girl (August 31st) certainly had a beautifully deep, natural expression. This same expression will, I feel sure, be worn by my 15-year-old cousin, Joyce Warren of Avoca, Pennsylvania, when she faces the same situation in the near future.
RUTH BOSLEY
Portage, Pa.

Below, a photograph of Miss Warren. Above, the cover.

DEAR EDITOR: Why has not someone suggested that the meetings of the World Conference be held in the Pentagon Building? The idea of taking over large areas and destroying homes is preposterous. Why spend billions needlessly?
L. E. HOLMES
Madison, Conn.

DEAR EDITOR: Thanks to Dowager Queen (August 24th issue) this writer is having trouble with her gorge. It keeps rising. "Mrs. Hamilton McK. Twombly . . . has (three) homes which are veritable palaces . . . Florham at Madison, New Jersey . . . a 70-room New York mansion . . and Vinland, a Newport villa comparable to the . . . palace of Marie Antoinette." Then I recalled that in New York State alone, there are 359,000 homeless veterans. . . .
MRS. CHRISTOPHER A. NUTTALL
Milwaukee, Wis.

DEAR EDITOR: I wonder if Mrs. Twombly—with her 70-room town house and several country houses—realizes we are confronted with a housing shortage.
BETH YOUNGBERG
Chicago, Ill.

DEAR EDITOR: I, a veteran, endured all the horrors of big brass, not to mention what the Krauts threw my way, but I didn't do it to preserve the way of life depicted in that article about Mrs. Twombly.
EUGENE P. SHOCKEY
Columbus, Ohio.

DEAR EDITOR: I have read what Frances Perkins has to say about Franklin D. Roosevelt, in your issue of August 14th. Do you believe in horoscopes? Well, here's something about Aquarians, of whom Roosevelt was one: If they allow themselves to be ruled by their weaknesses, they become less reliable and eventually will forget their promises.
W. O. PHILLIPS
San Antonio, Texas.

Doesn't that apply to everybody, Mr. Phillips, regardless of his birth date?

DEAR EDITOR: Are the Menapis that play a prominent role in Abraham Polonsky's story, A Little Fire (August 3d issue), a product of the author's imagination? I've looked them up in two dictionaries and an encyclopedia, and can find nothing about such animals.
JACK COFIELD
Huntington, Ind.

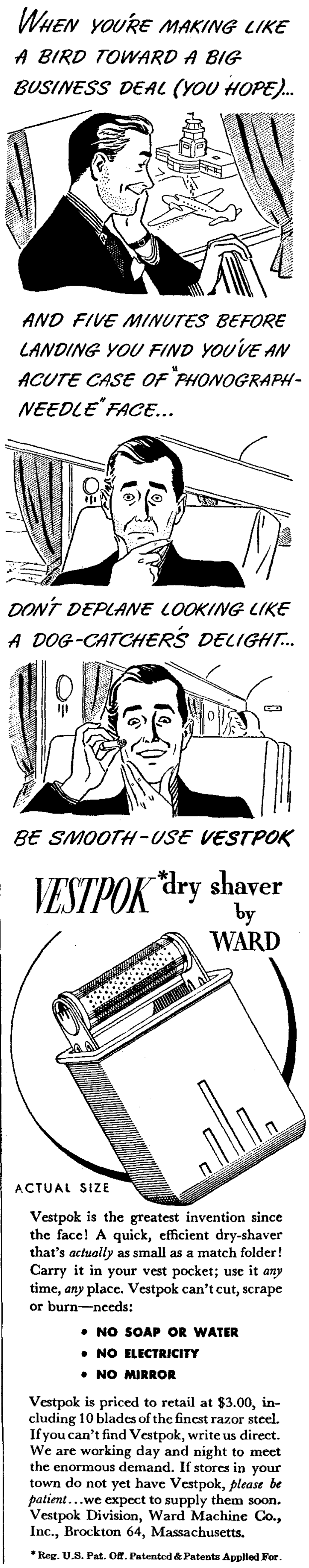
Ain't no sich animal. Mr. Polonsky created them.

DEAR EDITOR: There is a statement in Mr. Joseph Dinneen's colorful article, Boston's Incredible Curley, which should be corrected. Boston is not, as Mr. Dinneen asserts, 74.3 per cent Catholic—the percentage is about 45. The city is about 35.2 per cent Irish-American and Irish.
MARY F. KENNEDY (a Catholic)
Boston, Mass.

DEAR EDITOR: Ringland C. Weeks, the man who thinks your cartoons aren't amusing (The Week's Mail, August 31st), must be a killjoyish old fuddy-duddy.
PAT STONE
Muskogee, Okla.

DEAR EDITOR: I feel sorry for Mr. Weeks, who evidently has lost his sense of humor.
(MRS.) ALICE COOK
Waterloo, Iowa.

DEAR EDITOR: Mr. Weeks must read tombstones for amusement.
E. B. J. LEHMAN
Columbus, Ohio.


WHEN YOU'RE MAKING LIKE A BIRD TOWARD A BIG BUSINESS DEAL (YOU HOPE)...

AND FIVE MINUTES BEFORE LANDING YOU FIND YOU'VE AN ACUTE CASE OF "PHONOGRAPH-NEEDLE" FACE...

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FLYING FARMERS

LESS than two years ago, thirty-eight farmers and their wives organized the Oklahoma Flying Farmers (Collier's for March 24, 1945) and today that little group has grown with the vigor and richness of a Middle Western wheatfield into the National Flying Farmers Association, representing 1,500 actual flying-farmer members in fifteen states. The movement is spreading rapidly, and independent organizations in seven additional states are contemplating allying with the National to bring about a program of much-needed reforms in rural aviation—as the farmer sees it.

No longer the tobacco-chewing hick with the billy-goat whiskers and an *odeur manure,* the flying farmer is articulate, experienced, progressive and demanding about plane ownership and operation. To qualify as a member of this potentially powerful "farm bloc of the air," he must hold at least a student pilot permit and have 51 per cent of his capital invested in farming or ranching.

Last month, just a year from the date they formed their National, the farmers held their first annual convention at Stillwater, Oklahoma, with the blessing of Dr. Henry G. Bennett, president of Oklahoma A & M College. Three hundred and eighty-nine airplanes flew into Stillwater, mostly Aeroncas, Luscombes, Piper Cubs and Taylorcraft. They brought Flying Farmers ranging in age from seventy-six-year-old R. L. (Kid) Gibson, of Tahoka, Texas, to seven-month-old Flying Farmerette Helen Lee Greever, who flew up from Spearman, Texas, with Mama and Papa Greever.

First on their list is to do something about the light plane. While no other occupational group has got more and varied utility from the little ships as now produced, the farmers have had enough experience to know what they want in the way of improvements.

And right now in Washington, the Personal Aircraft Council of the Aircraft Industries Association, representing the leading light-plane manufacturers, is eagerly awaiting the arrival of a promised committee from the National to tell them just how they can further improve the putt-putts for farm and ranch life and, incidentally, sell a lot more. The personal-plane builders, unable to turn out a model for every individual pilot need and whim, have striven to include all needs with their all-purpose models. But here is a case where it might be possible to turn out a "farmer's model" of a popular light plane and make it pay.

This first objective being relatively easy, the Farmers then will tackle something more difficult of achievement. They want a uniform air marking system. They want a mapping program to point out the privately owned landing strips on the farms and ranches. They want small airports and air-strips closer to the cities and towns to which they have to fly for supplies. And they want to cut the red tape that now binds them in the form of aviation gasoline taxes that go for highway development, unreasonable aircraft taxes and regulations and elimination of such dreamed-up state laws that prohibit an airplane from landing anywhere but on an established airport.

WING TALK

EDITED BY FREDERICK R. NEELY

Oldest flying farmer is R. L. (Kid) Gibson, 76, of Tahoka, Texas. He became a Piper Cub pilot in 1943

President of the National Flying Farmers is a man not to be brushed off by city slickers. He's Forrest Watson, of Thomas, Oklahoma, forty-seven years old and a wheat grower. He and Mrs. Watson have been flying for five years; they keep their little plane in the old barn from which flies a wind sock, and they fly from a strip cut out of their farm.

Watson is also a terror to coyotes. When it's coyote-hunting time in Oklahoma, the Watsons go aloft while a ground patrol of a dozen cars strikes out for the section invaded by this scourge of every farmer. By circling and wing-wagging, the Watsons transmit the coyote's position to the gunners and they move in for the kill.

Watson has flown food and mail into snowbound communities; even successfully dropped a pair of eyeglasses for a schoolboy. He has led hunts for escaped prisoners and lost persons. Once he piloted a county agent over 165,000 acres of wheat, and in less than two hours the agent had an actual count of the number of combines at work. These are departures from the regular aerial chores of a farmer's airplane, all of which are now pretty well known.

Forrest Watson believes that three fourths of the light planes will be found in the rural communities, not because the cityfolk don't like to fly, but because it is far more practical, convenient and economical for the farmer or rancher. The farmer keeps his airplane, for free, at his back door.

Farm life, at last, is coming into its own, says Pilot Watson, adding: "Modern farm machinery, automobiles, radios, electricity and now the airplane are making rural life the envy of those who formerly ridiculed us with wisecracks about the farm boys and girls and their clothes and crude manners. Soon the airplane will be considered a *must* on every modern farm and ranch." JACK N. LUDRICK

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At chairside, bedside or tableside, it puts your choice of entertainment at your finger tips.

Lear engineers designed and built this beauty with skill and understanding drawn from sixteen years of building aircraft radios—radios that have to be as fine and reliable as it is possible to make them.

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This, we believe, is why this compact console or any Lear Radio you choose will give you the complete satisfaction you have a right to expect.

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We will give you FREE a new comparable flashlight if yours is ever damaged by corrosion, leakage, or swelling of this cell.

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SONG OF THE CUCKOO

Continued from page 21

variety largely perpetrated by that balmy blackbird, Mr. Gaillard, is a mess of screwy syllables that takes on any semantic meaning the listener prefers to find in it. It might be described as a theme song for a madhouse. Cement Mixer is but a single example of the Gaillard d.t.s set to music. There are many others: Drei Six Cents, Minuet in Vout, Atomic Cocktail, and something called Yep Roc Heresay. The latter is in pure Aramaic, the lyric having been taken from a Syrian menu. This Syrian boiled dinner of lamb, rice and vegetables rolled in grape leaves is a delicacy of which Mr. Gaillard is so fond that he thought it worthy of his artistic ennobling!

Often Professor Gaillard's lyrics are in seven or eight tongues, few recognizable. For Mr. G. is no untutored ape. A native of Detroit, and a graduate of Cass College there, Slim majored in languages, and is said to speak Syrian, Arabic, Spanish, Hebrew and Cuban. Also "Vout," a language of Slim's own confection.

"Vout," is a sort of African pig Latin, and consists of adding "orooney," "oreeney," and worse, to any word that suits the Gaillard imagination. Recently Mr. Sidney Mills, head of a distinguished Tin Pan Alley publishing house, flew to Hollywood to arrange for the publication of Cement Mixer. He asked Slim what sort of financial deal would please him. "All you gotta do, man," replied Mr. Gaillard, "is cross my palm with vout!"

"What," asked Mr. Mills, a plain-spoken man, "is vout?"

"Vout," explained Mr. Gaillard, as if to a child, "is voot!"

"Pardon me?" persisted Mr. Mills, apologetically.

Gaillard thereupon patiently expounded that while "vout" and "voot" were self-explanatory, "vootorooney" meant "perfect," being derived from "vooty-rooty," which meant "balanced." "Voutorooney" thus became "perfect"; and while "mixed stringsey" meant just that, and "spargoo" was "drums," "brfskitootie," a typical Gaillardism, had no exact translation.

Difficulties With Lead Sheet

Thoroughly enlightened, Mr. Mills asked for a lead sheet of Cement Mixer from which to publish the song. Slim revealed he never had truck with no such nonsenserooney. The song came from the imagination, was never sung twice in the same way or tongue. A lead sheet, eventually produced, showed not only a lack of familiarity with the written note, but the difficulty of setting down the cry of the educated baboon.

Mr. Mills therefore commissioned his brother Paul to transcribe the great work for the ages. After fourteen cracks at it, Paul finally gave birth to the following sonnet:—

"Cement mixer, putti-putti, a puddle o'vooty, puddle o'scooty, puddle o'gooty! Cement mixer, putti-putti, a puddle o'veet—*concrete!* First you get some gravel, pour it in the vout; to mix a mess o' mortar, you add cement and water—see the mellowrooney come out—slurp, slurp, slurp!" (Copyright 1946 by American Academy of Music, Inc. Used by permission.)

This tender sentiment, bearing Paul Mills' pseudonym "Lee Ricks" (Lyrics; catch?), is marked to be played with "Vout and Plenty of Bounceroo."

Mr. Gaillard, however, doesn't have the entire supply of mellowrooney tied up. A Mr. Timmy Rogers, self-dubbed The Hot Sophisticate, has concocted a disturbance called Fla-ti-ga-pa, which is best rendered on a set of false teeth and wits. Loop-de-loo is alleged musically to be the sound you make "when you hold her tight." Then there is Phil Moore's Hokey Mokey Poke Sqwatch thing, which defies translation by even the anthropologists.

Re Bop Songs are whoop-and-holler versions of mellowrooney, and are designed to relax through yelling. The enormously popular Hey Ba Ba Re Bop is a subtle example. To properly render this number, orchestras usually choose up sides, then shout, "Hey ba ba re bop" at each other, the side that splits more eardrums and induces most cases of permanent shock being declared winner. From the sensitive pens of bandleaders Lionel Hampton and Curley Hammer, the enchanting message of Hey Ba Ba Re Bop (as distinct from a rival song called O Bob O Lee Bob) is worth noting in part:

"Hey ba ba re bop, hey ba ba re bop,
Yes your baby knows,—
Mama's on the chair, papa's on the cot,
Baby's on the floor, blowin' his natural top. . . .
Singin' hey ba ba re bop etc. . . .
Matilda Brown told old King Tut
If you can't say Re bop keep your big mouth shut,
Singin' hey ba ba re bop etc . . .

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Hey Ba Ba Re Bop has outsold O Bob O Lee Bob. Hey Ba Ba Re Bop makes so much more sense!

A Phrase Is Immortalized

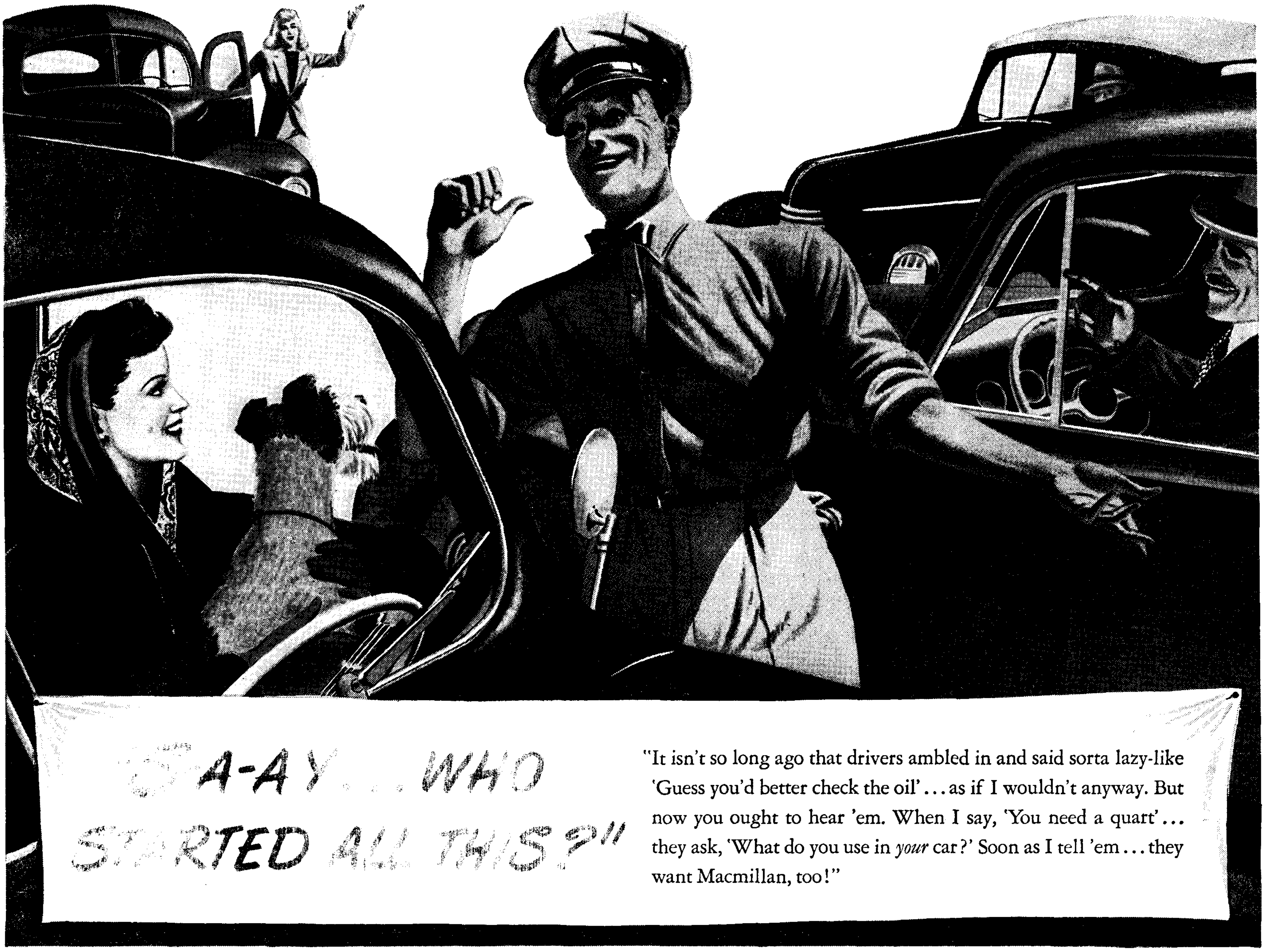
A genuinely accomplished trumpet player named John Birks (Dizzy) Gillespie invented re bop. Dizzy, formerly a "side man" for Cab Calloway, had a habit of conveying his advanced swing rhythms to his fellow musicians by humming "re bop a re bop" etc. It was but justice that the phrase would in time fall on the ear of the poet, and be immortalized!

Aided and abetted by one Thelonious Monk, his arranger and pianist, Dizzy has concocted such un-Gregorian chants as Be Rop She Ban Klugel Mop, and A Handful o' Gimme and a Bucket o' Much Obliged.

The Socially Significant Song, often called "sophisticated" because it contains words of more than one syllable, is often the favorite of night-club habitués. A weird gent named Harry (The Hibster) Gibson is a leader in this field, as is the many-sided Phil Moore. Gibson, who writes 'em and croons 'em too, is responsible for Who Put the Benzedrine in Mrs. Murphy's Ovaltine?, which has sold a million or so records, and tells of the wondrous effect of the drug on Mrs. Murphy, and also enquires "who put the nembutal in Mr. Murphy's overall?" Mention of two drugs, as can be readily seen, gives the song great social significance.

Gibson's personal life makes equally good sense. The Hibster gave up a promising career studying long-hair music at New York's Juilliard School, to write and sing poolroom songs in the ballroom manner in the 52d Street swing emporiums. When last heard from, the Hibster was on the West coast, summoned to add Social Significance to Gaillard's mellowrooney at Billy Berg's. Ah, fortunate Hollywood!

The comfortably proportioned Professor Phil Moore, another Social Significance boy, is educated to the musical and mental teeth. Phil's first job after he escaped from the University of Wash-


"S-A-Y . . . WHO STARTED ALL THIS?"

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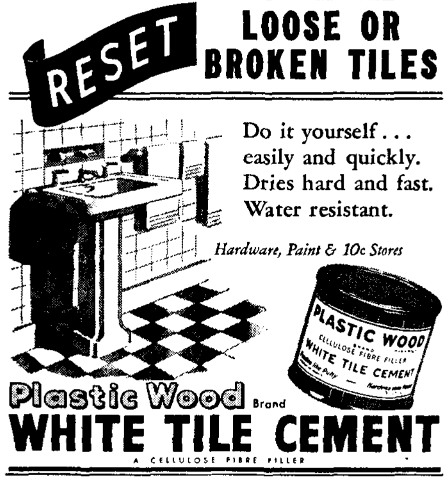

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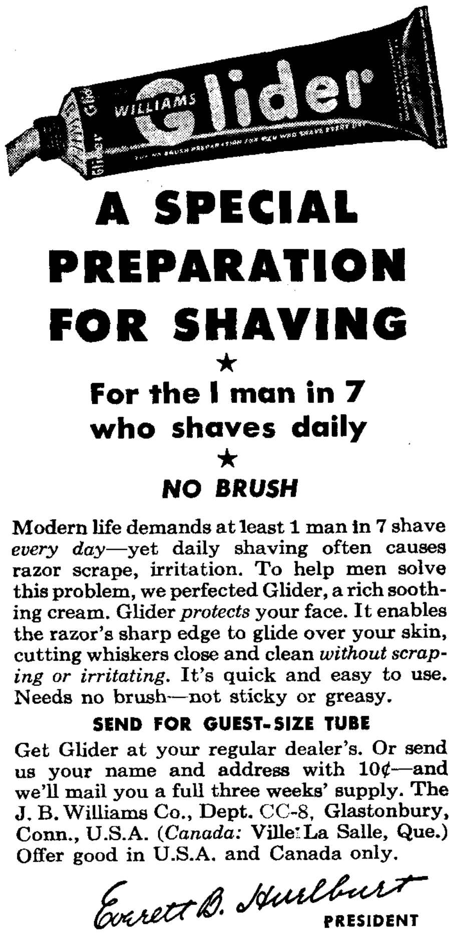

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Everett B. Hurlburt
PRESIDENT

ington was at a Hollywood studio, where he was hired as an authority on Afro-Harlem music—despite the fact he'd never been to either place. Phil produced a libraryful of ersatz chants, jumps and boogie-woogies that out-Africa Africa. "You name it," Moore cried. "I got it—or can get it!"

One day Phil was accompanying Lena Horne on the piano during a recording session. The going was tough—Lena couldn't get things right. She burst into tears. A comforting phrase leaped to Moore's lips. "Shoo-shoo, baby!" he sympathized. "Don't you cry!"

On the way home in a cab, Phil got out an envelope and pencil, began humming and making notes. Shoo-Shoo Baby was sung by the embarking G.I. who marched aboard his transport to its rhythm, then sang it in the foxhole while his wife sang it back home. Our armies marched into Rome to it; it comforted our boys in enemy prison camps.

Moore's most recent excursions into the Socially Significant include Romance without Finance is a Nuisance, and It's Bigamy, an account of the bliss of that overwedded state. Recently Moore read Karen Horney's Inner Conflicts, a work on psychiatry, and came up with She's a Rank Chick. "I call this song a bedtime story for neurotic adults," explains the gabby, high-browed Mr. Moore, "and I wrote it because the times are overripe for it. It describes a girl with an advanced case of mental B.O. and snakes in her hair for dandruff." Dracula's ghoul friend, fellers:

> "She's a rank chick . . come get her quick . . somebody call the Law!
> She's a mean cantankerous monster, who'd murder her own grandmaw.
> She's a fe-fi-fo and then fum, chews benzedrine bubble gum . . ."
> (Copyright 1946 by Phil Moore.)

"Benzedrine bubble gum" brings us to that third contribution to the national earache, the Whimsy Kiddie Ditty. Kiddies, it seems, not content to sing bits of Wagner or Rimski-Korsakov, prefer things like A-Tisket A-Tasket, and those "Three Itty Fisses" which swam and swam wight over the dam and into the public nausea.

Often the kiddies themselves are directly responsible for Whimsy Songs. The authors of Mairzy Doats were running a workaday band till one day the child of one of them came home from the kindergarten with the astounding information that "Mairzy doats and dozey doats and liddle lambzy divey." (*Mares eat oats, and does eat oats, and little lambs eat ivy.*—English translation.) This threw Daddy and two cronies into a fury of creation, resulting in a song that almost sent America into a second childhood, before it died as unexpectedly as it had been born.

The Genesis of Chickery Chick

For the adult is as avid for nursery jive as is the infant. Take the case of *"Chickery Chick vs. the World's I.Q."* One day a gifted chap named Sidney Lippman found himself doing a monotonous task in the armed forces, humming an ancient tuneless ditty his mother had sung him as a boy:—"Chingery Chan, the Chinaman, went chingery, chingery, chingery chan"—and so forth. That night, Lippman included the song as a possible idea for modernization in his weekly letter to one Sylvia Dee, who put words to Lippman's music.

Miss Dee returned a new lyric reluctantly. Lippman rushed to a post piano and dashed off a new tune to the new words. He tried it on the post commander, who promptly pronounced it lousy. Lippman agreed, and dropped it furtively at a New York novelty song publishing house, as one drops an unwanted child. A few short weeks later, to Lippman's horror, the nation had turned into a huge henyard. Grown humans, imagining themselves clucking chicks, were singing Chickery Chick. "Sheer accident changed chingery to chickery," reminisces the sad sackly Lippman. "Otherwise people wouldn't have been able to imagine themselves chickens, and the song wouldn't have clicked. It was Sylvia's fault!"

Speaking of blame, Lippman is also a Juilliard alumnus. "We might restore national sanity," someone has suggested, "by burning down Juilliard—along with the kindergartens."

A few months ago a band leader named Joe Ricardel teamed up with a musical screwball named Redd Evans, and together they cooked up Frim Fram Sauce in their little crackpot. Warbles the gourmet:

> "I don't want French fried potatoes,
> Red ripe tomatoes, waiter, I'm never satisfied,
> I want the Frim Fram Sauce
> With the aussenfay and chafafa on the side."
> (Courtesy of Song Hits Magazine. Copyright 1945 by Jefferson Music Co.)

Frim Fram Sauce is a good sample of the Just Plain Crazy Song. Picked up and recorded by the King Cole Trio, soon America was not only demanding Frim Fram Sauce at restaurants, but a food company began experimenting with a real recipe for the stuff. (It'll be on the market this fall!) Thanks to a whispering campaign by Cole's press agent hinting at the song's *double entendre*, CBS banned it, then restored it to the air. This helped sell 250,000 or so copies, and over 2,000,000 records.

"Why don't you just whistle like other fresh guys?"

COLLIER'S SYDNEY HOFF

Evans is still busy explaining his gastronomic cuckooism. "People argue with me that frim fram sauce is a real old recipe, and not double-talk on the framisan style. As for the *double entendre*, how can anything that doesn't even have single *entendre* have twice as much?"

Evans is also a publisher, and is seriously trying to tie up the crazy food song with items like They've Got an Awful Lot of Coffee in Brazil and I've Got My Just Desserts. However, he has rivals. Possibly you've accumulated an aural ulcer feasting off Pickle in the Middle with the Mustard on Top, which sings indigestibly of the "sun getting pickled in a sauerkraut sky." Shoo Fly Pie and Apple Pan Dowdy is another dessert song, and Mills and Company, not to be left out at table, has just published Bagel and Lox, a psalm hymning the praises of smoked salmon (lox), and a toothbreaking doughnutlike roll called the bagel—both comestibles being great favorites with the Broadway gourmet.

The Danny Kaye, or I'll-Play-the-Swiss-Cheese-if-You-Play-the-Banjo song is probably the most wholesomely crazy, in that it admits complete insanity. Oddly, Give Me the Moon Over Brooklyn isn't basic babble, but soulful nostalgia, and I'm Simply Daffy Over Jaffe is as timelessly idiotic as Get the Hammer, Auntie, There's a Fly on Baby's Nose, a nursery favorite of yesteryear. Treasure Chest Publications are trying to immortalize A Pansy A Daisy, which runs:

> "If you crack your ice with a hatchet,
> No one can hear it yell.
> Trying kicking the pep out of pepper
> And stealing a ring from a bell.
> A pansy, a daisy, ah nuts, this is crazy,
> I love to dilly while the hillbilly's belly
> Enjoys its onion jelly,
> And you and I are simply you and I."
> (Copyright 1936 by Treasure Chest Publications, Inc.)

A few years ago, a 52d Street swingster, to show off his orchestra's virtuosity, fitted an inspired tune to a battered old tuba: The Music Goes Round and Round. Such bad news travels fast, and before you could call out the Bellevue guard the country's senses were going round and round.

Smash-Hit Authors Seldom Repeat

Incidentally, rarely do the authors of a smash silly song repeat. The composers of Yes, We Have No Bananas have slipped into oblivion. The Mairzy Doats boys, though they've noted every baby lisp of their young, have come up with nothing stronger than Ashby de la Zooch. The Lippman-Dee combination has returned sensibly to Love. I offered Lippman a lyric by a feeble-minded friend of mine, "Snow Don't Keep Potatoes Hot," for note-ification. Lippman looked it over, turned up his nose. "Manufactured!" he sneered.

Tin Pan Alley gives the cuckoo song cycle two years. Others say television, which will enable the performer to look as well as sound nuts, will prolong the thing indefinitely. So it looks pretty dismal ahead. Right now song writers are busy trying to capture noises made in madhouses. Publicity men seek to make America cement conscious by inventing cement-mixer cocktails—one drink and you're plastered. Someone's written something called Stang is Gnats Spelled Sideways.

Here and there a bit of light flickers in the gloom. Mr. Sidney Mills lately turned down "When It's Toothpicking Time in False Tooth Valley," from the gifted pen of the genius who gave us I Like Bananas Because They Have No Bones. "After all," murmured Mr. Mills to me, "there is a limit to such things."

Already the national I.Q. is showing serious signs of deterioration. Last year a New York advertising agency got out a song called Chiquita Banana designed commercially to warn the public of the awful results of putting bananas in the refrigerator. So incessant and powerful was the effect of this radio interdiction that it became a social *faux pas* to violate its preachment.

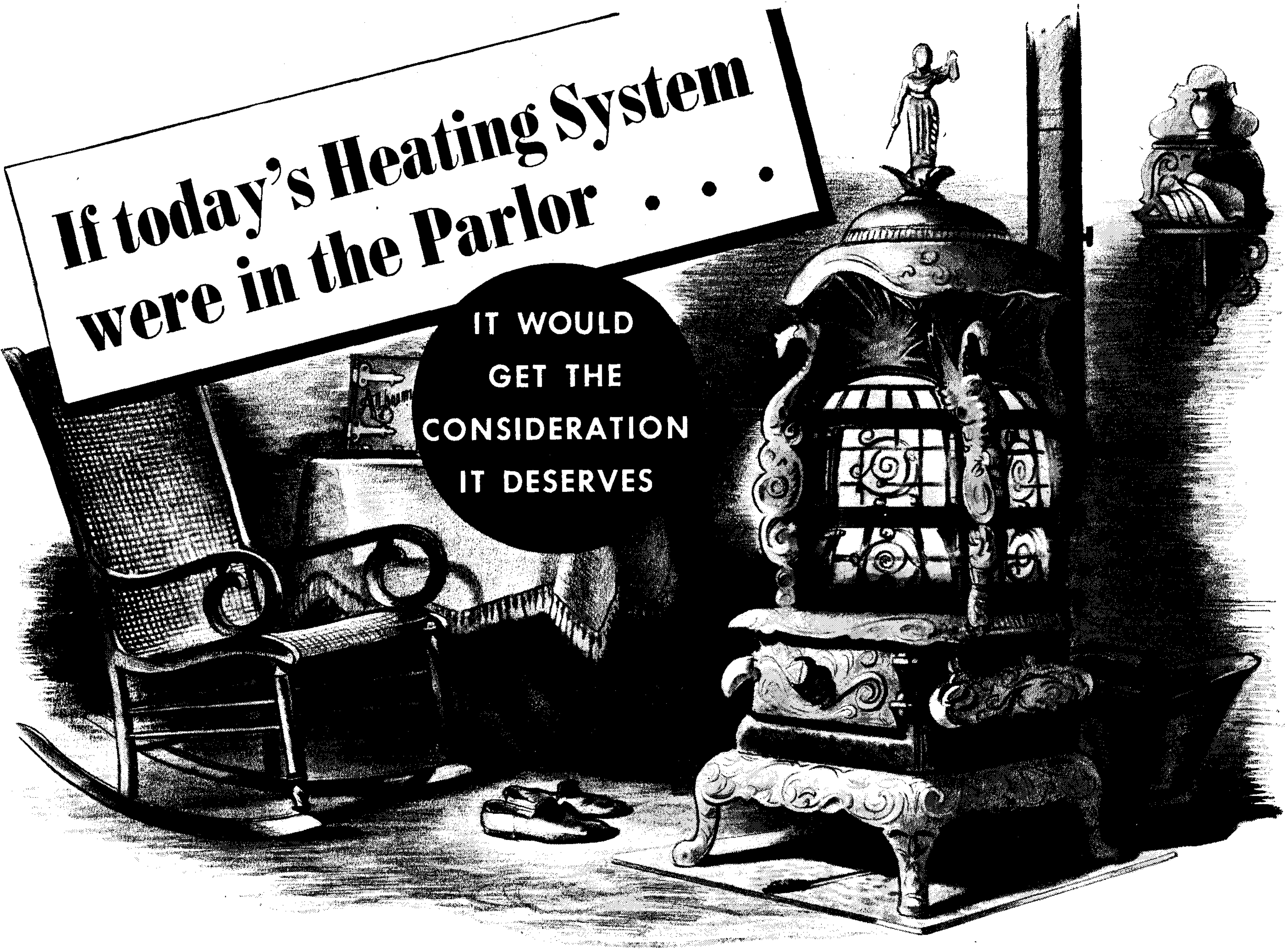
It remained for a courageous bandleader named Hal McIntyre to record Chiquita Banana, without changing a single word of it. Thus far several hundred thousand disks have been sold.

Another band leader, Vaugn Monroe, has come right back with Just the Other Day, made over from the Mission Bell Wine commercial. When last heard from, the record was in, selling its second half million. Who's crazy? Edison? Marconi? Surely not Monroe or McIntyre!

Obviously this sort of thing has awful possibilities. Will the human race revert to all fours, and communicate in jibberish? Will we look back on the days of "Ja Da Ja Da Ja Da Ja Da Jing Jing Jing" and "When Banana Skins Are Falling I'll Come Sliding Back to You" as on the days of a cultural renaissance?

Oh, Victor Herbert, please come back!

THE END



If today's Heating System were in the Parlor . . .

IT WOULD GET THE CONSIDERATION IT DESERVES

YES, you couldn't ignore the old nickel-trimmed stove that was the center of family gatherings. Too bad that since the heating plant has been banished to the basement it is so often "out of sight out of mind." Many an attractive home has been built with all the eye-catching gadgets, but without enough attention given to the heating system. And no matter how much it may have cost, it isn't really a *home* unless it is comfortable in cold weather.

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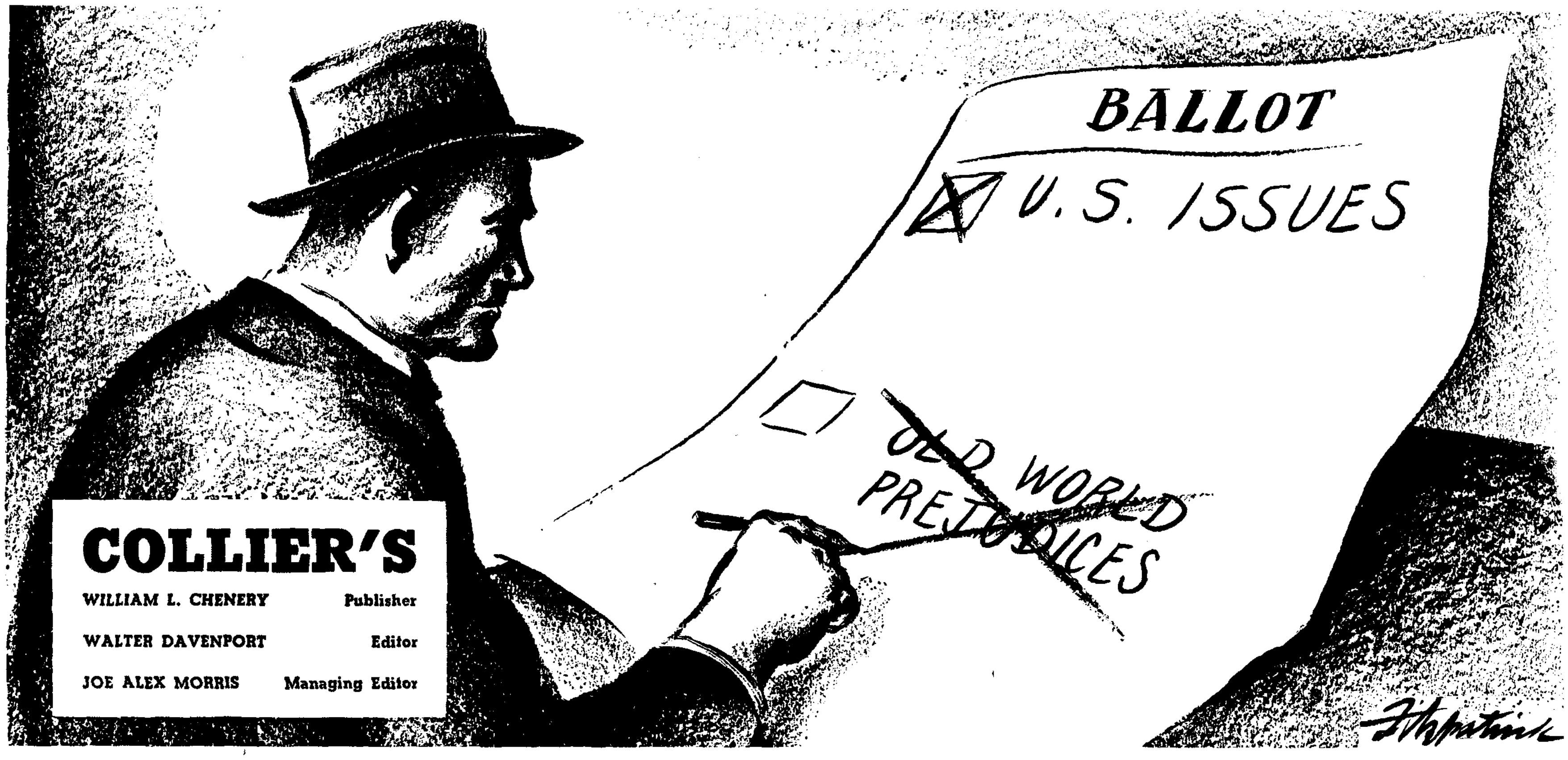


COLLIER'S

WILLIAM L. CHENERY Publisher
WALTER DAVENPORT Editor
JOE ALEX MORRIS Managing Editor

YOUNG Bob La Follette's recent defeat in the Wisconsin Republican primary produced its full quota of heartburnings, grief, cheers and political dope. We were sorry about it ourselves, because we think Senator La Follette did many a constructive deed in Washington and always exhibited courage and a conscience.

One aspect of the event, though, struck us as encouraging and reassuring. This aspect had to do with the so-called Wisconsin German vote.

There are about 90,000 German-born voters in that state, plus many others who are descended from German ancestors. They live mainly in the Wisconsin counties of Dodge, Jefferson, Milwaukee, Outagamie, Washington and Waukesha.

These districts used to vote strictly along German lines, notably in World War I and for years after. A Wisconsin politician, to get this vote, had to appeal chiefly to these voters' Germanic feelings.

That time, apparently, is now past. In these latest Wisconsin primaries, most of the voters with German backgrounds voted like the rest of the Wisconsinites. In all the counties named above, majorities were returned for Bob La Follette's opponent, Joseph R. McCarthy. The German vote forgot its old loyalty to the La Follette crowd.

In other words, the Wisconsin Germans this time voted American. That is the way to vote, of course. But it isn't the way all of us do vote, by a long shot. Too many of us vote Polish, Irish, Italian, Jewish, Protestant, Catholic, Negro, laborite, capitalist, etc., etc., instead of American.

Those of us who don't vote American don't do ourselves or the country any real good. Anybody who votes for some bloc's exclusive interests loses sight of the over-all interests of the nation.

This tendency, carried far enough, could split this country into a congeries of fighting factions—fighting politically at first, and maybe with guns, knives and brass knuckles eventually. Out the window in the process would go a commodity called democracy.

It is most encouraging, we think, that the Germanic group in Wisconsin, one of our most progressive states, apparently has heaved its Old World predilections overboard and gone in for being thoroughly American in its ballots.

We're still sorry Young Bob lost, though.

OLD WEAPONS, NEW STUDENTS

OUR surplus war materials are being disposed of slowly and with many a squawk from veterans and others who at least think they aren't being treated fairly in the matter. We suppose that's inevitable.

There is one aspect of the war surplus disposal business, though, that is exciting and interesting. We mean the plan which Senator J. William Fulbright (Dem., Ark.) persuaded Congress to adopt this last summer—the plan whereby a good deal of leftover war gear which we parked in other countries will be transmuted into scholarships for Americans in those countries' colleges.

France, for example, is playing host to quantities of U.S. trucks, tanks, machinery, etc., which came over with our forces from England in 1944-45, which weren't used, and which would cost more than it would be worth to cart home again. Much of it can be used in France, though.

So the plan is to sell it in France for what it will bring, and to let the French buyers pay for some of it in French money. This money will then be banked in France, and used to pay for scholarships for Americans who want to study in French colleges.

The same plan, it is expected, will be carried out in Australia, Austria, Belgium, Burma, China, Egypt, Greece, Holland, India, Iran, Iraq, Italy, New Zealand, the Philippines, Saudi Arabia, and the Scandinavian countries. Altogether, about $300,000,000 is to be raised for the scholarship fund by this disposal of surplus war goods, and some 150,000 U.S. students should benefit from it in the next 25 years or so.

It is a big enlargement of the Rhodes scholarship idea. That inspiration of Cecil Rhodes' has paid many and varied dividends. This new plan should pay off on a far larger scale.

The scheme strikes us as a very fine one indeed, and one for which Senator Fulbright deserves great credit. If we could get this much of our money's worth out of all our war surplus, we'd be in luck.

HOW OLD ARE YOU, ANYWAY?

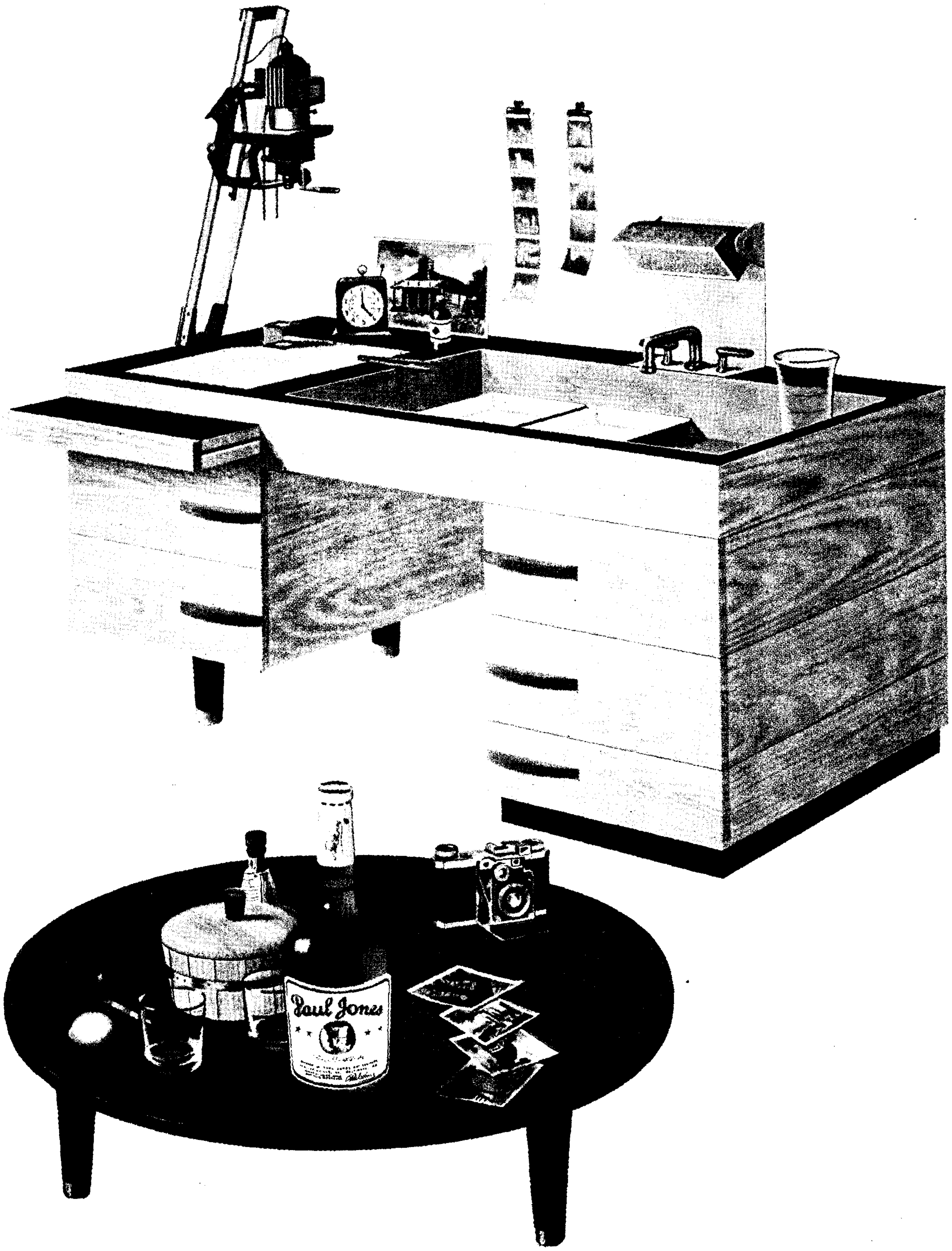
THERE is an old saying, and we all know it's true, that you're only as old as you feel, physically and mentally.

The calendar is no true index to everybody's age; and Dr. Harry Benjamin, of New York, suggested in a recent speech to the New York Academy of Medicine that we do something about that fact. As things go now, virtually all our rules and regulations and customs make calendar age a chief criterion in hiring people, or firing or retiring them; in promoting them; in qualifying them for public office; in making them eligible for pensions; and so on.

This, says Dr. Benjamin, works a great number of hardships and injustices. It really is not right, for illustration, to retire a man at sixty-four if he is in good health, fond of the work he is doing, and able to produce as efficiently as ever. Such a man is far younger than sixty-four, except on the calendar. Conversely, if a man of thirty-five is constantly ailing, introspective, and unable to put his heart into his work, he is around seventy-five actually, no matter what the calendar claims, and it would be better all around if he could begin at once to collect his Social Security or other old-age pension and just quit work.

Dr. Benjamin's feeling is that we ought to relegate the calendar to its proper place in such matters, and take to determining a person's true age from a complete physical and mental checkup by qualified physicians.

There isn't any immediate prospect of such a fundamental reform. It would cause a lot of trouble at first for a lot of people—personnel managers, life insurance companies, the chiefs of the armed forces, and many others. But the Benjamin suggestion surely deserves respectful attention from all of us. There is no more sense in making a fetish of the calendar than in making a fetish of anything else.



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